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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

THE reason why the country loves "Chubby" Power, or at any rate one of the reasons, is that he never assumes that the business of running the government is something for superhuman persons who cannot possibly make mistakes. Last week he was reminded that a year ago he had declined to tell the House about carrier pigeons because it was not in the public interest, and that since then a great deal about them has been published by the press with official sanction. Why, asked Mr. Fraser of Peterborough West, did he refuse to tell the House about carrier pigeons?

Mr. Power: "Someone must have just told me I should not; that is all. We have certainly given a lot of publicity to it since. I do not know why I said that. I might have had a reason. Some of my officers must have told me that it should not be disclosed, but I cannot understand why I agreed with them."

That sort of thing needs no comment. We predict that "Chubby" Power will be even more important and useful to his country in a year or two than he is today.

Music For Troops

THERE is no instrument for morale-building which has been so deplorably neglected in Canada as that of song. The Marseillaise carried the French Revolution to victory. "Yankee Doodle" had much to do with the foundation of the Republic to the south of us. Communists maintain that the Internationale will eventually abolish capitalism and establish the brotherhood of man, an expectation which we find it hard to share after hearing it rendered at meetings for the promotion of Canadian-Russian friendship. But nobody doubts that a good tune (let us make the songs of a people, etc.) will do almost as much as a good slogan, and far more than a good speech. And Canada in this war has been lamentably lacking in good songs.

This lack may be on the way to being mended. Mr. Gordon V. Thompson, of Toronto, who both writes and publishes popular music, introduced at last week's Canadian Authors' Association dinner several pieces of words and music which are highly Canadian and highly stimulating, and which are the result of the efforts of the music committee of the Writers' War Committee, a child of the Association itself. Collaborating in these have been Mr. Thompson, Mr. J. M. Gibbon, and Mr. Freddy Grant, a composer who knows the beat of the public pulse. Some of these pieces are the sort of thing that the troops, if we know anything about troops, are likely to take to their hearts even to the extent of composing irreverent parodies of them, as they did with "Mademoiselle of Armentieres."

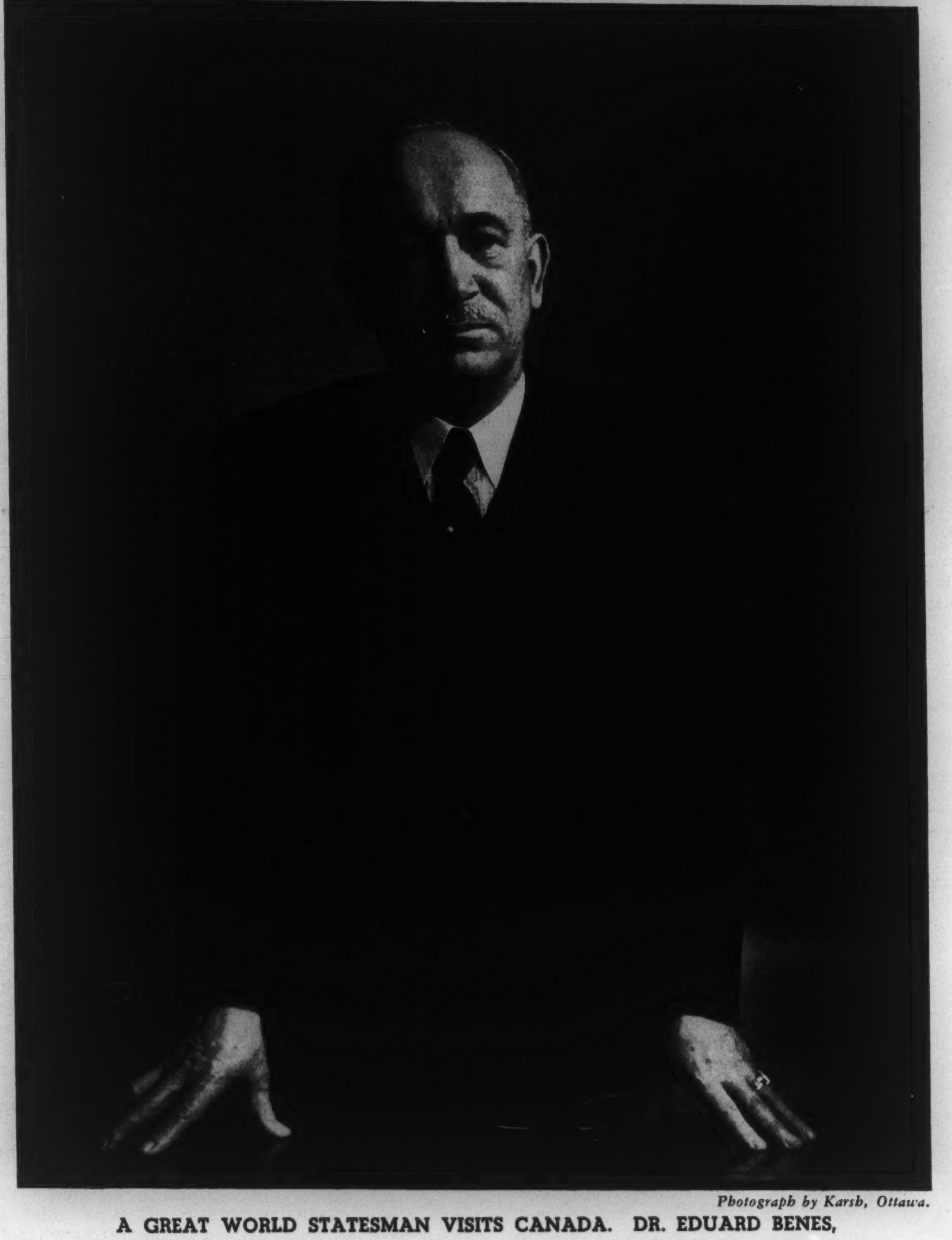
Now that the Canadian army has an educational periodical of its own it might do worse than put a page of good Canadian martial music in every issue. The one absolutely vital condition is that such music must avoid the explicit language of patriotism as if it were seditious. There is nothing the soldier hates quite so much as being reminded of his deepest feelings.

The Stormy Pretzel

WE HAVE long held that the public life of Canada is gravely weakened by the indiscriminate and vituperative abuse so frequently poured out upon our public men by a vitriolic and over-privileged press. We are not among the chief admirers of Mr. Jean Francois Pouliot, but when we find him referred to by the Toronto *Globe and Mail* as "the stormy pretzel of Parliament" some deep instinct of chivalry within us impels us to come to his defence. It is true that the *Globe and Mail*, with an evident uneasy sense of the atrocity of its language, seeks to evade responsibility for it by blaming it on somebody else, saying that the member for Temiscouata "has well been referred to as the stormy pretzel" etc. But this will not do. Unless the *Globe and Mail* can produce names and dates for the earlier reference, we shall continue to disbelieve in its existence, and to feel convinced that this masterpiece of denigration had its primal origin in the fertile vocabulary of George McCullagh himself.

"The stormy pretzel of Parliament!" What a wealth of suggestion is there contained, of the devious, twisted mentality, the brittle moral character, the glossy surface covering unknown abominations, the association with barrooms and alcohol and unsavory personages, which the *Globe and Mail* wishes to impute to its victim! The pretzel, moreover, is of enemy alien origin, and while it unquestionably antedates the Nazi movement it is not impossible that it suggested the Hitlerian swastika, which looks faintly like a pretzel from which somebody has nibbled the four corners.

But how unjust, how irrelevant to the true character of Mr. Pouliot are all these innuendoes—all but the word "stormy," whose association with pretzel escapes us, but whose appropriateness to the person in question nobody can deny! We hope Mr. Pouliot will sue, and will have better luck than others who have sued before him. That the rest of the article is mildly eulogistic should be no defence. The words we have quoted are its opening sentence, and they are guaranteed to arrest the attention of every reader. Mr. Pouliot will never live this down.



Photograph by Karsh, Ottawa.

A GREAT WORLD STATESMAN VISITS CANADA. DR. EDUARD BENES, PRESIDENT OF THE CZECHOSLOVAK NATIONAL GOVERNMENT IN EXILE.

Dieppe's Lessons

See article by O. T. G. Williamson on page 6

Income Tax Mysteries

NOW that the income tax has reached a degree of intensity at which the computation of it becomes, even for quite ordinary persons, a serious business matter, it is just as well to take it seriously. There is no reason, for example, why a Canadian who gives a hundred dollars a year to his church, and whose income is such that his last instalment of it is taxed at 9 per cent normal and 50 per cent graduated, should not take advantage of the fact that if he gets a proper receipt from his church he can deduct the hundred from his taxed income, thereby saving himself $59 of tax. Yet hundreds are unaware of this provision, or do not know the rate which they can deduct from their mine dividends for depletion, or from general income for alimony, or childbirth in the family, or gifts for the preservation of animals or vegetables useful to animals. (It was a matter of great astonishment to us to find that gifts for the preservation of vegetables—of this kind—which apparently does not mean the preserving of them—entitled one to any consideration at the hands of Mr. Ilsley.) All these things and many like them are dealt with in an extremely concise and intelligible form by Lancelot J. Smith, C.A., in his brochure "How to Prepare Your Income Tax" (Collins, 50 cents), and it will save both the reader and the government a great deal of trouble if the former will study this work *before* making his return and not after it.

Voting the Soldiers

IF WE had no better sources of information we should certainly conclude from the latest advertisement of that very active political agency, Reliable Exterminators (Reg'd.) of Toronto, that the Ontario Government was proposing to disfranchise all the electors of the province who will be unable to present themselves at the polling stations if there is an election this summer owing to having a prior engagement with Herr Hitler in Europe or elsewhere. That, however, is not an absolutely correct representation of the Ontario Wartime Election Act, though the *Globe and Mail*, which published the advertisement, has so far done nothing to put its readers right.

It is always a little difficult to arrange for the participation in an election of a great number of voters who by no fault of their own are distant about a month's mailing time from the polling booths. And there are always people who are not entirely satisfied with whatever arrangement is made. Col. Drew manages to give the impression that everybody was satisfied with the arrangement made for the Dominion election in December 1917, but we can assure him that such was not the case. No objection was raised by Col. Drew's fellow-Conservatives, for they drafted the Act and were in charge of the proceedings; but the outcry from the Liberals was long and piercing.

The essential point about any long-distance voting is the fact that the elector cannot be informed of the names of the candidates running in the constituency where he is entitled to vote; time does not permit. He can be allowed to vote for a party, but this may cause trouble if there are two candidates of the same party running, and in any event it prevents him from taking any cognizance of the personal qualities of the candidates. The present Ontario system requires the absent voter to turn over his voting power to a proxy, and it is this which Reliable Exterminators and the

(*Continued on Page Three*)

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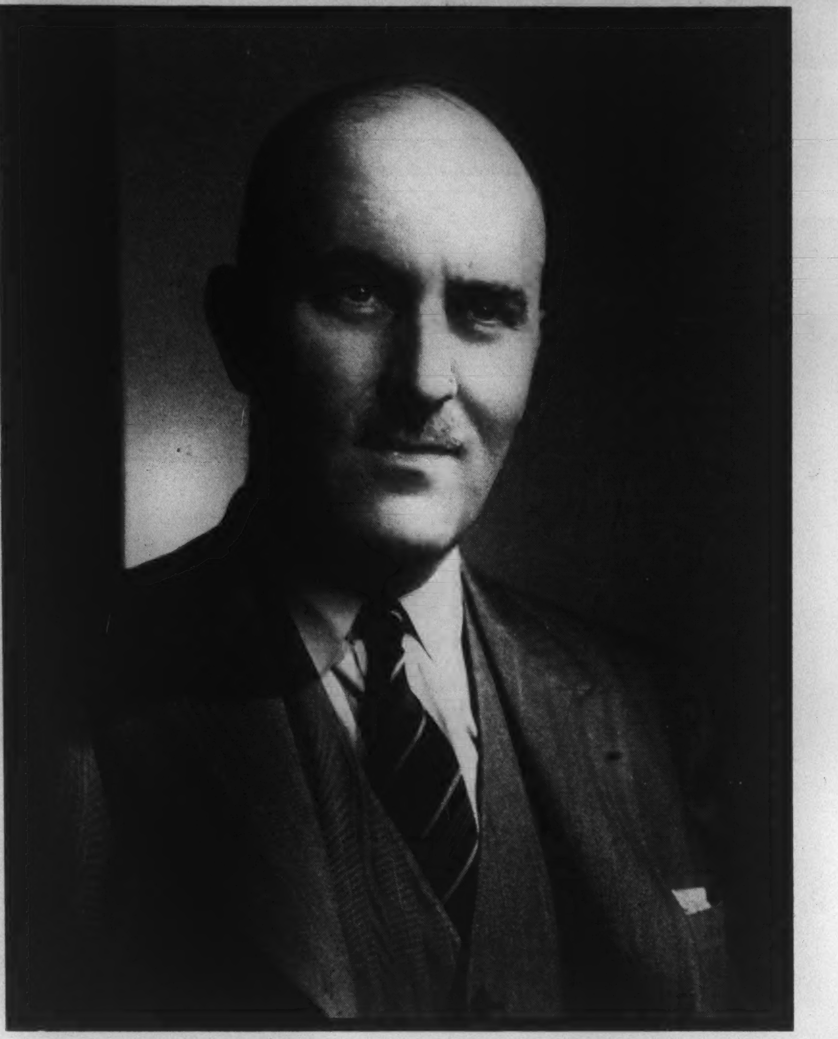

DOUGLAS WHITE AMBRIDGE —*Photo by Karsh.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

He Was Born in Mexico, But . . .

BY COROLYN COX

DOUGLAS WHITE AMBRIDGE is the new Director General of Shipbuilding, Department of Munitions and Supply, Ottawa. He's a tough, keen, strenuous individual with a stout production record behind him. He has been pulled into Ottawa to tackle a big headache. If it can be licked, he looks as good a bet as anybody in Canada to lick it.

It isn't anybody's fault that we roared into this war a big sprawling country of few citizens whose shipyards were collections of men working on the same pay-roll, rather than companies, glorified repair shops rather than shipbuilding organizations. On the contrary, it is terribly to Canada's credit that we aren't in the least complacent about the somewhat amazing product we have coaxed out of this set-up. We feel we are only just started and Ambridge has a whale of a job on his hands.

Ambridge is 45 years of age, a Canadian all right, but born in Mexico City, where his father was a mining engineer, treasurer of a United States-owned company, in the palmy days of Porfirio Diaz, when "furriners" had rights and life was gracious. However gracious living didn't have a chance to soften the stout Canuck heritage of Douglas Ambridge, because at the age of twelve he was shipped up to be educated in the Montreal winter climate. He was handed over to his aunt, Mrs. E. C. Pratt, whose husband was general manager of Molsons Bank, and those were the days when a bank manager was something to put the fear of God into a child's heart. The Pratts had six children of their own —Ambridge became the seventh and was "brung up" in the way he should go, with no nonsense. He was given five years at Lower Canada College, then, having reached the age of eighteen, in 1916 he joined up in the ranks of the Field Artillery, rose to be a sergeant, came home a lieutenant after "good experience" in such hot spots as Vimy, Passchendaele, Amiens, Lens, Ypres and the rest.

Aunt shoved him resolutely back to his books in McGill University. He went in for chemical engineering, not because of any smart realization that Canada was short on trained paper mill technicians, but because the course provided three mornings a week when first lecture wasn't till nine-thirty! High spot of his McGill career came when in his last year he captained the football team on which he had played with enthusiasm for the first three. He took his B.Sc. in 1923.

Ambridge's first job was with Abitibi Power and Paper Co. as control engineer at Iroquois Falls. He stayed there for four years, married Jessie Barlow of Montreal in 1924. When his boss moved on to Quebec City to become general manager of the Company, he took Ambridge with him, as control superintendent and then general superintendent.

In 1927, the firm took up interests in Newfoundland, and made Ambridge assistant general manager of the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, with headquarters in the four-thousand-population town of Grand Falls, and a plant of 550 tons a day capacity. Ambridge travelled back and forth between Newfoundland and Quebec City, where his family remained, and by 1936 was well fed up with existence. He left that post to join the firm he has been with ever since, Ontario Paper Company.

Stout Labor Man

Ontario Paper Company has a big plant at Thorold and in 1938 opened its fine new plant at Baie Comeau in Quebec, fastest machines in the world, probably the world's finest paper mill, and Ambridge had a lot to do with its building. His Big Boss, owner of these factories, who buys their entire output for his U.S. newspapers, is Col. McCormick, of the Chicago *Tribune* and New York *Daily News.*

Ambridge has a stout past career with labor. His firm simply accepted unionization of its men, both the International Paper Workers and the International Pulp and Sulphide Unions. **Habitually labor and management sit round the table together** as responsible equals to arrange the working conditions of the various plants. Consequently experienced labor leaders have come up with the plant—one union president has held his office for twenty-five years. Labor troubles don't exist in Ontario Paper Company.

Ambridge's position in his company is assistant general manager. He is on loan to the Government in Ottawa. His first war job was to take on a five-months assignment as Director of Shipbuilding under Desmond Clarke, then Director General of Shipbuilding, in 1941, to line up the various subsidiary companies manufacturing the component parts of vessels and their equipment, etc. When that was done, he returned to his mills.

Pretty soon C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, called for him again, asked him to be vice-president in charge of construction of the synthetic rubber plant, Polymer, built, owned and managed by the Crown. Ambridge took it on last October, worked all winter on the fine plant that is now well under way. It will be the biggest single project of the kind on this continent, with three manufacturing units and the power house to feed them all in one spot. It will consume 500,000 tons of U.S. coal a year.

Getting Ships Built

Meanwhile, Ambridge's own firm has gone into the production of industrial alcohol, last week opened the first plant in Canada to utilize the waste of its Thorold sulphide paper plant, one more construction job Ambridge has nursed to success.

May third he was pulled out of Polymer to take over the helm as Director General of Shipbuilding in Ottawa. Production program is laid out before him, covers all the service craft we make, that is everything for our Navy or for the Royal Navy, but not merchant shipping, which is a separate affair. We never tell exactly what we are doing, but we do build three classes of steel ships, Frigates, Twin Screw Mine Sweepers, the Algerine Class, and Single Screw Corvettes, as well as all sorts of small boats. The Naval engineers design everything. Ambridge's job is to arrange to have them built.

It is a question in general of organizing from the bottom up dozens of small factories, shipyards and what have you in the way of repair shops, marine garages, instrument factories.

Small Time men must learn to be Big Time men to fit Canada's ambitious war program, labor-management troubles must be tackled in an adult way. Man and woman power must be pulled in out of civilian activities, till we resemble more nearly Great Britain today. We are only half at war, even now. We must get down to it in earnest—or else!

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Not First Parliamentary Assistant

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

TO KEEP the record straight, I should say that the use of the word "First" in the title "First Parliamentary Assistant" of the flattering article you had about me in the last issue was not correct, if intended chronologically or in any other way. Further, I never said anything about the mode of locomotion adopted by me in the last election.

Ottawa, Ont. BROOKE CLAXTON.

The Film "Ecstasy"

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WAS rather dismayed to find in your paper, catering to an intelligent circle of readers, a review of the film "Ecstasy" which in its utter lack of comprehension of artistic values was a worthy successor to the reviews produced by the local papers.

Your reviewer is full of complacency about the fact that our audiences "know a phoney when they see one," and that the introduction of sound technique "saved the screen from an aesthetic death by inches." This aesthetic death she finds manifested in "Ecstasy," which she regards as an infinitely boring "endless succession of Freudian images and references." She is apparently not over-familiar with the writings of Sigmund Freud, whom she seems to regard as the inventor of mental associations and the devices of Symbolism. She also states that Hollywood could have knocked off briskly in a couple of well-placed shots what it took the producers of "Ecstasy" many minutes to show. She could with equal pertinence have suggested that American newspapers could have briskly knocked off the plot of "Hamlet" in a few well-placed headlines.

She congratulates our audiences for having "relaxed loudly and heartily" through most of the picture. This all too loud and hearty relaxation was to me most pathetic. If these audiences are typical of the average movie-goer their laughter is the death-knell of the artistic film of the future.

The mission of film in the field of art is the union of the arts of acting and painting, together with a delicate use of music and language. This mission "Ecstasy" fulfils to a remarkable extent. Where it does so least, that is to say in much of the music, it is not to be blamed, for I understand that the present music is not that of the original film.

"Ecstasy" has proved that a pair of feet, acting well, can tell us more about their owner in a few seconds than a whole hour of sugared melodrama of the Hollywood type. Yet it seems that our audiences can no longer bear to see a person walking about in a room without knowing several gunmen to be hidden away under various articles of furniture.

Toronto, Ont. ERNEST SCHANZER.

The Candid Portrait

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

READING with a great deal of interest the article "Camouflaging the Map of Humanity" by Babs Warner Brown in your issue of May 29, I could not help feeling very thankful that the camera, candid or otherwise, had really taken the bit between its teeth and run away from the horrible and painfully truthful Victorian age, and "gone modern."

So many of the people we knew and loved in the days of the stilted portrait were really attractive to look upon and had all the vivacity and atmosphere of the present generation in spite of stilted dress fashions and severe "hair dos." The old-fashioned truthful type of photograph, whilst rendering features with more or less fidelity, left out all the personality and charm of the suffering victim, and not only left it out, but made it impossible for anyone viewing the picture to furnish enough imagination to supply it. How nearly the modern "angle snaps" and studies fill this gap is a matter for conjecture, but it is certain that the modern photograph comes very much nearer to the inclusion of the atmosphere than anything done in the Victorian age.

In the same way that the camera has gone modern and so made personalities out of photographs, how very nice it would be if the modern portrait painter might be allowed the same latitude and paint "angle shots" and real studies rather than have to accept commissions which are still way back in the 'eighties. When one views some precise stilted portrait of some prosperous business man in a brand-new suit, creased specially for the occasion, and with chubby hands folded on a tummy which seems to be specially grown for the purpose of supporting great-grandfather's massive watch-chain, and the whole body surmounted by a full-moon face with a very self-satisfied "cat swallowed the canary expression," one feels so sorry that such artists' talents have been wasted, when it would be so easy for that same artist, allowed full scope, to present atmosphere and the spirit of his sitter.

Modernism in art is a matter of very delicate controversy these days, but I do not think it would hurt at all if the painter were allowed to follow the camera trend.

Montreal, Que. E. A. GOODWIN.

The Bancor and the Unitas

(With humble apologies to Lewis Carroll)

THE Bancor and the Unitas disconsolately strolled:
They wept like anything to see such quantities of gold:
If this were only cleared away, their stories could be told.

"If J. M. Keynes and Morgenthau swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Bancor said, "that they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Unitas, and shed a bitter tear.

"O Tariffs, come and walk with us!" the Bancor did beseech,
"And bring along the Little Men who isolation preach."
"Then, Bancor," whispered Unitas, "we'll give a thought to each."

The eldest Tariff looked at him, but never a word he said:
The eldest Tariff winked his eye, and shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose to leave the feather-bed.

"The time has come," the Bancor said, "to talk of many things:
Of one-way-trade and boomerangs, of politics and strings—
And why, when goods were plentiful, prosperity had wings."

"But wait a bit," the Tariffs cried, "before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of date, and all of us are fat!"
"No wonder!" said the Unitas. They thanked him much for that.

"A little trade," the Bancor said, "is what we chiefly need:
Vision and common sense besides are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Tariffs dear, we can begin to feed.

"It was so kind of you to come! And you are very nice!"
The Unitas said nothing but "Cut off another slice.
If only Cordell Hull were here—he wouldn't ask them twice!"

"O Tariffs," said the Unitas, "you've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?" But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because they'd eaten every one.

J. GRAEME WATSON.

Toronto, Ont.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

anti-Nixon press describes as depriving him of his vote. As the voter is entirely free to name his own choice of proxy among all the electors in his constituency, and as most such absentees must have friends or relatives whom they can entirely trust to vote as they would wish, the description does not seem altogether just. Mass proxying is rigidly excluded by the provision that no proxy may act for more than one absent voter except where there is a close family relationship. In a very small number of cases the proxy may be negligent or unable to attend the poll, which is regrettable but probably unavoidable. The system is not perfect, but it is certainly not atrocious.

Keeping Us Uneducated

WE FEAR that *The Northern Miner* is going to be angrier than ever at the explanations given to the House of Commons last week by Mr. Ralston about its pet grievance, the refugees of technical German nationality who are receiving tuition at Canadian universities under the sponsorship of responsible Canadian citizens. The Minister said that these students have given no trouble to either the commissioner of refugee camps or the director of immigration, the two officials concerned with them, and in most instances have done extremely well in their studies. "There are two students in the school of law, University of Toronto, who are said by their professor to be two of the most brilliant he has ever had. All are hard-working."

THE CHURCHILL TREE

(No. 23, Mayor's Grove, Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B.C. Planted by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, 1929. A red hawthorn.)

IT STANDS in the hue of an age of blood,
Or the flush of its namesake's warlike mood,
And set with many a prickly thorn
Barbed like its planter's words of scorn.

The flower will fade and the leaf decay
When autumn shall fold its robes away,
Yet again in the spring of a peaceful world
Its crimson banners shall be unfurled.

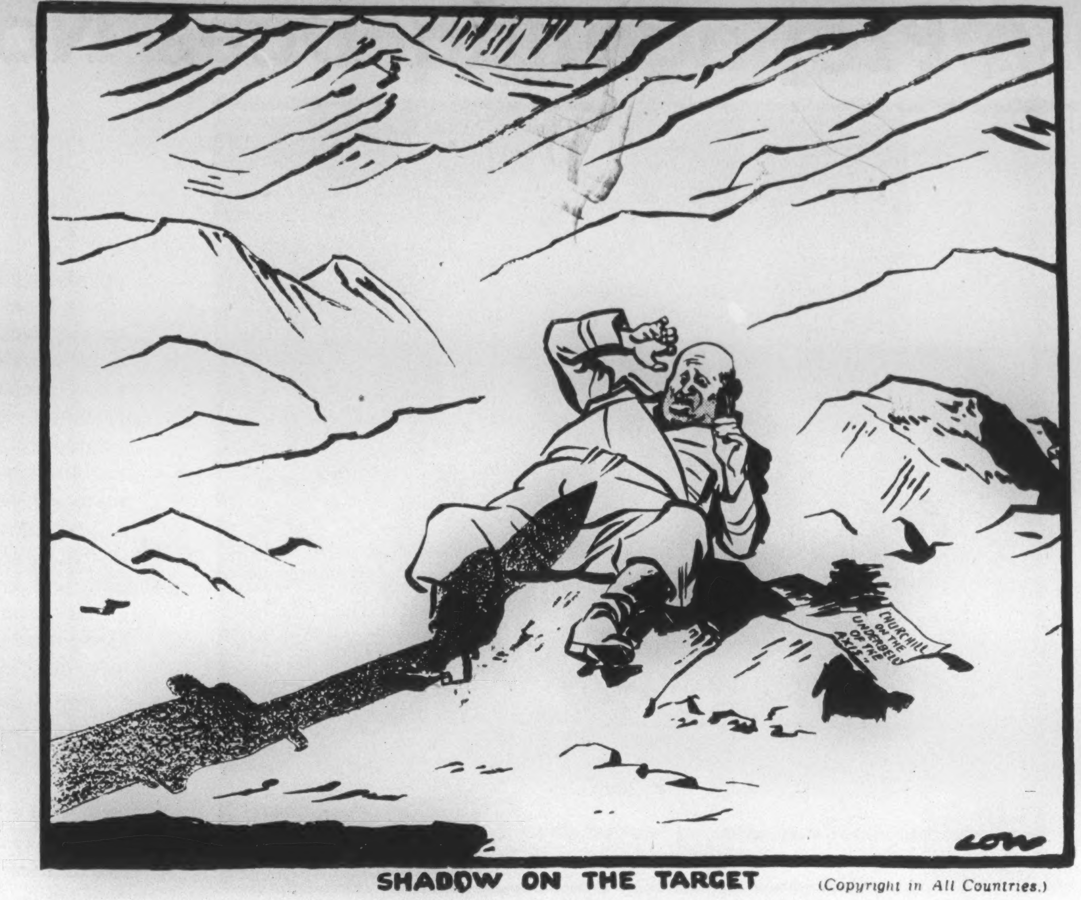
And so, perchance, as the swift years roll
And take from the world their mortal toll,
The name of the leader across the sea
Will grow with the growth of his hawthorn tree.

Others may carve him in bronze or stone,
Cold, unfeeling, aloft, alone.
But, living and vibrant in tint and tone,
The passion that rose to keep us free
Will flush in the bloom of the Churchill tree
With the rising sap as the springs roll by
And the wild birds sing in a peaceful sky.

Victoria, B.C. JAMES MORTON.

This of course is very sad. The two law students are liable to practice law after the war, and *The Northern Miner* holds that there will not be enough business to go around among the Canadian lawyers, so that the presence of a few foreign competitors, even if they are anti-Nazis from Germany or Czecho-Slovakia, will be a national disaster, especially if they happen to be good lawyers. Mr. Boucher, M.P., is also worried about them. He feels that "we have a duty to our own people to see that these people are not allowed to take the cream of the land without having taken part in the struggle in which we are now engaged."

All this sort of thing seems to us to have very dangerous implications. It amounts to saying that after the war no Canadian male who was subject to, or voluntarily accepted, the obligation of defending his country shall have to meet the competition of anybody who was not engaged in that defence. To carry out that principle we shall have to go far beyond merely keeping German Jews out of the universities. We shall have to keep everybody who was not in the Canadian army between 1939 and 194(?) out of everything. The competition of women is peculiarly dangerous, and the universities are full of women. They ought to be thrown out, or at least prohibited from practicing the profession they are learning unless they will marry, and make themselves responsible for the support of, a Canadian soldier. Immigrants too, will have to be kept out with scrupulous care, for some of them may have been qualifying themselves elsewhere for their employment while Canadians were fighting. The mines which *The Northern Miner* journalistically represents will have to get along with none but Canadian labor, which we fancy they will not like at all; for obviously non-Canadian labor will constitute a most unfair competition with the workers who were in the armed services at the time when they could otherwise have been making themselves into better mine workers.


CHURCHILL ON THE UNDERBELLY OF THE AXIS..
LOW

SHADOW ON THE TARGET (Copyright in All Countries.)

Our own idea is quite different. It is that there is no danger of Canada having a surplus of workers of any kind except the entirely unskilled, inexperienced and uneducated. So far as any Canadian falls within that class as a result of his having been off fighting for his country in 1939-4(?), our idea is that he should be saved from that condition by being given the largest amount of education that he can profitably absorb, as soon as the war is over. Fortunately this is also the idea of the Canadian Government, as set forth in its projects for post-war scholarships and training facilities. We believe it to be also the idea of the great majority of the Canadian people, whenever it is put before them in a fair-minded manner by people who have no desire to stir up jealousies and race or class hatreds.

We desire a Canada in which there are as many educated persons as we can possibly get; and when the military authorities have decided concerning a certain class of persons that they are not required for military service, we can see no earthly reason why they should not be educated. The fact that at the moment too few others are being educated is not a reason why nobody should be educated; it is a reason why everybody who is not suitable for use in the war effort should be given as much education as possible.

The Year's Poetry

WARTIME conditions have compelled the *University of Toronto Quarterly* to curtail its annual review of "Letters in Canada" by omitting reference to anything except what has appeared between covers. Professor E. K. Brown, who fortunately still finds time to do the annual review of verse, is therefore unable to say anything more about the periodicals than that "notably in the *Canadian Poetry Magazine, Contemporary Verse,* and SATURDAY NIGHT, the quality of work has been at least maintained. A tendency towards greater clarity and vigor can be easily discerned."

The great poetic event of the year was obviously the first volume of verse by Earle Birney: "He has a harsh and intense sensibility which makes his pictures and rhythms fresh and living, and his technical accomplishment is brilliant, at times bewildering." Second in Professor Brown's list comes a volume issued in one hundred copies only, the "Lyrics Unromantic" of Ralph Gustafson, and third, the Anne Marriott chapbook, "Salt Marsh." And fourth—and we commend this to the careful consideration of our readers—is "Night Is Ended," which the reviewer calls "a poignant book." Its author, J. S. Wallace, spent two years in internment as a Communist, and wrote most of his best work in a bunk at Petawawa and in a cell in the Hull prison. We are far from suggesting that Communism must be right because the odd Communist is a good poet; but we do suggest very strongly that a faith which can make a good poet go to jail for his convictions is not a faith that can be suppressed by imprisonment.

Approach to Marriage

THERE will go into effect on September 1 next in the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical provinces of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa a new set of regulations concerning "the investigations to be made prior to the solemnization of marriages." These, we hasten to add, have nothing to do with the question of the legal validity of marriages, although the pastoral letter in which they are conveyed to the faithful does "lament the fact that particularly since 1921 a certain type of jurisprudence tends to widen more and more the gap between canon law and civil legislation." The object of the regulations is not so much to set up new precautions about the ceremony itself, as to ensure the "careful moral preparation" of the parties to it; and it is impossible not to admire the care which the parish clergy are called upon to exercise in this regard. That the Protestant Christian community has permitted the growth of an extravagantly individualistic and frivolous attitude on the whole subject of the entry into matrimony is beyond contradiction, and much good would be done if the Protestant leaders and ministers would—not merely as individuals but with the full authority of their various communions—undertake a somewhat similar educational process with their own young people.

Many non-Catholics will be surprised to learn that the pastoral letter very earnestly recommends to the prospective bride and groom "the mutual exchange of your medical certificate of health, even before your definite engagement. How many unions have brought unhappiness to innocent parties, because they were unable to fulfil the rights and duties incumbent on married life, due to hereditary illnesses, impotence, mental disorders, contagious diseases, and other maladies that cannot fail to offend the sensibilities of the other party." This exchange is not made an absolute obligation, in which respect the bishops appear to us to be wiser than those civil authorities which have in some jurisdictions taken away the right to contract matrimony from those who do not comply with it; as the bishops put it, "the natural and primary right to marriage belongs so essentially to the individual that no law, no earthly power can take it away or restrict it." Provided that the parties are made aware that each of them is morally entitled to this amount of information concerning the other, and that the lack of it involves grave risks of future unhappiness to themselves and to others, the rest is no doubt best left to their decision.

THE PASSING SHOW

PUBLISHERS are offering us a book entitled "How to Prepare Your Income Tax." What we really want is a book on how to pare it.

•

Mr. Pouliot says that Canada is being run from the kitchens of the Rideau Club. And he wants to know what's cooking.

•

The C. P. R. predicts a great future for Canada on the assumption that "private enterprise will be the basic source of our economic activity, with the state confining its activities to those which private enterprise cannot properly undertake." We have a dim suspicion that the last remark refers to railroading.

•

Canada's Ace Vocabulary

Mr. Jean-Francois Pouliot: "Some calculations have been laboriously made by the skunk kittens of the (Ottawa) Journal's tycoons with petrifying hearts and softening brains, and they are all wrong. They say that I have been speaking . . . a total, they say, of 94 pages, and they repeat that total three times. Now 20 plus 30 is 50, and 50 plus 64 is 114." (Hansard, June 1.)

•

Mussolini urges Italians to "redouble" their hatred of British and Americans. All right, Muss; we pass.

•

Canada has developed a mercury mine, just as it was needed. Rising temperature over the beer question has shattered thousands of thermometers.

•

The Fort Erie, Ont., *Times-Review* says that one of its favorite meals is beefsteak-and-kidney pie. Why the "one of"? Beefsteak-and-kidney pie is the best meal there is, and we defy the *Times-Review* to name any other meat dish to touch it.

•

The distillers of a French brandy declare in an advertisement that it possesses "a highly agreeable, friendly character." Why not name it after John L. Lewis?

•

Mystery Story

Where does she carry her lipstick
And the rest of the aids to her looks,
Now that her hand-bag's filled right up
With all of these ration-books?

NICK

•

A Toronto member adorned Hansard the other day with an official statement of the number of decorations awarded to "men in the R.C.A.F. who were enlisted or appointed in Toronto", which must have taken considerable digging on the part of the clerical staff of that service. If every other city in Canada were to do the same thing the clerical staff would have a terrible time and Hansard would be all cluttered up. Could we get on with the war and let the glories of Toronto be taken for granted until it is over?

•

In this matter of being kind to the Germans, the kindest thing the United Nations can do for them is to root out Hitlerism from their midst and make it impossible for it ever to grow there again.

•

Fifty-seven inmates of a Sudbury prison went on a sit-down strike in protest at having to work. Officials settled the matter without having to resort to a lock-out.

•

Backing Up in Time

Before the common folk could read
Around the market-place they sat
To hear some bard of doubtful breed
Declaim his verse and pass the hat.

Perhaps a troubadour appeared
To sing while plucking at his lute,
And bright young girls, and elders weird
Concurred in saying "Ain't he 'cute?"

Now we can read, if we're a-mind,
But why with books afflict our brains
While Charles McCarthy's coffee grinds
Or 'cute Bing Crosby entertains?

J. E. M.

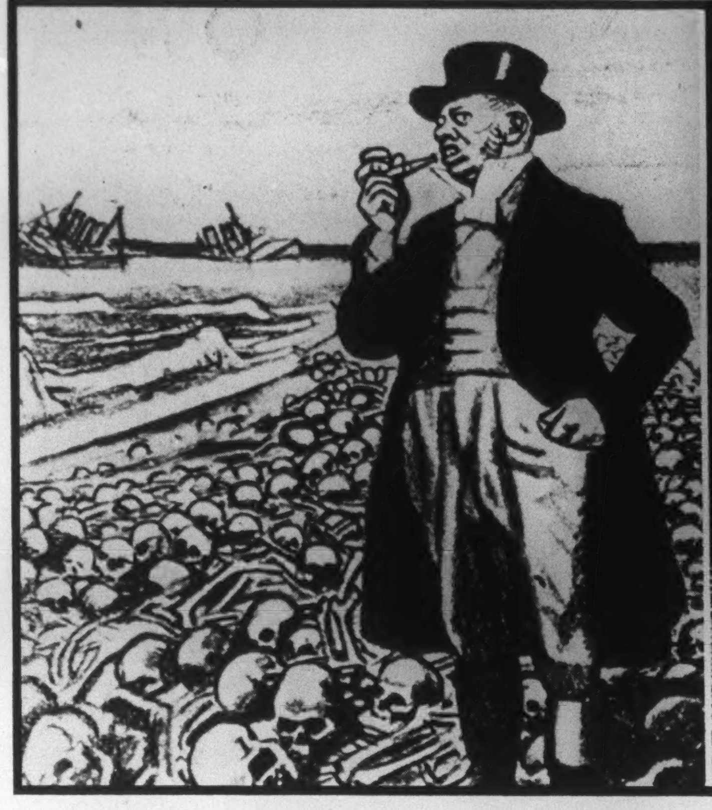
•

That salvage committee in the U.S. which complains that rationing of canned goods has ruined its drive for old tin cans must have overlooked the irony of the situation.

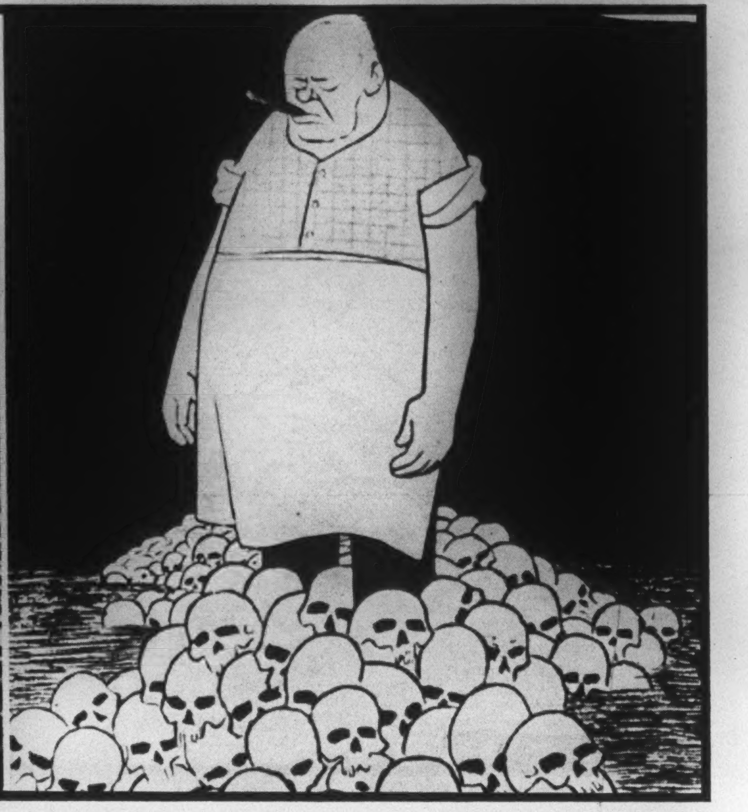
•

Mayor Williams of Regina deplores the practice of Canadian soldiers marrying English girls, because it leaves too many unmarried girls in Canada hanging on to their jobs and thus impeding the civil re-establishment of soldiers. Soldier, save that "I do" till you get back, and then swap it with some Canadian girl for her job.

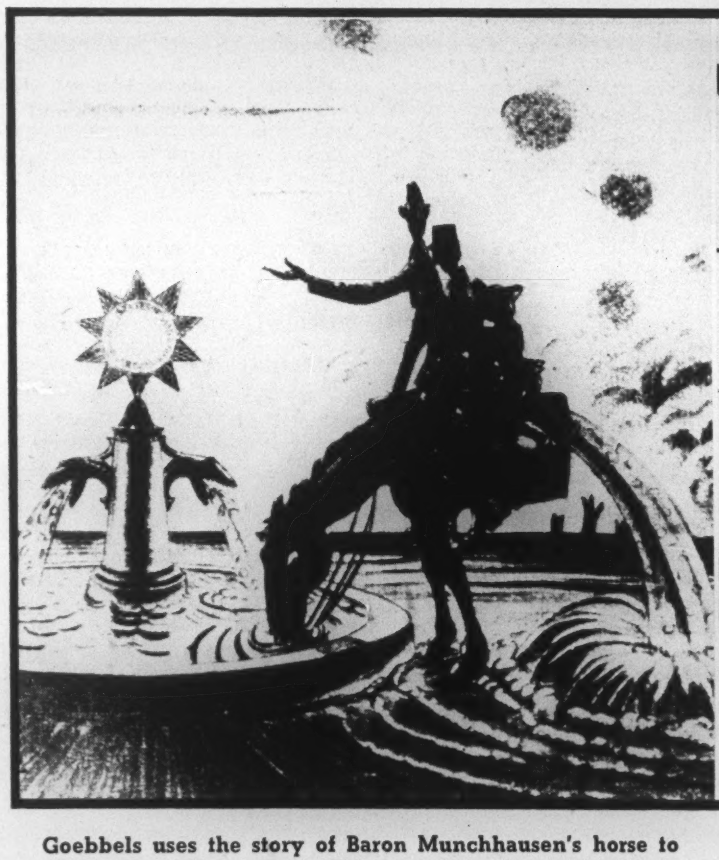
German Press Propaganda Does Not Change...



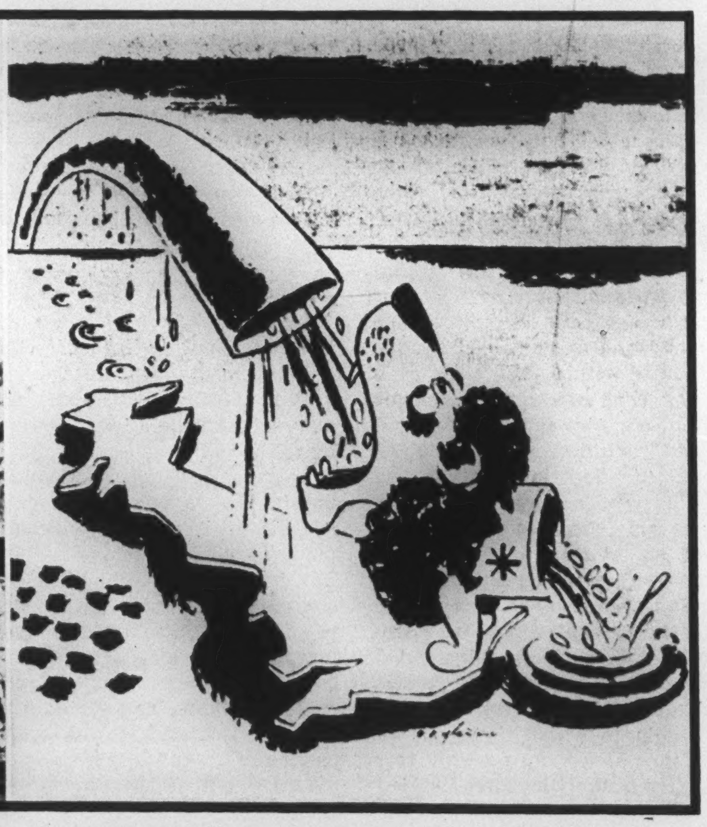
1917: The horror theme was popular with German cartoonists. John Bull was shown standing on a mound of skulls.



1941: Goebbels' henchmen resurrected the old theme. Only difference — Mr. Churchill is substituted for John Bull.



Goebbels uses the story of Baron Munchhausen's horse to depict Britain vainly drinking in help from the U.S.A.



But the idea, taken from last war's cartoon (above), is a striking example of how Germany copies herself.

By M. K. Zieman

THE German "Hymn of Hate" apparently never changes its tune. Even the words have scarcely varied in the twenty-five years intervening since the "Gott strafe England" days of the last war. The monstrous anti-British press campaign launched by Herr Goebbels the minute the Nazis marched into Prague, showed a singular lack of originality. Behind the vitriolic editorials, the anti-British headlines, and diabolical cartoons published by all of Germany's 2,500 newspapers, there is the same old psychology of jealousy and greed, the same old attempt to distract attention from their own crimes by picturing Britain, not only just as bad, but much worse. German propaganda is a mass production job; its product is standardized, but this alone does not explain the astonishing lack of originality, especially in German cartoons.

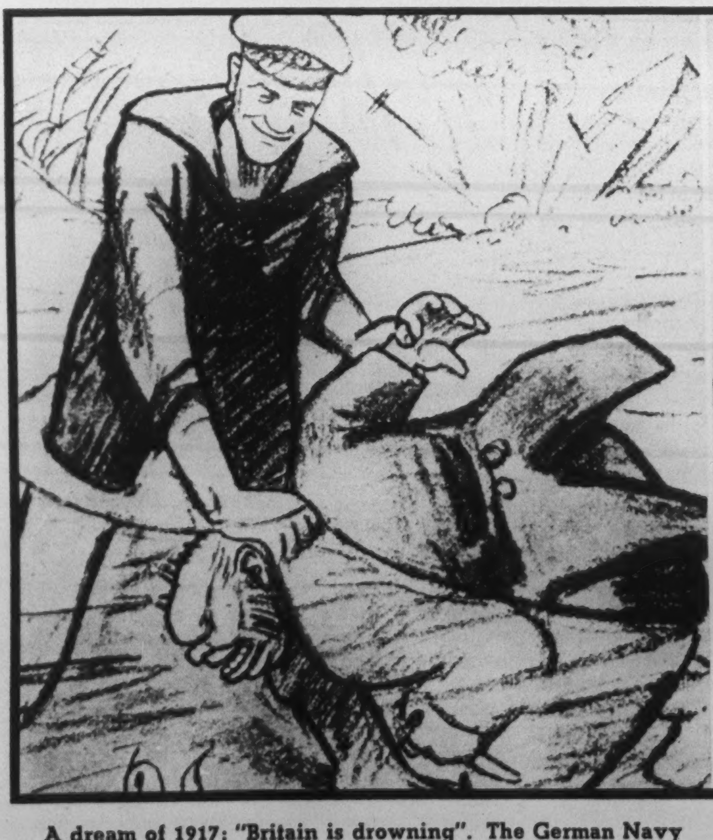
For to-day German artists are turning out practically the same cartoons, with only slight modifications, that were turned out by their fathers in the last war . . . and by *their* fathers in the Boer War. Even a casual examination reveals this curious similarity. In some cases it is actually the same cartoon only changed to suit the times. John Bull has become Mr. Churchill or the British Lion is pierced with bombs instead of torpedoes. Quite evidently German cartoonists have single-track minds.

In general they stick close to six main themes: John Bull, English cruelty, Imperial dissension, English hypocrisy, gains of Big Business, mercenary motives of the United States. German cartoonists return to these themes again and again.

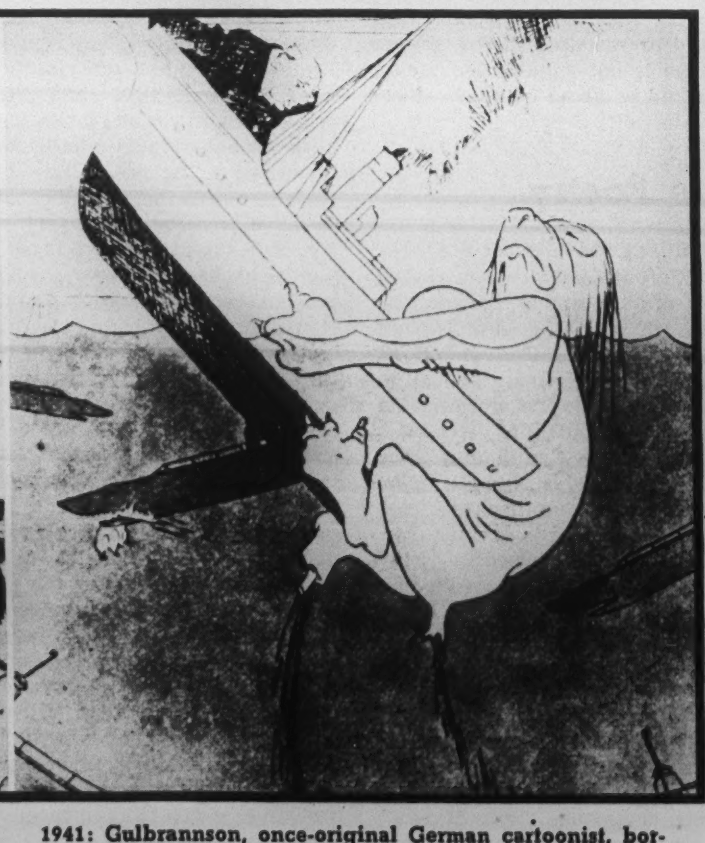
So-called English "cruelty" provides an inexhaustible subject for jibes. Most of their John Bull cartoons depict him as bland and friendly, but fingering a whip at his back. They delve into history in an almost pedantic effort to prove their point. In the Boer War, German artists produced three favourite cartoons on this theme of British cruelty. One, purporting to show British methods of putting down the Sepoy Rebellion, pictured a British officer officiating while an Indian was fired from a cannon; the second singled out slavery in the West Indies in the latter eighteenth century, and showed slaves being beaten, while a stout Englishwoman looked on approvingly; the third showed Joseph Chamberlain striding indifferently over a road of skulls. 1914-18 saw both the Sepoy and the slaves resurrected intact. In this war the Sepoy reappeared, but with a new caption: "What would the English say if we were to blow a single Jew from the muzzle of a cannon?"

The macabre skull theme never seems to grow stale. In the last war, German cartoonists represented Haig as a toad crawling over a morass of heads. In the present war, Winston Churchill takes the place of Earl Haig and Joe Chamberlain on the road of skulls.

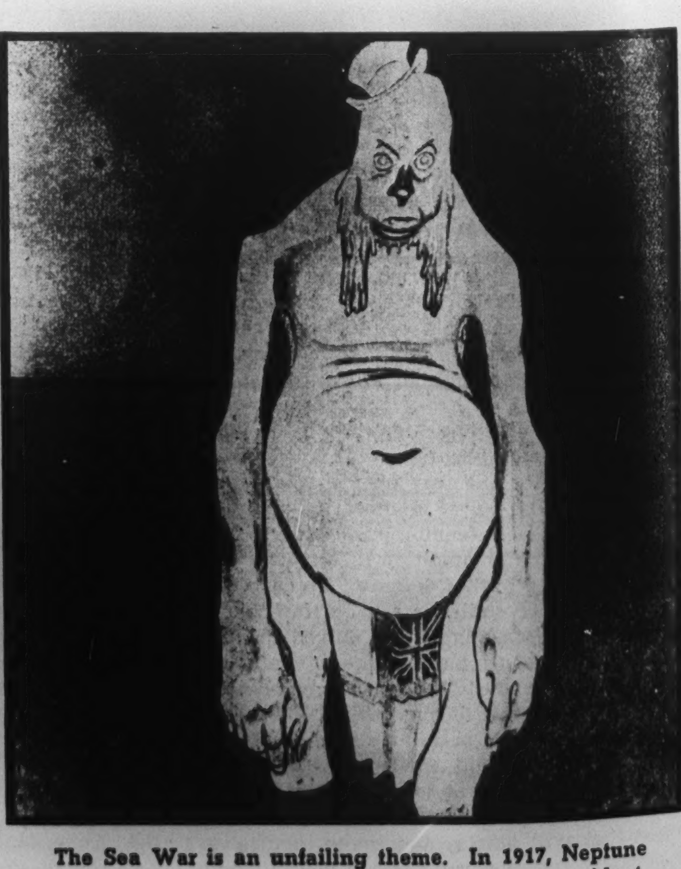
Dissension within the Empire almost rivals "British cruelty" as the choice of the Nazi cartoonists. The fact



A dream of 1917: "Britain is drowning". The German Navy gives John Bull a ducking to cool off his war fever.



1941: Gulbrannson, once-original German cartoonist, borrows this idea and pictures the British Lion drowning.



The Sea War is an unfailing theme. In 1917, Neptune John Bull was shown limping home, minus his trident.

. . . And Nazi Cartoonists Rehash Old Themes

German Press Photos

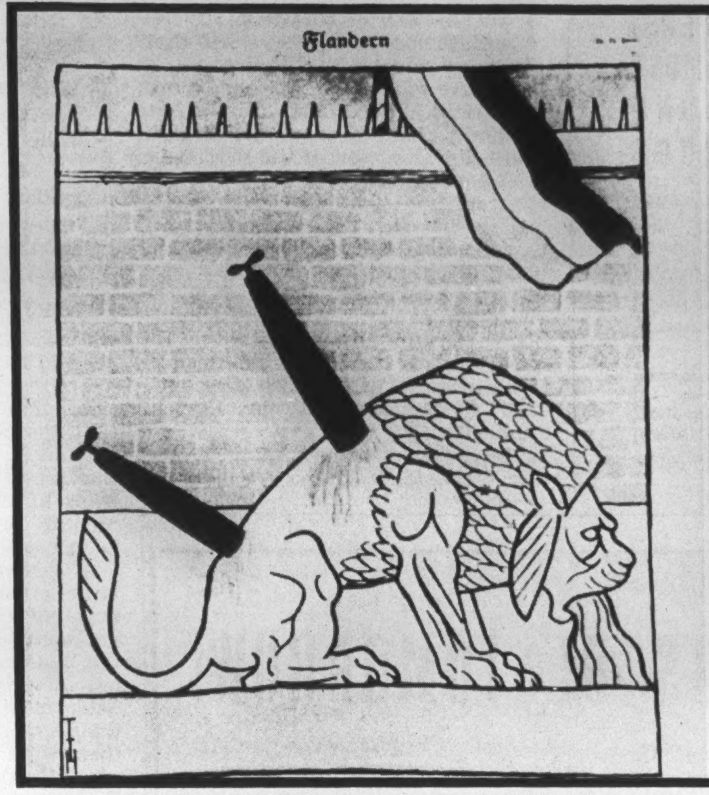
that this line of thought has remained unaltered from 1899 to the present day might be construed as "wishful thinking" on Germany's part. Suggesting that your enemy is divided against himself can be consoling, as well as very effective propaganda. Any problem the British Empire has ever had to face, however successfully settled, might be expected to supply German cartoonists with a wide choice of subjects. But they rarely strike out in new paths. Apart from the old reliables, the Indian Sepoy and the West Indian Slave, they rarely venture farther afield than Egypt, Ireland or Palestine, depending upon the war for which they're drawing.

GERMAN propaganda abroad has consistently operated on the principle—"Divide and Conquer". It is natural therefore that propaganda for home consumption should reiterate that disunity among the Allied nations is "fait accompli." But propaganda harping upon this theme can be effective only so long as success attends the German armies. When the time arrives that they are forced to withdraw, it will act like a vicious boomerang.

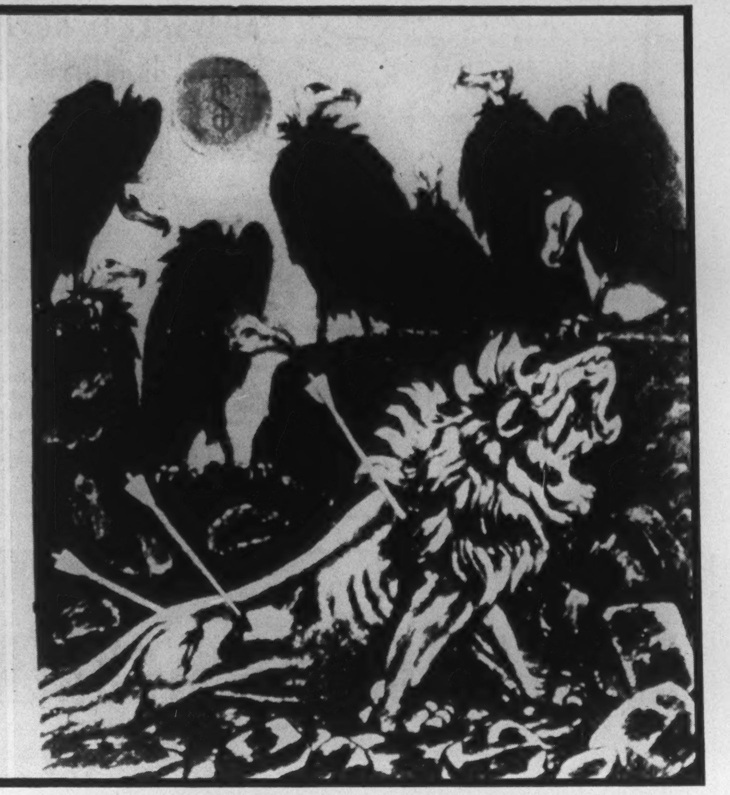
It is significant that Germany makes no effort to deny the accusations of cruelty hurled against her. Instead she attempts to prove that England is much worse. A favourite cartoon shows England as governess teaching the world how to live, while her own children are behind barbed wire. This cartoon appears again and again, the only new element in the 1939-40 version being Neville Chamberlain as the governess.

Ulterior motives of Big Business and Wall Street, as one might have expected, were resurrected early in this war. Big Business and Wall Street are represented, either seizing the booty at the expense of the workers, or white-washing their real motives and substituting the words, "justice, freedom and liberty." Or America is shown profiting by the urgency of England's need. In this war, the Nazis give their cartoons a modern touch by adding a Semitic nose to the capitalistic top hat and cigar. They impute a purely mercenary motive to the United States' entrance into the war, just as they did in the last. Then, the cartoonists showed her collecting the cash; in this war the Nazis give her the British Empire.

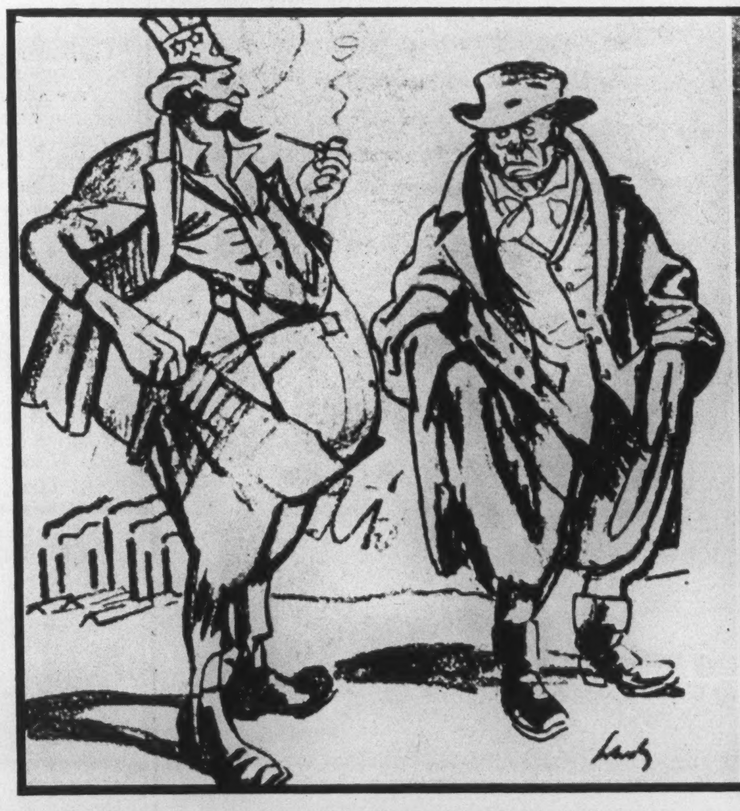
What is the purpose of these cartoons? To Canadian eyes they appear gross, as well as deficient in humour and subtlety. Their aim is to play upon the weak points of the enemy and to stimulate the people at home by making him out to be weak, evil and divided. Their stupidities and repetitious falsehoods are not apparent to the casual glance. Despite the fact that German propaganda never changes, continually pounding home a lie can give it the semblance of truth. Nazi cartoons rely upon such bludgeoning. Unfortunately a bludgeon is not a weapon to be despised!



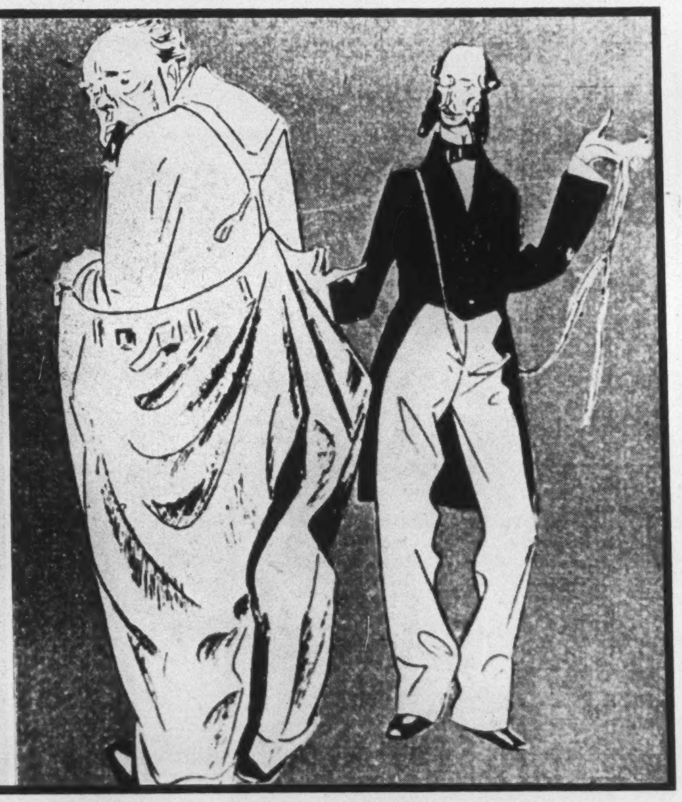
Twenty-five years ago, German paper Simplicissimus showed the British Lion sorely wounded by torpedoes.



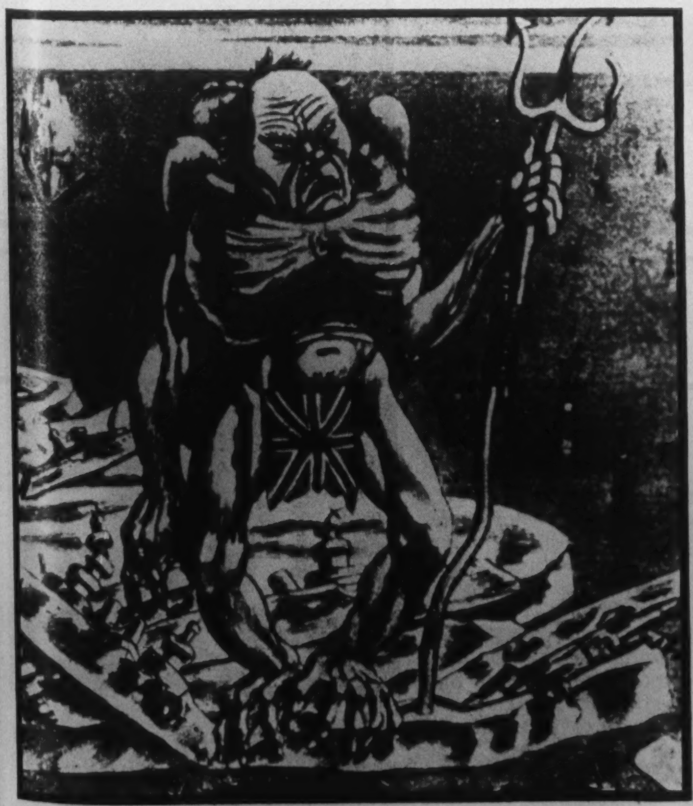
Today Simplicissimus apes the old propaganda and shows the Lion (still dying) surrounded by Wall St. vultures.



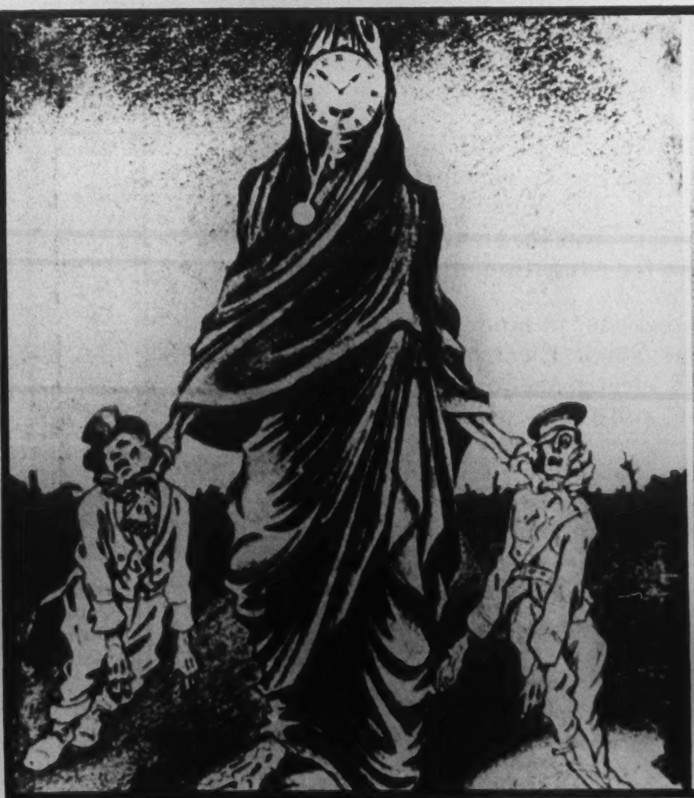
A German view in 1917: Britain on the decline grows thin. America grows fat, says to England: "Let's change clothes."



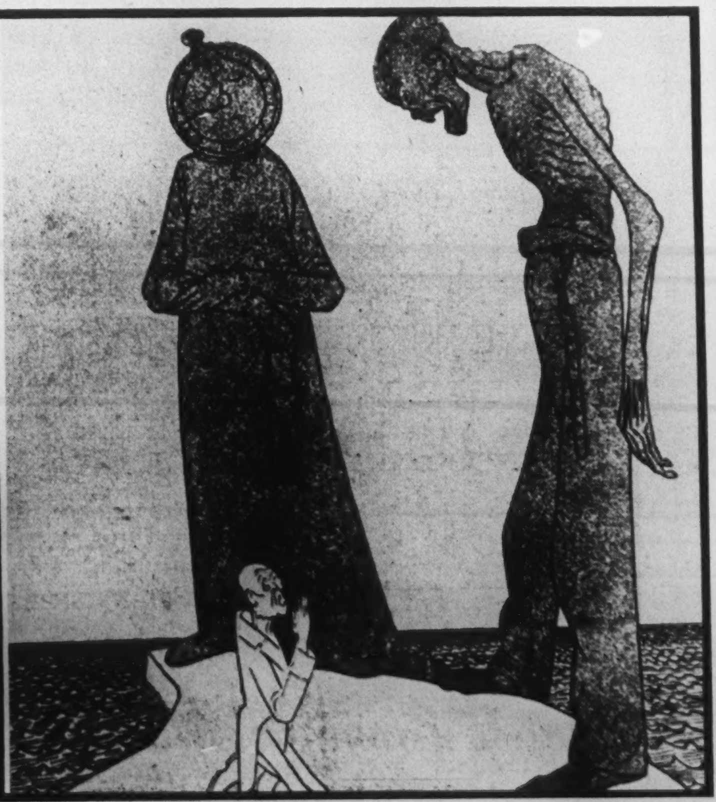
1941 saw the idea rehashed. Says tailor to Churchill: "You were too big for your breeches, but you've lost weight."



In 1941 he is pictured as Neptune again. And again the Germans declare the British Navy is crippled.



"Time is against Britain" was a favourite topic in the last war. But the clock face and the same old idea . . .



. . . appear in 1941. Hunger and Time say: "You have summoned us against Germany. This time we are staying here."

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Responsibility for Dieppe

BY O. T. G. WILLIAMSON

With the evidence of "Combined Operations" now available, it is possible for the first time to assess the responsibility for the non-success of the Dieppe operation.

Mr. Williamson, who has often contributed to these columns on military questions, finds that the operation was faulty in design. It required infantry to perform tasks which could not be performed "without the support of heavy naval guns and without the aid of aerial bombardment."

THE mystery of Dieppe is still an unfathomable mystery. All that has been said and written about it has served only to make it more mysterious. The official attitude has gradually changed, from one of high praise for an action of the first rank in Canadian military history, to stubborn defence of a military disaster. Not yet has there been any attempt, based on official knowledge, to explain it. It has been variously described as a reconnaissance in force and a commando raid for the demolition of certain definite objectives. In some respects it had the appearance of an attempt to establish a bridgehead for invasion of the French Channel coast.

The very vagueness of the information available has led to speculations with which this article does not propose to deal. The Hon. Mr. Ralston has stressed the value of the operation. It is from this point of view that the Dieppe disaster should be examined. It had value, in spite of the appalling losses, but only if it leads to the correction of the fundamental weaknesses which made Dieppe possible.

A general public uneasiness has been created in Canada which a mass of conflicting statements has not served to mitigate. Not only has the national interest been aroused, but there is a personal feeling of bewilderment in the hearts of many thousands of Canadians who, through their sons, are concerned in a very special way. Canada remembers that in the last war Canadian troops never failed. It finds it hard to accept as necessary a large scale failure in the first real action in which Canadians have engaged.

Gallantry of Troops

We know in our hearts, and there is ample evidence to sustain the belief, that our men are soldiers of the first quality. We know the gallantry with which the officers and men conducted themselves on the beaches at Dieppe. Concern is felt that the planning which preceded the attack was inadequate and that our men were asked to undertake a task which was impossible of success from the outset.

There is justification, therefore, for examining such evidence as is available, in the hope that good may come of it. It will not do to wait for disclosures which may come when the war is won. If we are not to be faced with Dieppes on a larger scale, the situation must be examined now. Neither is it fair nor wise to indulge in speculative fancies. These, not being subject to proof, merely add to the confusion.

There is now evidence of an objective kind, thanks to the excellent official story of the Commandos, to be found in "Combined Operations" by Hilary St. George Saunders. Before considering this clear-cut narrative, it will be well to recall some of the impressions given in the press shortly after the action took place. These, and the Hollywood technique employed, which resulted in survivors giving eye-witness but very imperfect accounts, added to the general feeling of confusion.

For Prisoners and Boots?

It was first announced that the value of the action lay in the capture of prisoners and in the bringing back of boots and clothing, by which might be judged the straits to which Germany had been reduced. The first, together with the capture of operational orders, led to the shackling of Canadian prisoners. The second might have been secured at any time by a commando raid of about three men.

About one week after the affair, a despatch of considerable length was devoted to an account of the careful planning of the operation by Major-General Roberts and his staff. Whether intentionally or not, this created the impression that the action had been planned, without higher approval, by the 2nd Divisional Commander. Neither his Corps Commander nor the Canadian Army Commander was mentioned in this despatch. It is apparent now that the ground was then laid for General Roberts' subsequent "promotion". Mr. Ralston has since on two occasions suggested that Dieppe was in some sort the turning-point in the war and that it had had an influence on both the Russian and the North African fronts. While this cannot be taken seriously, it became part of the smokescreen obscuring the truth.

For the first time Mr. Saunders in "Combined Operations" has stated clearly the objectives to be attained. They were from West to East, coast defence batteries of 5.9 guns near Verengeville, a radio locator station and a battery of light anti-aircraft guns near Pourville, the airfield of St. Aubin four miles inland, harbor works, marshalling yards, gas works, power station, petrol dumps and a pharmaceutical factory within the town of Dieppe, a coast defence battery some distance inland from Puits, and finally, on the extreme east, coast defence batteries of 5.9 guns at Berneval and Belleville-sur-Mer.

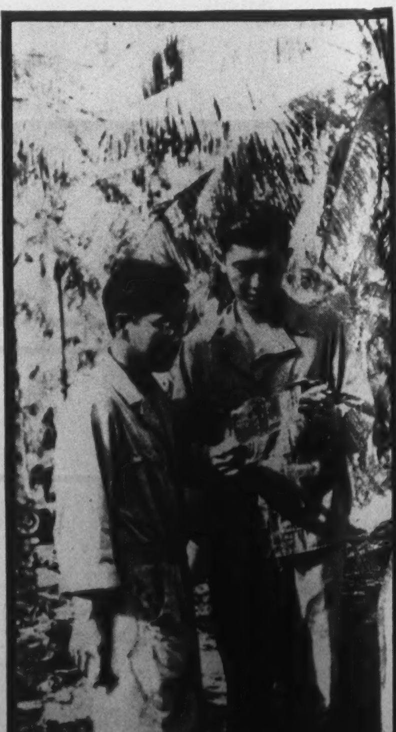
An examination of these objectives and the means employed to attempt their reduction casts a very revealing light on the planning of the first sizable Canadian operation.

Premature Disclosure

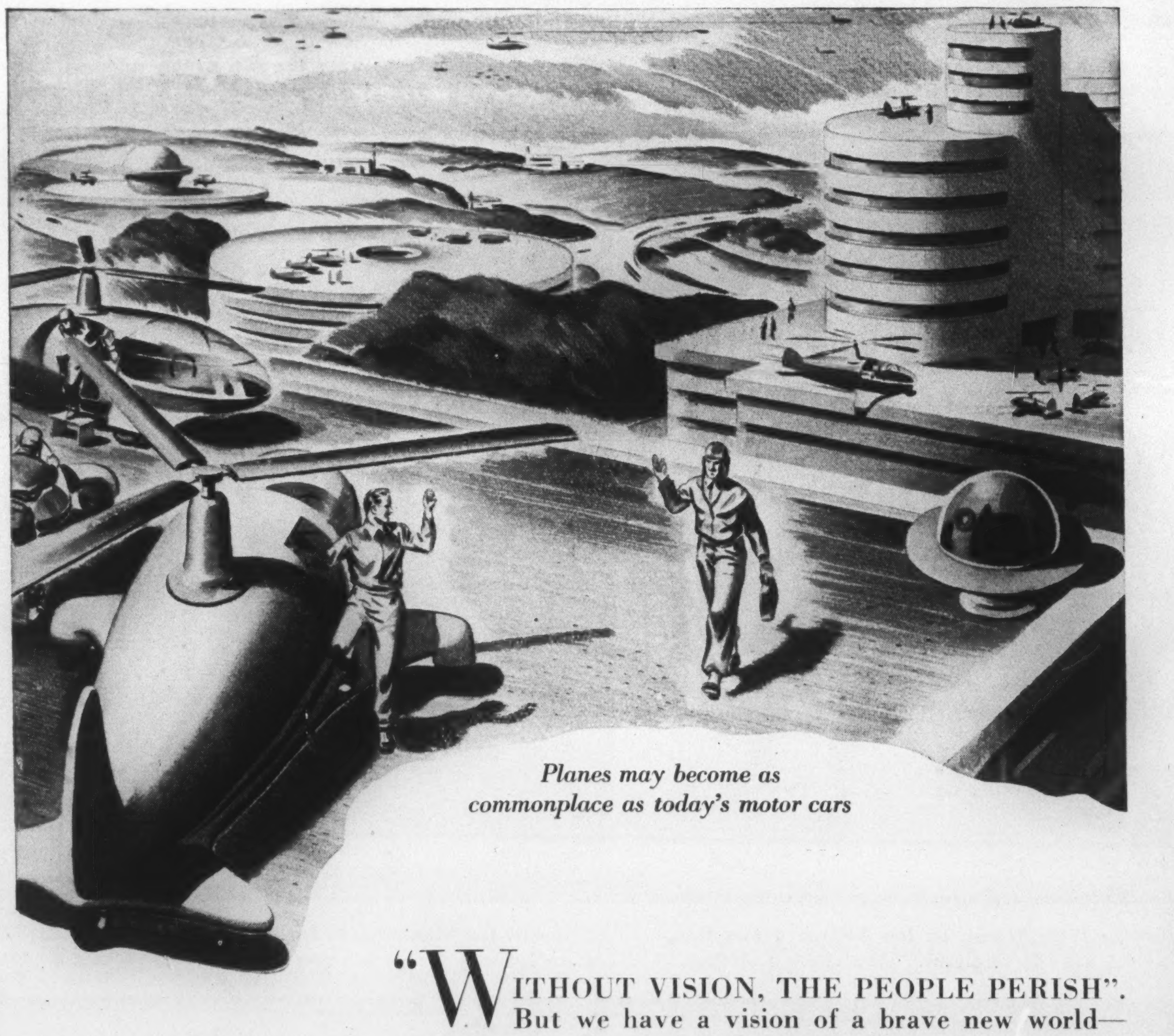
The 5.9 batteries were attacked by commando parties, in one case successfully. The other failed because of premature disclosure of the attempt, but the action was continued, with considerable loss, because of its relation to the general scheme. No other objectives were attained.

The purpose behind the seizure of an airfield four miles inland is not clear. It could not have been to prevent retaliation from the air, since many fields were within striking distance. The risk to the troops engaged was not justified by any demolition that might have been accomplished. This attempt and the frontal attack on Dieppe with its harbor give color to the idea that there was some thought of establishing a bridgehead. All other objectives were susceptible to reduction by attack from the air at small cost.

The operation was not in the familiar pattern of a commando raid, even on an enlarged scale, nor is it convincing as an invasion attempt. Most of the objectives, excluding the



Not all "good" Japs are necessarily dead ones. These Nisei (Americans of Japanese parentage), accompanied United States forces to New Guinea as army interpreters. Here they are examining papers the Japs left behind.



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LEASIDE . TORONTO 12 . CANADA

1-43

airfield, might have been reached by commando parties acting simultaneously but independently. There never was a chance of the frontal attack succeeding in view of the difficulties which would be encountered immediately after landing. This war is not so "different" that strongly fortified positions can be attacked with any hope of success without artillery or air bombing support. It did not take Dieppe to teach this lesson.

Accepting for the moment the idea that the plan of attack was in general a reasonable one, let us examine some of the details. A little late, because of reforming their landing craft, the Royal Regiment landed at dawn and were met with a withering fire. Their losses were heavy as they rushed across fifty feet of beach to the shelter of a 12-foot seawall. Here they were subjected to an enfilade fire from their left flank. The beach at Dieppe must have been as well known to those who planned the attack as is the beach at Brighton. It must therefore have been known that the seawall would form no protection from enfilade fire. Yet no provision seems to have been made to neutralize it. Surprise, carried to a surprising length of credulity, was to be the essence of the plan. In this case it cost us a battalion, and a good one.

The Western Flank

On the western flank the situation was little better. A landing was made with slight opposition. Then began an operation which could only have been justified if adequate artillery support had been available. For infantry to attack, in daylight, entrenched and sheltered opposition would be bad tactics in a sham-battle. Against hostile forces it was worse than folly. It had the inevitable result. Not only did the attack fail, but troops who had captured covering positions on the right flank were dislodged and the way of retreat from the beach was cut off.

With the history of the first landings on Gallipoli as a text-book, it is difficult to understand the temerity of those who planned the attack on Dieppe proper. Without the support of heavy naval guns and without the aid of aerial bombardment, infantry units were required to take and hold the beach, to enable tanks to land, and then to push on and hold the town while extensive demolitions were carried out. This was an utterly impossible task, but all honor to the troops who tried it. That any succeeded speaks volumes for the quality of our fighting men.

Under the conditions, the tanks were virtually useless. Most of those that got ashore were knocked out on the beach. A few surmounted the seawall or passed through breaches. They were stopped by road blocks and soon ran out of ammunition. The engineers, who might have overcome them, the road blocks, were no longer operative. It should not have taken Dieppe to teach the planners of this attack that tanks are no longer a primary weapon of offence.

Why No Heavy Bombs?

Others than laymen have found it hard to understand why heavy aerial bombs were not used as a preliminary to this operation. They find it difficult to understand why the main frontal attack was undertaken before there was a reasonable hope that the eastern and western headlands would be secured. Contrary to earlier reports that the time schedule for withdrawal was rigidly adhered to, it is now plain that withdrawal was forced when hope of success was gone. Neither light nor tide was favorable for re-embarking.

The failure at Dieppe was not due to the quality of the troops engaged. It was solely the result of a totally inadequate plan. If profit is to be gained for future operations, it is a public duty that full light be thrown on those who planned the show. It was a combined operation, but the Army was to be the effective striking force. If the Navy could not supply sufficient gunnery support and the R.A.F. refused aerial bombardment, the operation should not have been undertaken. If the Army Commanders considered surprise, in such a comparatively large operation, as a reasonable substitute for high explosives, all the more must those Commanders be reviewed. Despite the impression which has been created that the plan was Major-General Roberts', there can be no doubt that it was fully approved by his Corps Commander and the Commander of the Canadian Army. It has been made abundantly clear that General McNaughton and the Canadian Government are supreme as far as our Army is concerned. It is therefore unnecessary to look higher for the responsibility for Dieppe.

In considering the quality of our High Command two things must be considered. First, they are all, or almost all, members of the Permanent Force, and second, they have been training the forces under their command under what for them have been peacetime conditions. In the last war the Canadian Corps and its component units were commanded by what may be described as civilian soldiers. They were men who had engaged in the rough and tumble of business life. For recreation and from a sense of duty they had acquired their military knowledge in the Non-permanent Active Militia. Only the keenest of soldiers could have persevered in that thankless service. They carried their keenness and their habits of quick decision, learned in the business world, into their active army life. They proved to be commanders ideally suited to an army instinct with initiative and independent thought. The Permanent Force officers did a good job among their army forms and in the basic training here in Canada.

A Lesson in This

There is a lesson in this for us today and one which Dieppe underlines and emphasizes. Since the last war the Permanent Force has had neither the incentive to work at its profession, nor the means had the incentive been present. This is not a reflection on the Permanent Force. All the people of Canada must share the blame. When Dieppe has been repeated on a larger scale changes will be quickly made. A little forethought now will bring to the front the civilian soldiers who will ultimately command our forces. Much bitterness will be spared, if there is no further delay.

With the Dieppe evidence now before us, we have to consider what changes in our course it suggests. Logic based on that evidence does not, it seems to me, permit us to escape this conclusion: that if future Canadian operations are to be designed by men as inexperienced in actual warfare as those who designed the Dieppe expedition, the results are likely to be equally painful.

Between dog-fights he builds a bungalow —4000 miles away!

JIM B............ is just an average Canadian.

But he's living a far-from-average life . . . Jim is one of the fighter-pilots who have done such a grand job of sweeping Britain's skies clean of Junkers and Heinkels.

Whenever the alarm sounds, he's off like a flash on his job of strafing Huns. But Jim doesn't think much about them in off-hours . . . he's too busy building a bungalow—a bungalow that's 4000 miles away.

When Jim joined the RCAF, he was studying architecture. Half-way through 'Varsity. That was where he met Mrs. Jim. She thought he was a marvellous architect. Naturally, they were going to design and build the last word in bungalows.

Jim's pals in the Flight, especially the married ones, have helped out with practical advice. They've made lots of suggestions to improve that home he's planning 4000 miles away. "The best insulation you can get" advises one—"Make your kitchen and shower cabinet of Masonite Temprtile" says another.

(Jim and his wife haven't *started* building their bungalow yet . . . but they're well on their way towards paying for it!)

They're building it the *easy* way, the sensible way —with Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates. They've saved every dollar, denied themselves pleasures, made old things do, just to buy the *extra* Bond. They *know* that Victory Bonds are the safest, surest *guarantees* of being able to buy what you want, when a host of wonderful things will be available again after the war.

It's our business* to help folk like these enjoy more comfort in their homes. And we're thankful to them for buying Victory Bonds at a time when the latter are "rain-checks" on the future. Victory Bonds mean a wealth of post-war purchasing power, *and* a world of peacetime jobs to which our fighting men can return.

So, here's luck to Jim, his wife and their bungalow!

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*It's easy to understand, in view of pressing wartime needs why Masonite is no longer available for civilian use in Canada. But when Masonite has "done its bit" over there, it will be available once again and popular as ever with the Canadian public.

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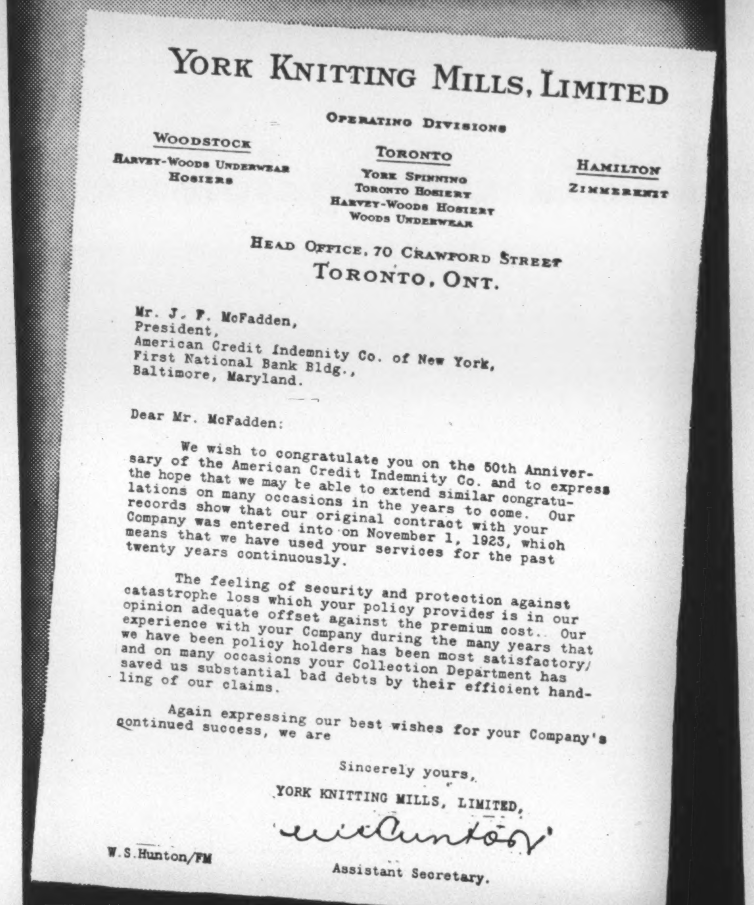
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President,
American Credit Indemnity Co. of New York,
First National Bank Bldg.,
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Dear Mr. McFadden:

We wish to congratulate you on the 50th Anniversary of the American Credit Indemnity Co. and to express the hope that we may be able to extend similar congratulations on many occasions in the years to come. Our records show that our original contract with your Company was entered into on November 1, 1923, which means that we have used your services for the past twenty years continuously.

The feeling of security and protection against catastrophe loss which your policy provides is in our opinion adequate offset against the premium cost. Our experience with your Company during the many years that we have been policy holders has been most satisfactory/ and on many occasions your Collection Department has saved us substantial bad debts by their efficient handling of our claims.

Again expressing our best wishes for your Company's continued success, we are

Sincerely yours,
YORK KNITTING MILLS, LIMITED,

W.S.Hunton/FM
Assistant Secretary.

50th Year
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OTTAWA LETTER

U.S. Lead May Stop Our Strikes

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

THERE must be a laugh for some of Canada's aggressive labor leaders, and especially for the very aggressive Mr. Millard of United Steel Workers of America, in the anti-strike bill now before the United States Congress which is stirring up no little controversy in Washington. Because the two principal provisions of the U.S. bill which are intended to prevent strikes in war industry have had their counterparts in Canada's anti-strike laws for quite a long time and they don't embarrass the labor unions at all, and least of all Mr. Millard's unions, when they feel like interrupting war production in order to hold a strike.

The U.S. bill would provide imprisonment as a penalty for persons instigating or directing strikes in government-operated war plants. It would also provide that in other war plants a strike could be legally called only after due notice and after a strike vote taken under supervision of the Labor Department. In Canada persons instigating illegal strike action in any war plant have been liable to imprisonment for longer than we can remember—perhaps from the start of the war—and for well over a year it has been unlawful for workers in war industry to go on strike without giving advance notice and without having taken a strike vote under the Labor Department's supervision. But strikes in war plants are instigated and strikes take place without notice and without department-supervised strike votes and instigators are not imprisoned and nothing is done about the absence of strike votes. Neither of these laws stands in the way of strike action in war plants.

Mr. Millard's USWA unions in particular have been making quite a lot of progress with strikes in contravention of these laws. There was the famous strike in primary steel last January as a result of which the intended allocation of steel for production of badly needed farm machinery has had to be abandoned. Instead of anybody being imprisoned or other action being taken under the law Ottawa made terms with the lawless strikers. And for the last two or three weeks eight war plants at Galt have been curtailed by an illegal strike and nothing has been done to invoke the anti-strike laws.

Will They Be Enforced?

Mr. Millard could very well enjoy the serious proposal of Washington to copy Ottawa's anti-strike laws in his knowledge that these laws are as so many scraps of paper and impose no inconvenience on strike instigators or would-be strikers as long as they are not enforced. If they were enforced there would have been a different kind of termination of the steel strike and perhaps of the Montreal Tramways strike and something would have been done before this about the Galt strike. But if Washington should go ahead and adopt its proposed copies of the Canadian laws and should thereafter proceed to enforce them, Mr. Millard and his fellow labor leaders might be found shifting their smiles to the other side of the face, because enforcement of anti-strike laws in the United States might well be a signal for Ottawa to turn about and copy Washington.

Such alternation in the provision and adoption of examples in wartime controls has become quite common between the two capitals and should Washington set the example in making labor organizations obey the law Ottawa might be able to throw off some of its paralysis in this respect—which would compel the above-mentioned labor leaders, and especially Mr. Millard, to seek some new source of war jokes.

Unofficial observers have felt for a long time, more particularly since so many things have been becoming increasingly scarce, that authority was missing a good bet in its hunt for hoarders in not turning an eye towards the storehouses of the departments of the armed services. Nobody, of course, would want to see the armed services deprived of anything at all that they need or can use for their well-being and comfort, but there has been some suspicion that their procurement agencies have been exercising their priorities to stock up with quite a lot more of various things than they can use. Perhaps even this would be accepted without protest if the effect was no more than that of depriving the civilian part of the population of some of their ordinary comforts and conveniences. But the supply situation is becoming such that the effect of shortages for civilian consumers goes beyond considerations of comfort and begins to impinge upon the war capacity of the nation on the home front.

Textiles, Leather

With this stage reached, the ladies and gentlemen in uniform at headquarters may still be free to cherish the traditional conviction of their kind that the civilian is of the lowest order of humanity, but they cannot be allowed to put it into practice to the extent of unnecessarily prejudicing the common cause of fighter and civilian alike. Hence the new control committee on textiles and leathers, and hence in particular the

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self-appointment of the boss controller, Donald Gordon, as the head of it.

The job of the committee is to try to see that supplies of textiles and leather are allocated and distributed in a way to do the most good, with special attention to a proper division as between requirements of the armed forces and the needs of civilians. And in the latter respect the authority and duty of the committee are retroactive. It is not only to place itself in the way of inequitable allocations in future but to go into the storehouses of the army, navy and air force and see what if any stocks of these goods have been bought in excess of requirements and to take measures to release any surplus inventories. Suspicion has it that the committee is likely to find an eyeful. Mr. Gordon should be able to stand up to the brass hats where any lesser civilian authority might be frowned down.

Mr. Uren Goes Ahead

Belief that right will triumph in the end has now a weighty exponent in Mr. Uren, chief of Canadian priorities, Department of Munitions and Supply. For two years more or less Mr. Uren has been contending with the war production bosses at Washington that however they might want to run their own show a system of common sense, flexible priority and allocations control was better for Canada than any highly formalized and inelastic system. But Washington was persuaded that only by an elaborate system of formal checks and counter-checks could the priorities end of the war effort succeed, and with the war materials of both countries treated as joint supplies, the bigger partner in the pool naturally called the tune when he wanted to.

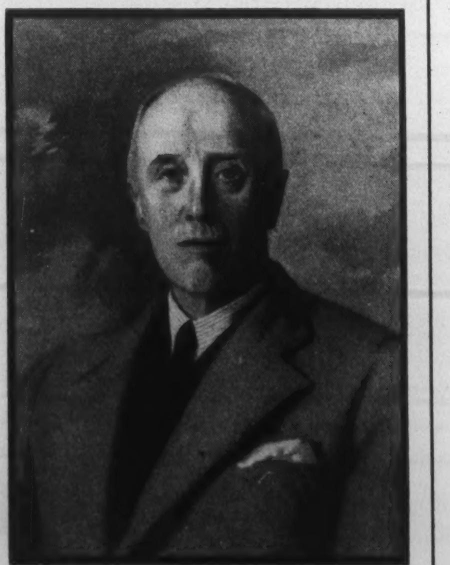
In consequence Mr. Uren had to go much further than he wished to go in adapting formalized Washington priority systems to Canada—although always managing to retain a little freedom of action for himself. And it has kept him busy, because priority systems have come and gone at Washington almost as fast as governments in pre-war France. Every few months a new and better system was evolved, only to be discarded like its predecessors. And Mr. Uren had to try to keep up with his adaptations at Ottawa.

Now all this is changed as far as Canada is concerned, and apparently for keeps. Having failed in the end to devise a paper system that works satisfactorily, Washington has given up its effort to save Ottawa from the evil of more or less informal priority control and Mr. Uren, vindicated in the end, is now free to operate Canadian priorities in his own way. That way is the new all-Canadian Program Classification System which divides the uses of materials and equipment for both war and civilian requirements into twenty-four classifications which will serve as the guide in the allocation of tight supplies. Washington agrees to accept Ottawa's certification as to the legitimacy of the uses for which United States supplies are ordered for Canada—keeping, of course, an eye on what is happening here through the Ottawa division of its own priority office.

The new system looks like a very practical one and will require a great deal less paper work on the part of Canadian war contractors and others.

Lumber Ceilings

And in another sphere of the war effort Ottawa can say to Washington if it feels like it: We told you so! Back in April Washington's Office of Price Administration slapped ceiling prices on Canadian lumber entering the Eastern States. Canadian lumber interests (with unofficial Ottawa approval) warned Washington that these ceilings, being in some cases lower than Canadian ceilings, would defeat the U.S. demand for more Canadian lumber for American war requirements. In the weeks since then shipments of lumber across the border have fallen off heavily. And in this circumstance OPA has consented to reconsider its price ceilings and hear the case of the Canadian lumber industry. This case includes, incidentally, protest against adjustment of the U.S. ceilings to deprive Canadian exporters of the benefit of the differential on exchange.



J. S. H. Guest, first headmaster of Appleby College from 1911 to 1934, was recently presented with this portrait of himself by members of the Old Boys Association. It was painted by the well known Canadian portrait painter, Archibald Barnes.

His Fondest
DREAM
Going up in
Smoke!

● Pity the poor fellow whose beautiful home is being devoured in an inferno of flame and smoke — and all his possessions with it! Pity him—and say you hope he was insured.

● And then go home and reflect what would happen if your home caught fire. This could be your home. Are you protected adequately against loss? If you feel you are not or there is any doubt in your mind, call the Norwich Union Agent. He will be glad to discuss Fire Insurance Protection with you.

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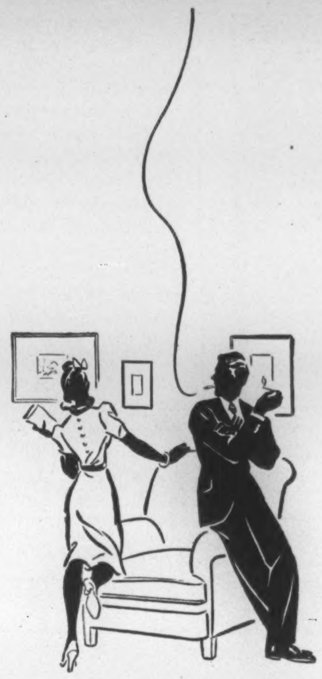

"But I really like etchings!"
"Personally I prefer Sweet Caps"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

New priority procedure:

the
Program Classification System
effective June 7

A NEW priority procedure, the Program Classification System, has been established by Priorities Order 4, effective on June 7, 1943. Under this simple, new procedure, industrial purchase orders placed with Canadian firms will be classified within one or more of 24 code numbers.

After June 7 every purchaser of goods or commodities valued at $25 or more (other than a retailer, a person who buys from a retailer, or such others as are designated in the regulations), must provide his supplier with the appropriate code number as indicated by the regulations, or with sufficient information to enable the supplier himself to classify the purchase order.

Industrial and mill suppliers, warehouses and other businesses performing similar functions for industry, shall NOT be deemed retailers for the purposes of the new regulations.

Copies of the new Order, P.O. 4, together with complete details of its operation, are obtainable from Regional Priorities Offices.

Regional Offices:

514 Bank of Nova Scotia Bldg.	Halifax
1155 Bishop Street	Montreal
Osler Building	Toronto
Terminal Building	Hamilton
1009 Canada Building	Windsor
209 Power Building	Winnipeg
c/o North West Purchasing Ltd., 109th St. and Jasper Avenue	Edmonton
1130 Marine Building	Vancouver
Priorities Branch (Ref. P.O. 4) No. 3 Temporary Building	Ottawa

To the Small Importer:

Another new order, P.O. 5, also has been issued. This new order determines procedures under which the small importer of United States materials for maintenance, repair, or operating supplies, may obtain the necessary priority assistance. Obtain details from your nearest Regional Priorities Office.

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Honourable C. D. HOWE Minister

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Affords the luxurious comfort, quiet and seclusion; the natural grandeur of old woods, high cliffs and broad expanse of water; and an atmosphere of unusual beauty and romance that will enhance forever, the cherished memories of your wedding trip

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Where Wages Might Be Raised

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THERE are a lot of capable workmen in Canada who are currently working in less essential industries although they are needed in more essential industries, because they can get more money in the less essential.

The government is not compelling these workmen into the more essential industries. It has power to withdraw them from the less essential industries, but it is using that power very sparingly—and I think it is right. If they leave the less essential, it has power to make it pretty difficult for the industry to replace them; but that situation does not arise until they have voluntarily left.

The men I am talking about are skilled men, experienced men. They are doing useful jobs, but they are doing them in industries which could at a pinch train less skilled and less experienced men to do them, while industries which are much more urgent have to try to do the training while they ought to be devoting every ounce of their energy to production.

I can think of no more essential industry in the whole of the United Nations at the moment than shipbuilding, nor any industry in which a proper percentage of skilled and experienced men is more vitally necessary, nor any industry in which it is more imperative that there be no bottleneck anywhere, because of the vast amount of labor, material and machinery which is left idle in other departments by a bottleneck in any one department.

Yet the shipbuilding industry is being held up and bottlenecked by a shortage of skilled and experienced labor, while the men whom it needs are employed in far less urgent occupations.

The reason is that shipbuilding, while actually a construction industry in respect of the character of the workers whom it employs, is not regarded as a construction industry in respect of its wage scales. A construction industry enjoys traditionally a higher wage scale, because in Canada it is accepted by everybody that it will operate only a part of the year. Shipbuilding has the wage scales of an all-year-round industry, and these are definitely lower.

Now I am not disputing the contention that shipbuilding is an all-year-round industry. At the present moment it is just as all-year-round as any industry you can think of. But that fact does not attract workers to it *when there are construction jobs available at higher wages.* It merely impels them to stay with the construction jobs as long as they *are* available, collecting seasonal-industry wages, with the knowledge that they can fall back on shipbuilding with its all-year-round lower wage scale as soon as construction folds up. And they are staying with construction, and some of the construction jobs that they are staying with are much less urgent than the building of ships to move and protect goods in transit to the places where they can be used against Hitler and Mussolini and Hirohito.

If, therefore, we are not going to compel skilled workers to go into shipbuilding—and I think it would be most unwise to do so, because two compelled workers are worth far less than one voluntary one who is satisfied with his job,—I suggest that we ought to allow shipbuilding to pay just as good wages per hour as construction, in spite of being a year-round occupation and not a seasonal one. In the alternative I suggest that we compel construction to reduce *its* wages; but this seems to me a much less desirable alternative.

Two Objections

I am well acquainted with the two great objections to raising wages whenever it is not absolutely necessary—that is to say whenever the workers have not impressed on the government that they are serious, by striking or getting so near to striking that it makes no difference. These two objections are (1) that it increases the cost of the article produced, and hence (directly or througn taxes) the cost of living, thus starting the inflation circle; and (2) that it encourages wage demands by more or less similar or related classes of workers. The second of these objections cannot be obviated. One increase of wages always encourages demands for others. But an increase which extends only to a less favored section of a group of workers who all do the same work, and which merely brings them up to the level of the more favored section, is surely as little provocative of labor unrest as anything of the sort can be.

But the first objection does not arise at all in this case, nor I think in any case of an industry which is really hard up for *skilled, experienced* men. For in those cases the difference in productive capacity between the half-skilled and half-experienced man and the wholly skilled and wholly experienced one is vastly greater than the difference between the two pay schedules. The right man at $1.25 an hour is far, far cheaper than the wrong man at 90 cents. And in these highly technical trades the only man who is the right man in key jobs is the fully trained and long-experienced man.

There are places where labor is just labor, and places where it is a mixture of labor and skill, and places where it is almost pure skill. The trade unions, especially the newer, mass-membership ones, for obvious reasons do not look at it in that light. The government, largely influenced by the trade unions, does not look at it in that light. The Canadian public has got its ideas from the most vociferous representatives of the government and the unions. But management knows better, and management knows where labor is pure skill, and wants to be permitted to pay for that skill whatever it has to pay to get it, and holds strongly that that is the cheapest policy in the long run.

Skilled labor is the thing of which Canada is shortest in this war emergency. The reason is partly the bad psychology of the Canadian people, and partly the depression of the 'thirties. Skilled labor, no matter how skilled, is still just labor in the opinion of the young Canadian and the young Canadian's wife. It is an overalls job, not a white-collar job; and consequently the clever young Canadians have neglected it in favor of office work and salesmanship and the other things that enable you to be a member of R-t-ry and K-w-n-s.

I have spoken of the shipbuilding industry, because it is a conspicuous example, being of top-priority urgency, needing a pretty large proportion of high-skill men, and being in competition for these men with other industries of less urgency. But there are plenty of other cases. The same argument applies to them all. Until we are ready to use compulsion—and I hope that will not be for a long time—we should use wage rates in such a way as to draw really skilled men to places where their skill is really needed.

Dilution, with unskilled or semi-skilled or in-training labor, is excellent, but it implies something to dilute. Dilution is a matter of seeing that the skilled man wastes no time doing anything that a less skilled man can do. The Canadian war industries have got this to a fine art already. The only waste of skilled men's time now is when the man himself is doing a whole job on something that is less important to the nation than what he might be doing.

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This Fly Costs Canada
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Name?—Warble Fly.

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Cost? — Estimated annual loss caused by warble flies in this country is $12,000,000.

Sometimes called the heel fly, the warble fly lays its eggs amongst the leg hairs of cattle. These hatch into grubs and work their way through the animal's body to its back where they punch through the hide. The grubs then drop to the ground and begin their destructive cycle all over again.

To meet the urgent need for a remedy that will stamp out this saboteur, chemistry has developed a powder that attacks the attacker. It may one day bring the menace of the warble fly under control. Produced from tropical plants, it contains a powerful substance called Rotenone which, while highly poisonous to the grub, is harmless to man and domestic animals. Washed on infested cattle it kills the grub and ends the vicious cycle at that point.

C-I-L Warble Fly Powder is manufactured by the Fertilizer Division of Canadian Industries Limited. A boon to farmers, this chemical product will help to save valuable hides for the production of essential leather goods, especially boots for our fighting forces.

Making war on the warble fly is another example of products of Industrial Chemistry which are aiding Canada's war effort.

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Ingram's coolness beats burn and sting — gives your skin a bracing all-day journey

Ingram's gives you the right-of-way on face-happy shaves—helps condition your skin as it wilts your whiskers. Your face stays cool and refreshed for hours, too—looks smoother, younger-looking.

Ask your druggist for Ingram's today. If you forget to take along an empty tube, you can get the same number of cool, delightful shaves out of Ingram's economical jar for the same price!

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Britain's Civil Air Lines Are Bigger Than Ever

BY D. G. JOHNSTON

Despite many operational handicaps, British Overseas Air Lines, successor to Imperial Airways and British Airways, is now covering a larger route mileage than the predecessor companies combined did before the war.

Services are maintained between 34 countries. All planes are unarmed and therefore "easy meat" for prowling enemy fighters, but pilots and crews claim that their work is monotonous!

THE present and future of British civil aviation has been much discussed recently and from some of the statements it would be easy to believe that the war has resulted in the complete eclipse of Britain's passenger and freight lines in the air. The fact is the reverse. The route-mileage covered by British Overseas Air Lines was a year ago 14,000 more than the combined route mileage of British Airways and Imperial Airways before the War. The miles flown last year were 10,000,000—the same as in the last full pre-war year. Many of the old routes have disappeared owing to enemy occupation of territory, but the services are maintained between 34 countries, 14 of which are neutral and therefore closed to military planes.

Perhaps some of the lack of knowledge of what is being done by the British "Merchant Service" of the air is due to the secrecy which necessarily in war time surrounds the movement of aircraft. This is in itself a great difficulty for civil plane crews. For all the journeys within hundreds of miles of the enemy wireless silence has to be maintained. The usual aids to navigation at night are absent and there remain also the hazards of attack by enemy planes, balloon barrages and anti-aircraft guns. Not until the war has ended will it be possible to tell most of the many adventures of the crews of the air liners.

When war broke out there were 19 internal air lines in Britain. Of these ten were closed down and the remainder are controlled by the Associated Airways Joint Committee. The routes link "out-lying" territories—the Scilly Islands, the Isle of Man, Northern Ireland and the Hebrides with the mainland and are used almost exclusively for government passengers. The planes are the de Havilland Express, Rapide and Dragon aircraft and the figures for the first year of operation were 1,226,590 miles, 46,693 passengers, 889,898 lb. of mail and 227,332 lb. of freight. The figures are astonishing considering that the routes lie through air which is the battle-ground of the world's two great air forces.

Officials, Freight, Mail

British Overseas Air Lines which works all overseas lines from Britain came into existence three years ago with the amalgamation by Act of Parliament of Imperial Airways and British Airways. All the shares in the new corporation are held by the Government and it works entirely for the government, carrying statesmen, service chiefs, officials and freight and mails in connection with the war. The use of airgraphs has enormously increased the amount of mail carried. Only 850 tons of mail were carried by B.O.A.C. last year, but with 4,500 airgraphs to the pound this represents many millions of separate letters.

One of the difficulties of the civil airlines has been obtaining aircraft. Especially at the beginning of the war, military aircraft had complete priority. Some of the equipment of the original companies was requisitioned and many of its pilots and ground crews called to the R.A.F. Some of the original aircraft were lost while doing vital evacuation work in France, Norway, Greece and Crete. The famous air-liners *Cabot* and *Caribou* were lost in Norway. The astonishing story of how pilots well-known to hundreds of air passengers on the continental and Empire routes in pre-war days took their unarmed planes again and again from Egypt to Crete, bringing away as many as fifty passengers at a time remains to be told in full.

When the two most important civil aircraft building companies, de Havilland and Short's, went over to war production, the British civil lines had to rely for replacements of the 100 aircraft in operation at the beginning of the war upon equipment bought from American air lines. Most of the planes went to the Middle East for direct military service, but a few Clippers, C.W.-20s and Lodestars came to Britain. Later the R.A.F. released a few Consolidated Liberators, Catalinas and Lockheed Hudsons, some Armstrong-Whitworth Ensigns were re-equipped with American engines and a number of Whitleys and Wellingtons converted to freight carrying.

The result of this "hand to mouth" policy, resulting from the paramount need for military aircraft, is seen in the present constitution of the civil aircraft. There are a hundred of 17 different types with 14 different engines! This makes all the more astonishing the service that has been maintained, for many different types mean many different spares being kept at all points and calls for great versatility in pilots and ground crews.

British civil airliners now operate between the five continents. Boeing Clippers fly to the U.S.A. via Lisbon and Bermuda. It is worth noting, incidentally, that the "Clare" and "Clyde" flying boats, both subsequently lost off Portugal, flew to and from America all through the Battle of Britain. Catalinas fly to Lagos, Short G flying boats operate between Britain, Foynes and Lisbon. There is a service to Sweden—air services to Sweden and Finland continued even during the Russo-Finnish war. The routes stretch across Africa to Egypt with branches to Turkey, Palestine, Iraq, and India. They join Cairo to Addis Ababa, Karachi and Nairobi. There is a service between Africa and Madagascar.

All these planes are unarmed and, of course, "easy meat" for any prowling enemy fighter that might catch up with them. Some of the pilots and crews have been killed and wounded. Although most of them would tell you that they would much rather be in the "fighting" line and that the work is monotonous, few have not had their adventures.

"I wish I'd bought Bronze screens—but now, Bronze has gone to war!"

"SURE I need new screens, these old galvanized ones are almost gone . . . but I'm satisfied to know that the bronze that might have been used to protect my home from insects is doing the bigger and more important job of protecting my country from another type of vermin. I'm glad to give up the little things so that I can keep the greatest thing . . . FREEDOM."

And this man is typical of millions of Canadians who are glad to forego comforts and conveniences so that our war effort may be more effective . . . that Victory may come sooner!

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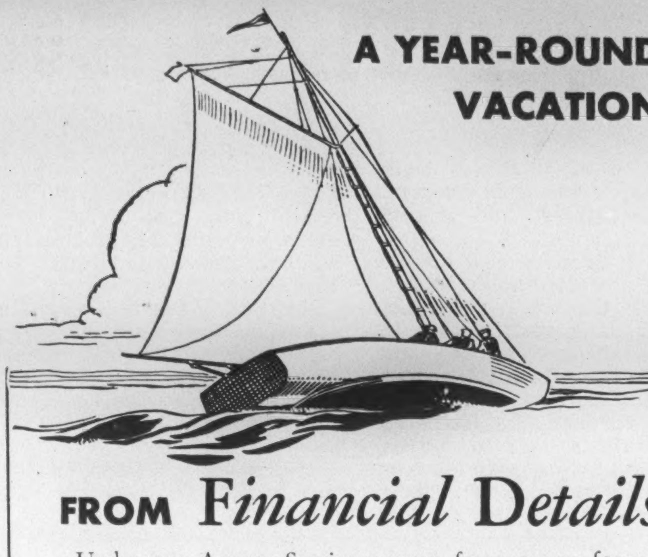

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MONTREAL TORONTO

THE HITLER WAR

Secret of De Gaulle's Strength

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

WHILE everyone waits with really only one thing in mind, the launching of the great operation which seems due any day in the Central Mediterranean, at least three very interesting developments have taken place on other fronts during the past week. These are the heavy sparring for aerial superiority in Russia, the stormy events surrounding the entrance of the Free French into the political arena of North Africa, and the wonderful show of strength by the Chinese in repulsing an offensive which was undoubtedly important in the Jap grand strategy for 1943.

From the Russian front there have come reports of 500-plane raids by both Germans and Soviets, together with the Russian claim of having destroyed 2821 German planes in the air or on the ground during the past five weeks, for a loss of 740 Soviet planes. As background for these reports we have had from C. L. Sulzberger of the *New York Times*, recently returned to Moscow after an extended absence abroad, the most illuminating dispatches to come out of Russia since the end of the winter battle.

They depict the present situation and prospects somewhat like this. The Germans have carried out an extensive regrouping of their forces which has reduced the Southern Army, greatly expanded last year for the triple drive against Voronezh, Stalingrad and the Caucasus, to a single group of 60 German, 9 Roumanian and 1 Slovak divisions under von Mannstein, whose command extends from Novorossisk up to and beyond Belgorod.

The Central Army group, under von Kluege, extends from here up to Velikye Luki and has been strengthened in recent weeks, partly at the expense of the Southern Group, until it numbers 87 German, 7 Hungarian and 1 Spanish divisions. North of here, von Kuechler holds the line up to Leningrad with 35 German divisions and little armor.

The bulk of the German armor is concentrated in the Orel-Bryansk salient, with some to the south in the Belgorod salient. This leads Red Army and foreign experts in Moscow to the conclusion that the German plan calls for an offensive from these two points converging on Voronezh, drawing important Russian strategic reserves into action, and outflanking Moscow from the south. While the Reichswehr is still powerful enough to strike a hard blow, Sulzberger's researches find that it is somewhat short of artillery, and notably short of motor transport, for great ventures.

The outstanding weakening of the Germans relative to the Russians is, however, in air power. Whereas even last summer they were able to provide overwhelming air cover for their ground forces and disposed of a huge air transport system, this year they have no advantage in the aerial warfare, while the fleets of Junkers 52's which melted away at Stalingrad and in North Africa have not been restored to strength.

Air Struggle in East

They have introduced the Focke-Wulf fighter in the east, and have an excellent machine in their Junkers 88 bomber. But they are still using the obsolescent Heinkel 111 bomber, and have made only rare use of the new 4-engined Heinkel 177, for which they have a 3-ton bomb.

Official claims from Moscow, of German planes being destroyed at the rate of four to every Soviet plane lost, and a rate of attrition (2821 planes destroyed in five weeks) nearly twice as great as German production, probably present too optimistic a picture. At least two correspondents who are used to choosing their words carefully, write from Moscow of a struggle in which the Red Air Force is *seeking* to gain superiority.

The object of most of the bombing raids of which we hear—and we really hear very little about the whole air war in the east—seems to be the disruption of the bases from which either side might launch a summer offensive, such as Orel and Kursk. But the Germans are now engaged in one of their rare strategic bombing efforts in the east, a series of raids on Gorki, centre of Soviet automotive production.

The hardest thing to see in connection with another big German offensive in Russia has been what they could hope to gain from it. Perhaps this is foreshadowed in their recent strong play with a certain General Vlasov, whom they captured east of Kiev in 1941, and have now set up at Smolensk with a "Committee of Liberation" and a propaganda radio. The general makes frequent broadcasts, and leaflets are dropped among the Soviet troops, urging them to overthrow Stalin, make an "honorable" peace with Germany, and build a new Russia free from Bolshevism.

The main hope behind another and final German effort might therefore be, by inflicting further heavy losses on the Russians, to propagandize them into revolt and an armistice: in other words, to repeat 1917-18. Only a German, I believe, could see in the present situation in Russia a hope of repeating 1917-18.

The Russians, it is true, have suffered terrible losses, possibly half as great again as the German losses. But their army is growing steadily stronger, their military leadership is capable, they are well provided with arms, and they are not divided from their own ruling group and from their allies by any revolutionary appeal, as they were in 1917-18.

It may be that Stalin's repudiation

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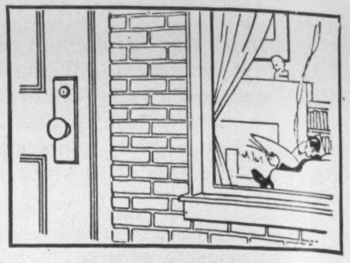

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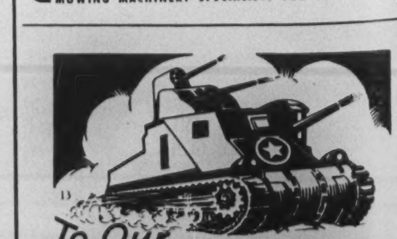

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of the Comintern and the international revolution was intended to neutralize the Goebbels-Vlasov propaganda and emphasize to his people the national character of the war they are fighting, as much as to improve relations with Russia's allies, both during and after the war. With the bitter and universal hatred of the Germans (not of the "Nazis") which Sulzberger reported in his trip across the country, this latest and last German hope does not seem to have the faintest chance.

A month or two ago few observers would have cared to predict what would happen if the Japs staged a big offensive against the Chinese, strained by six terrible years of war and disappointed over the meagre advantage gained during a year and a half of alliance with the United States and Britain. Now the Japs have made that effort, their greatest in a year, and one of their greatest since they reached Hankow over five years ago, and the Chinese have thrown them back decisively.

China Strikes Back

The latter have still to regain about a quarter of their precious Lake Tungting "rice-bowl". But there will be an end now to talk of China dropping out of the war through exhaustion before we can reopen the Burma Road, which may be done next winter. And already the amount of air power which the Americans have been able to send into China and supply by air from India is having an important effect.

Attracting more attention last week than distant military operations was the political struggle in North Africa which accompanied the formation of a French Executive Council. The remarkable thing about the whole affair, I believe, was the way in which de Gaulle, only recently arrived in a territory controlled by his rival, unsupported it seems by British diplomacy and opposed by American, could demand and secure the resignation of two of the most important figures in Giraud's administration, Peyrouton and Noguès. This was an illustration of his basic strength and his inflexibility of purpose which certain people would do well to note, or they may be even more surprised by future developments.

Should de Gaulle now proceed to acquire most of the power in the Executive for his Free French nominees, to limit Giraud's power as joint chairman of the Council and Commander-in-Chief of French armed forces, and perhaps to set up a Provisional Government, asking neither London nor Washington who is to sit in it, we may hear a lot of talk about his personal ambition, and French ingratitude in acting against Allied—notably American—wishes. Neither of these explanations would get to the bottom of the matter.

If we are going to really explain the French situation we will have to speak very plainly. Take, for instance, the question of French gratitude, and deference to British and American wishes. Let us for a moment put ourselves in the position of the French. After the defeat of Germany in 1918, for which the French paid by far the greatest price among the western Allies, the Americans refused to let them take their own measures to avoid another war, but foisted on them the League of Nations, and then abandoned that, and refused to join with Britain in guaranteeing French security.

The British thereupon withdrew their guarantee also, and from the Ruhr crisis of '23 to Hitler's remilitarization of the Rhineland in '36, gave their sympathy to the Germans and refused to join in French restraining measures. It would be rather too much to expect the French to be grateful for all this, or for the 19 British divisions and the vocal American encouragement which were all the help they received when the Germans came back again—as the French had always said they would.

Perhaps it is thought, however, that the French should be grateful today for all the help we are giving them in North Africa. Undoubtedly they welcome our now effective military aid in freeing Tunisia and, ultimately, expelling the Boche from France. But this is no one-way affair. They are providing the Allied armies with a much-desired opening into Europe, and it is over their countryside and the ruins of their cities that the war is passing.

These are general considerations. For the de Gaullists there are also some special ones. Can they be expected to forget that Washington ignored them during all the early years of their struggle, and recognized Vichy instead? And that at the time of the St. Pierre-Miquelon affair the State Department referred to them as the "so-called" Free French—they, who had given up everything, home and family and name, to fight on, while others still stood on the side-lines?

Can they forget that the Americans, through their representative Robert Murphy, planned the whole North African venture without them, arranged for the bringing of Peyrouton, notorious former Vichy police chief, to Algiers, while refusing to allow General de Gaulle to come? I have always held that this incomprehensible State Department policy towards the French would come a cropper. It is now about to do so.

De Gaulle's Strength

De Gaulle and his Free French cannot be ignored, because they represent the people of France—or at least the virile, resisting elements, the ones which count today. And Britain and the United States cannot deny the French a provisional government while a half dozen smaller governments-in-exile sit in London; or suggest or dictate ministers and commanders as though France were Albania or Montenegro.

When it was set up in London in 1940 the Free French National Committee was a purely military movement of resistance. Since then it has become—unintentionally, I think, and through force of circumstance—the political representation of the great bulk of the French people, and even more important, has become identified with the revolution, the New Order, or whatever you want to call it. With new members coming out from France continually to join it, and with its constant contact with all resistance movements in France, it is probably more representative of the current state of feeling in its country than any other executive-in-exile.

The colonial administrators of North Africa, who once followed Vichy and have now lined up behind Giraud, never represented the people of France, and are even more remote from the new spirit of their nation. It was noteworthy that even the people of Tunisia, after half a year of German occupation, looked to the Free French and not the leadership in North Africa, for their inspiration. When they asked "Where are the French?" when we marched into Tunis, they invariably explained that they meant the Free French of General Leclerc, who had crossed the Sahara from Lake Chad. And when recruiting offices for Giraud and de Gaulle were set up, side by side, in one Tunisian city, during the first day over 400 volunteered for de Gaulle, and only 3 for Giraud.

This is the strength of de Gaulle: the fervid support of the French people. The nearer the Allies come to France, the more they will need him. And in this nothing derogatory is intended toward General Giraud. He is a grand fighter, and has made a good start as commander-in-chief. But he has no political background or following, and he suffers from having been selected and supported by outsiders, and followed by the whole crowd in North Africa who formerly followed Pétain and abolished the laws of the Republic.

For the complete restitution of Republican forms, the rejection of every official who ever served Vichy wholeheartedly or collaborated with the Germans, and the assertion of the dignity and autonomy of France, de Gaulle will continue to press uncompromisingly.

We should be glad to see such clear principles asserted in French politics, and such spirit displayed by the French after their terrible years of confusion and humiliation.

One of the great victories of the war, on a front which caused us the sharpest concern only a few months ago, was confirmed in statements by General Marshall and Mr. A. V. Alexander last week. This is the defeat of the U-boat. Its menace is now under control, even if, like the common cold, it can never quite be eliminated.

General Marshall gave the first official figure for the number of U-boats destroyed in a month which I have seen during the war. Attributing his information to the Admiralty, he said that 30 had been "killed" in May. Mr. Alexander's statement was less definite. But he said that May was the best month yet; that during the past year we had destroyed as many subs as during the preceding 2¾ years; and that success in the past six months had been one-third greater than in the preceding six months.

If we take 20 U-boats a month as the average destruction during the past six months, that would mean an average of 15 during the six months before that, or 210 for the year. Adding, say, 200, for the whole previous period of the war, we have an approximate total of 400 destroyed to date.

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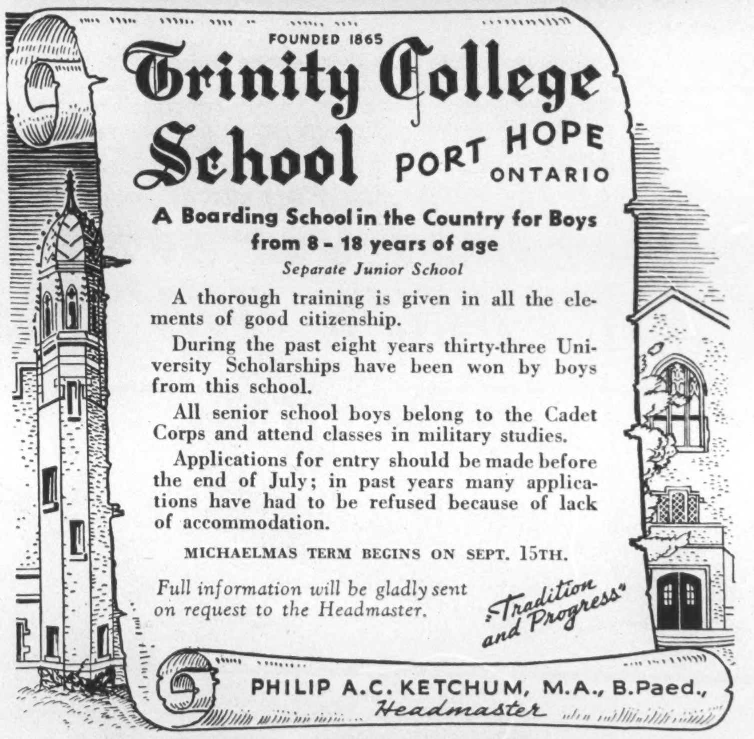

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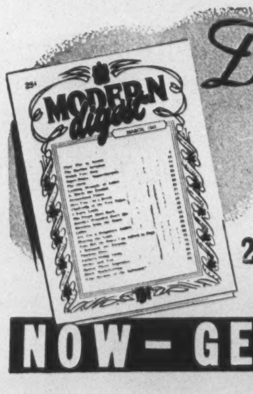

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It's the West, Not Asia, That Was Out of Date

BY HENRY PETERSON

This extremely frank article points out that the Western democracies have been fooled for years by the Hitler-made bogey of International Communism, and that the Comintern, a natural reply to the anti-Communist policies of the Western powers, has in recent years served a very useful purpose, since the "cells" which Stalin has maintained in the Fascist countries will make victory for our side easier and cheaper.

Let the democracies, says Mr. Peterson, look into their own hearts for the reasons that have made them, with vastly greater resources than their enemies, dependent on Russia and China for their safety.

STALIN the Asiatic, Stalin the most courted of men today and the longest silent, has suddenly stepped into the world's arena and with a single movement strangled the bogey by means of which Hitler rode as on a witch's broom of Wagnerian pretentiousness to the conquest of half Europe. Stalin has dissolved the Comintern.

An answer of such massive rationality to the criminal romanticism of Hitler, an answer of such simple humanity to the Machiavellian-Frederickian-Shogun trickeries which the fascists built up so laboriously and expensively, with such an inquiring fat-laden side-wink at such simpletons as you and I have been since Geneva became an international black market around 1923—that answer has naturally caused as great a surprise, as lively a consternation, in the camp of the existing Western democracies as in that of their enemies.

The cult of conservatism is one of the great and vital forces which dominate orderly human life. But a conservatism which fails to recognize the need for change in human affairs cannot fulfil its true function of conserving what deserves to be conserved. A conservatism which tries not only to make physical conditions static but even to impose a static condition on the human spirit—whose fluidity is as much a part of nature as the law of gravity—can only create chaos.

This fear of the new by hearts that have become old took in 1917 the most violent form it has known in many centuries. In that year there appeared a gigantic pioneering adventure in human living. When a proletarian rulership was established in Russia, the conservative rulers of the three great Western democracies used even military force to crush it.

Abetted Fascism

Failing "with military boots to kick the infant Soviet when on the ground", they then gladly aided and abetted in the creation of Fascism—first, in Italy, then in Germany, not to mention the monstrous supplying of Japan with vast war materials for the "killing of the Chinese baby", a killing which is still going on, thirteen years after the original betrayal of the cause we now believe to be worth dying for.

This global war the Allies are going to win—not, by the way, without some help from the neglected, uncomplaining and sagacious Chinese;—but if the Western democracies are to have true peace in the future, let them look into themselves, into the weakness of spirit which could place them at the mercy of the far inferior forces of Germany, Japan and Italy, so much so that without the gallantry, that is, the superior ethical sense, of the Chinese and Russians, which has made them both willing, soldiers as well as civilians, to die by the million, the long-squabbling family of Western nations — the proudly "democratic" nations—might well have perished, on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

Therefore, let us look into the chief Western weakness, the disease, as some would say, that has brought about this dependence on Asiatics for even sheer physical survival.

In this period of supreme human trial, it has been the West that has been out of date, not Asia or Russia. The most retrogressive force in our time has been, not Oriental mandarinism or pashaism, but Fascism, and this new Western thing — the ugliest and most inhuman exhibition of bureaucratic vanity in Europe since both sects of Christians burnt each other with glee—gained the support of conservatives in France, Britain and the United States, not just through fear of Russian Communism, but also because this pander of conservatism was active and militant, something so much more vital, so-called dynamic, than the milk-and-water wash of nineteenth century liberalism which made such an unholy and childish mess of the last Peace Treaty.

Answer to Communism

Genteelism, pussyfootism and such devotion to retrogression being no longer a sign of respectability, may I venture my own definition of Fascism, which I first wrote in 1923 and have found no acceptance for even to this day? Fascism, in my humble opinion, is English equity touched in the wits. Lots had to be put right in the world after Versailles, such as the just distribution of the world's raw materials, but Fascism chose as the weapon of redress the butcher's knife picked up by a man just escaped from a lunatic asylum.

Because this freebooting suited the cult of conservatism in the three great Western democracies, and thus, naturally their European satellites as well, first Fascism, and then its more efficient imitator, Nazism, were found by European conservatism to be the answer to Russian Communism.

But fortunately for mankind, Russia had in Stalin a man of clear vision, of unerring insight into international forces. Snubbed, slighted and even insulted by those whom he knew he would one day have to save because of their smugness and sheer lack of common sense and of real knowledge of international forces, he kept the Comintern alive in Moscow, though only just alive at times, not only to be able to return insults with stinging pin-pricks inside the borders of these unrealistic future allies, but also to have fifth columns in the fascist countries when the inevitable world war came, which, in the very nature of things, had to take the form of the Three Mad Dogs against the rest of mankind.

These having been my declared views for many years—and I have never been a communist, nor a "fellow traveller", nor have I ever been in Russia,—I now make the most earnest plea to those who had nothing but suspicion of Russia all these pathetic years, to use their good brains and see this matter according to the true forces behind it and not through a pair of spectacles that have long since become out of focus.

When the cracking of the German Army and people comes — before Christmas this year I believe — I make so bold as to say that victory will be swifter, and cheaper, because of the cells that Stalin has long since planted in their midst.

What is Communism?

Then, am I willing that Germany should go communistic? There is nothing that you, I, or anyone on earth can do to prevent it. That will inevitably be the reaction to Nazism. Collective security alone could have prevented this—at Munich,—but we, the fearful now, chose to aid and abet in the creation of Fascism and Nazism rather than have Russia as an ally against these enemies.

Yet who can assert that a bit of Communism, even a lot, might not do the scientific and clever Germans a lot of good? See what it has done for the backward Russians! It might at last inculcate into the scientific savages some of the simple honesty, the massive integrity, with which the Russians have so astonished the world.

In any case, what is communism? Stalin himself for the last fifteen years has been changing it internally to state capitalism and democracy—if democracy means pride in discipline, self-sacrifice and strength, —and now he has discarded it as an external weapon against all but the enemies of mankind.

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The 1942 Income Tax Forms are now ready. Your employer can probably supply you with them . . . otherwise, they are available at your local Post Office, or the office of your District Inspector of Income Tax.

Income Tax dollars are not ordinary dollars . . . they are Victory dollars . . . necessary dollars to help win the war. Income Tax is fair to all. All are taxed in proportion to their ability to pay.

Under the new system introduced this year, Income Tax is now on a pay-as-you-earn basis. The reduction of the 1942 Tax made this possible.

In most cases the larger part of the reduced tax will have been paid by the 1942 tax deductions or instalment payments. One-third of any balance must be paid by 30th June and the remainder on or before 31st December, 1943.

Remember . . . by filing an Income Tax Return and paying any balance, you establish your right, after the war, to the refund of the Savings Portion of your tax.

Over 2,000,000 Canadians will be filing returns and paying taxes . . . avoid the last minute rush. If you wait, illness or other unforeseen circumstances may prevent you from getting your return in on time. Avoid penalties by sending in your return NOW!

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For incomes not over $3000 get two (2) copies of Form T. 1 Special.

This is a new simplified form—no difficult figuring—no complicated calculations.

For incomes over $3,000 get three (3) copies of Form T. 1. General.

EMPLOYERS

Have you given your employees their copies of the T. 4 Slip which you prepared when you filed your T. 4-1942 return on or before 31st May? These slips give employees a record of their 1942 earnings and tax deductions.

●

DOMINION OF CANADA—DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL REVENUE

INCOME TAX DIVISION

COLIN GIBSON,
Minister of National Revenue

C. FRASER ELLIOTT,
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THE WORLD OF SPORT

Our Annual Winning of Friends

BY KIMBALL McILROY

EVERY two weeks this department sticks its neck out, for various and multiple causes, most of them bad. This is a fact well-known to our reader and one which causes him or her no worry whatsoever. Once a year, however, comes an extra-special sticking out of the neck which is greeted with shouts of glee and hilarity not only by our reader but by anyone else who happens to be hanging around with nothing much better to do. This grand and annual occasion, of course, is that on which we make our yearly plea for greater leniency in the matter of sports on Sunday.

The way it looks from here, a man could publicly advocate murder, embezzlement, or appeasement and nothing much would happen outside of the fact that people might consider him a trifle eccentric. But let him so much as suggest that a father who steps outside on Sunday afternoon to toss a beanbag with his little son is not eternally damned and fair prey for the Black Maria and the roof falls on him.

Mind you, it is not our contention that a spectator at Sunday sport should have a crock on his hip or a loose blonde at his side, nor that he should give vent to either profanity or blasphemy. We picture him sitting quietly with the contented knowledge that he has attended church in the morning and merely watching some healthy young men do healthy and wholesome things in the pure fresh air.

Now there are admittedly a number of alternatives to Sunday sport. A man can always go down to the bootleggers. He can sit around and wait for the midnight show at the nearest burleycue. He can read books on toxicology with a view to the early administration of arsenic to his grandmother. The people who are against Sunday sports advocate none of these things. They don't advocate much of anything, if the truth must be known. They just say it's a very bad thing indeed to play or watch any game on Sunday, and they leave the rest up to the imagination of the individual.

This makes it very difficult to refute their arguments, because they haven't got any. They say it's a bad thing to play games on Sunday because there's a law against it, and if you ask them why there's a law against it they say because it's a bad thing to play games on Sunday.

THIS law is a thing of great antiquity. Once it was generally believed that everything improved with age, but this turned out to apply mainly to whiskey, and the modern inclination is to believe that anything should be modernized from time to time. Everything but the law about Sunday sports. It was good enough for great-grandfather, it was good enough for grandfather, it was good enough for father, and it's good enough for me.

Of course great-grandfather had a law against taking baths, grandfather obeyed one making it illegal to drive anything at more than ten miles an hour, and father produced a dilly to the effect that no one could drink. Times changed and these laws just didn't seem to fit into the new scheme of things, so they were changed. But not the law against Sunday sport. We still had Sundays, didn't we? Well, then we could still have laws against doing anything clean and wholesome on Sunday.

It's a funny thing about Sunday sports. This department has recently conducted a sort of poll on the subject, and so far we have not come across anyone who was whole-heartedly against it. The victims included three army padres of three different denominations. Nobody is against it but nobody likes to admit that they aren't. It's sort of like not being against larceny. Furthermore, the people who *are* against it are organized and there is nothing so feared by politicians and honest men alike as people who are organized against anything. They wield a power quite out of proportion to their numbers, which in the present instance is mighty small. They talk loud and moreover they all say the same thing when they talk. There is no confusion and no inner dissension. For discipline they make the average army look like a disorganized mob, as for open-mindedness and freshness of approach they make the W.C.T.U. look like an outfit of freethinkers.

The fact remains, however, that we are still living in what is popularly supposed to be a democracy. For the benefit of those who may have been left a little ways behind that means a place where everyone does what the majority of the people want them to do. (We'll leave conscription out of this, thank you.) This being true, you'd think that we'd have Sunday sports, but not so. We don't.

THE arguments in favor are too familiar to need reiteration. In the first place there's the one that asks what business it is of someone who doesn't want to play baseball on Sunday if someone else who does want to does play. That one, of course, is a little too ingenuous for people who see nothing illogical in non-drinkers attempting to set the hours when drinkers may drink, and similar nonsense. Then there's the one which points out that these days everyone, in the services or out, is working pretty hard and needs a little relaxation, which can be supplied most wholesomely by athletics on Sunday or any other day. That one may be refuted, we suppose, by the contention that it's a nice walk down to the bootlegger's and back.

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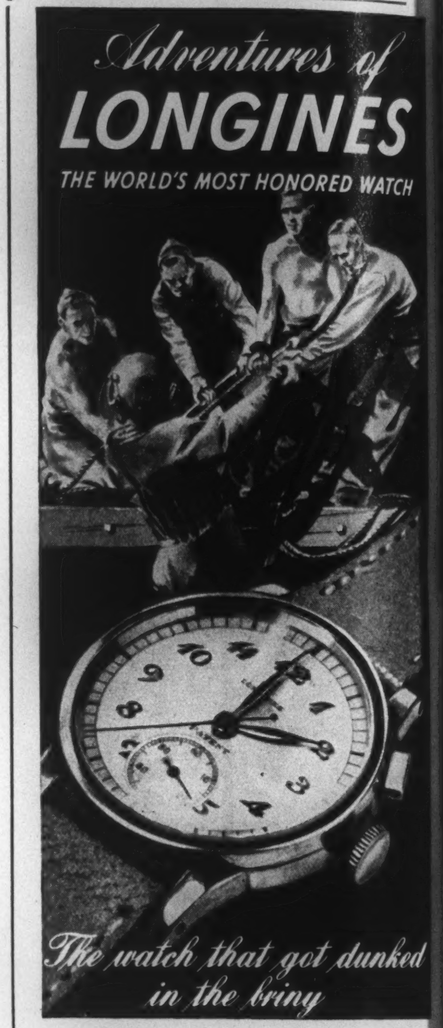
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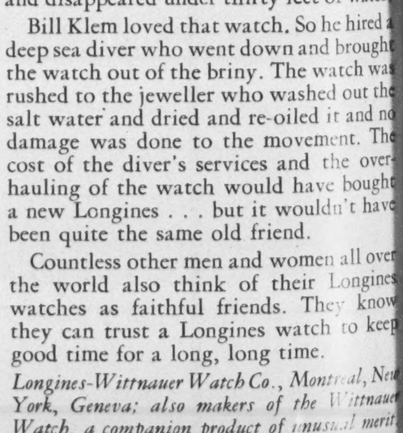

The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life.

In Praise of Courage Not in Uniform

BY K. A. BAIRD

Dr. Baird, who is a practising physician of West Saint John, N.B., has had plenty of experience of the courage shown by the dock workers and others "not in uniform" to whom he refers in this article.

Courage, as he points out, is not a thing that can be paid for, whether by the service pay of the soldier or the wages of the worker in dangerous occupations.

NOW that reserve army week is past should we not balance the honors by recognizing the fact that many are serving their country with equal courage and devotion though not in uniform? In other words, while there can be no doubt that those who wear the uniform of His Majesty are trained and prepared to defend their country, at the same time there are many others who are rendering *equal* though *different* services in other departments of the country's vast war effort. It is only because there has been during the past few weeks a slightly noticeable tendency on the part of a few politicians and recruiting agencies to insinuate that the only persons who were serving their country or who possessed courage were those in uniform, that these words need to be written.

The possession of courage is by no means a monopoly of the soldier. This has always been true. The spy who served his country by getting information of the enemy has always been recognized as one of the coolest and most courageous of the lot, though his particular temperament and abilities did not involve him in the actual uniformed fighting. Today we have had such an example in blitzed England that never again can a man state publicly that the only heroes of a country are in her army, without his leaving himself open to the charge that he is either ignorant or has an axe to grind. In England for two full years the people who have with great courage borne the dangers and wounds and death consequent to warfare, have been the un-uniformed civilians; those who because of physical classification, or the kind of work in which they were engaged, or their particular training and ability, were engaged in so-called "civilian activities".

The George Medal

The civilian population in Britain gave the lie to the proposition that soldiers have a monopoly of courage to such an extent that His Majesty the King established the George Medal, and himself pointed out that "we are all in this war". As a matter of fact for a time the relative dangers of troops and civilians in Britain were so in contrast that it was recorded in one news item that a girl in London had handed a white feather to her boy friend because he was leaving his civilian position and enlisting in the army. This was probably a joke, but if it were not it would have been no more silly than the presumption of some of those who used the same method in times past to try to tell other people that they were cowards because they did not wear uniforms.

We do not need to stress this point further. It is not the wearing or not wearing of the uniform which indicates courage; that indicates only one's conception of duty towards his country and his generation. It is how he behaves whether in or out of uniform which indicates his courage, and it is what he is doing which is his real contribution towards the country's successful prosecution of the war.

Civilian occupations may be classed as of two kinds, namely non-hazardous and hazardous.

Non-hazardous:—Many people are just keeping on at their regular occupation, which happens to be essential to the winning of the war. It may not be especially heroic, for example, to make high grade charcoal or to assemble radio apparatus, or to grind lenses,—but someone must do each of these processes, or soldiers cannot fight the war. The woman school teacher who resists the glamor and fresh interest of a job in uniform in order to keep at the duller routine task of educating a bit of young Canada might possibly be showing more moral courage than is she who leaves her profession, and also leaves two or three score children without opportunity for schooling. Winning the war and losing the peace was proven to be possible during the last generation, and suitable education may help our children to "win the peace".

The farmer who, with less help available, plants as many or more acres, the business or professional man who in spite of government restrictions and other difficulties keeps the essential processes of manufacturing and distributing going, and in what should have been his time off gives of his energy in the public service in campaigns for funds and in organizing committees for the event of any possible disaster,—these are often showing a degree of moral courage which is extremely valuable to the country though seldom recognized publicly. These men do not feel any particular call or ability to fight aggressively, and in many cases would not be physically fit, but they as a class possess courage of one type. If there is to be any difference from the soldier it must be one of type and not of degree.

Hazardous Jobs

However, we want to stress particularly here that there are thousands of men and women who are engaged in *hazardous* occupations in this country, who are displaying every day quite as much physical and mental courage as does the soldier. To mention a few of these does not imply that we are exhausting the list. Those who go down into the earth to mine coal or other essential mineral wealth may not parade through the city streets with bands in uniform, but it does seem that someone should call attention once in a while to the dangers and discomforts under which they labor, and to the essential nature of their work.

In order to stress their point recruiting agencies sometimes claim that the only place where battles are won is in the battle field. Unfortunately this is one of those half truths which is dangerous. There is a story in the Old Testament how King David ran into a similar problem. In his case the problem was, which soldier is the most important, the one who chases the enemy in retreat or the one who simply stands guard over the booty? With keen discernment and good common sense he decreed that there was nothing to choose between them. Their duties were different in nature but equal in importance. They were to share alike in the spoils of victory. Bring the same principle up to date. The soldier can be absolutely useless without the products of the miners' dangerous labors; but miners would not be free to labor very long were they not protected by the soldiers. "The hand cannot say of the foot, I have no need of thee."

Heroes in Overalls

The miner is mentioned only as one example; there are a great many. Consider the workers in munition plants. It is quite true that all possible precautions to prevent disaster are taken, but it is still true that this is an extremely hazardous occupation. While this is being written a small paragraph in the daily paper mentions the injured in a minor blast at a munitions plant. But the heroes and heroines in overalls keep right on.

The men who load and unload our ships carrying essential supplies, often war munitions, to and from this country are exposed to the danger of accident and sudden death to an extent which probably never occurs to the minds of ordinary citizens. It is not possible to maintain ships and their gear in a state of peace-time safety under present conditions, and to the writer's personal knowledge the list of wounded and killed among those engaged in this work is a considerable one. But they work efficiently and for long hours, loading supplies for Britain and other fronts. Do not tell me they are well paid for being in danger. When maintenance, clothing, medical care and insurance are considered the soldier is quite as well paid as the average longshoreman in this country. If you do not think in terms of *paying* the soldier for endangering his life (and we hope that not many of the readers of this paper are in that class) then no more can you speak of *paying* our port workers for serving the cause of the United Nations in a place of danger.

Then of course there are the men of the merchant marine, who have been showing and are showing courage and devotion to their country which men in uniform will be hard put to to emulate.

The thing we are trying to stress here is that there are many heroes in all walks of life, and that the politician or recruiting agent who implies that the reason certain men may not enlist in the army is cowardice are rendering an ill service to the cause of their country. This is particularly true when an attempt is made to apply it against certain persons, or a race. It may be due to ignorance, it may be due to difference of opinion from those who think Canada should contribute more soldiers and fewer munitions to the cause of the United Nations, but it is *not* due to lack of courage.

Greatest Contribution?

There is much room for honest and intelligent difference of opinion in this matter as to where Canada can make her greatest contribution. Some of us feel that Canada as a matter of arithmetic is not a man-power nation, but by virtue of industrial development and possessing raw materials is an arsenal and can and should increase her contribution of supplies. Some of our political leaders on both sides of the House cannot or will not see it that way. But the Chinese, who probably know more about such matters than we do, are constantly urging upon us that we send them weapons which they cannot under present circumstances provide, and they will provide the man-power.

All in all, can we not rid our public (and private) life of some of the present tendency to cast aspersions on one-another's courage or to question one-another's loyalties, and spend even more energy than hitherto on contributing to the cause of the United Nations, whether or not our particular part seems to call upon the latent courage which is in the vast majority of humankind?

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto

Architecture and Egotism

THE FOUNTAINHEAD, by Ayn Rand. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.00.)

A BOY of 22, without notable ancestry, with no legacy of culture, is expelled from a School of Architecture because when he was required to draw plans of a Renaissance villa he turned in a strange conceit of concrete and glass. True, its lines were beautiful, it suited the site, seeming to grow out of it, it had light and convenience in every part of it. "Monstrous!" cried the Dean and then asked why this evil had been wrought.

The young man replied that neither Renaissance or any other interpretation of a copy or a copy of a copy had anything to do with the site and the surroundings which combined to make the imperative of any building to be erected there.

At the Commencement a famous and prosperous architect grew eloquent on the heritage of the centuries in Art and spoke about pleasing the client, while the expelled student took a job in the New York office of a man who had been Modern for his soul's health and for his professional destruction. Naturally the career of Howard Roark was slow in development. He won a few friends and a very few contracts, for he didn't ask clients what they wanted; he *told* them, and they didn't like it. Boards and committees turned thumbs down while other architects, and self-styled critics of the Art cried "Monstrous!" to the high heavens.

But one of the prosperous practitioners, when he got stuck, went to Roark for help and enlightenment which he gave freely, not in charity but in complete contempt, knowing the man to be a "phony", unsure of himself and more concerned about prestige than about art. Ultimately this same practitioner, finding himself and his business slipping, surrendered his wife to another man in order to secure a big contract.

If there were only one complete hog in this book it would be easier to take, but swine pop up in every few pages. Here are all the cheapjohns in all the arts lushing in Greenwich Village and trying to make an impression, rather than to do a clean job. Here is the sweetness-and-light columnist using his ill-gotten popularity to gain power. Here is the proprietor of the yellowest chain of newspapers on earth. And here is the heroine who is swinish from the highest motives. And the architects! Pecksniff was a gentleman in comparison with any of them.

The theme of the book is to exalt the egotistic spirit and to debase all altruism or service. It's not a new theme. Milton did it in *Paradise Lost* and in spite of himself made Satan the hero. I'm not fond of Satan, of Howard Roark or of Ayn Rand who created him. Yet the book is beautifully and compellingly written. So is *Paradise Lost*. And I don't care for that.

Eve Curie Roves Afar

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS, by Eve Curie. (McClelland & Stewart, $4.50.)

LITERARY fame came to Eve Curie by one book, the Life of her mother, the discoverer of radium. She had a great theme, and she herself is a great person, tireless in observation, vivid in temperament, and equipped with freedom in three languages, Polish, French and English.

The news-executives of the New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate, with a wisdom beyond their years (no matter how old they may be) determined that here was a heaven-sent war-correspondent, and cheerfully despatched her to the battle-fronts in Africa, in Russia and in China. This book is an elaboration of her letters.

She was nearer the actual fighting in Russia than any of the professional correspondents and she had the great advantage of an interpreter, a young woman-lieutenant, who soon qualified as an intimate friend. The picture given of every-Russian-fighter is complete and moving.

Altogether a notable book, not alone for the revelation of great events in process of happening, but also for the point and humor of the writing.

History and Good Luck

THE HERO IN HISTORY, by Sidney Hook. (Longmans, Green, $3.00.)

ACTION, rather than speculation, is the watchword of the times. So a dip into the philosophy of History has, at least, the refreshment of change. The question exercising the author is this, "Do great men bring about great events, or do critical times generate great men?" It sounds like the ideal subject for debate in a sophomore society; like that other theme, "Resolved: that in the process of creation the egg was fashioned before the hen."

But the subject, as treated, is not as light as it appears. The author makes a close examination of the determinism theory as outlined by Hegel and Spencer and declines to accept what he calls "the double blasphemy" that whatever is, is right, and has been Divinely ordained. In like manner he examines Marx, Engels and Trotsky, politely disagreeing with the theorem that "the spirit of the times" must produce a superior man.

To him history is a constant series of alternatives. Events hang on the choice of governing men and a bad choice will produce bad results. For that reason men make a large assumption when they say that God is expressed in History. Enough bad choices have been made, as the annals of all nations show to deny such a theory. Also men of unusual genius and power frequently have found themselves helpless in their own generation. No man can lead without the consent of the followers.

So apparently, in the judgment of the author, the conjunction of great times and a great leader is a happy chance; never a mathematical certainty like the transit of Venus. His conclusion is vital; that the grim alternative of our time is Fascism or Democracy. And if we favor the survival of freedom we had better get busy, since there may never be another chance.

When Crime is Rampant

BY MARY DALE MUIR

SOUTH FROM YESTERDAY, by Willard Robertson; (Longmans, Green and Co. $3.00.)

A STRONG case is made in this story for self-interest as the ruling motive, stronger, perhaps, because the writer makes no effort to win sympathy for any of his characters. Soon the reader is hoping that if the writer's thesis be correct it need not always display itself with such crudity. It is the old story of the boredom of restricted opportunities and small communities accentuating and displaying somewhat dramatically the meaner tendencies in human nature. Compassed within three hundred pages of good-sized type we get one suicide, one Uriah Heap, two drownings that are murders by intent and one straight killing in defense of another besides such minor happenings as the deliberate mangling of the hand of a pickpocket.

"Milo," as voyager, widower, unwilling victim of many adverse circumstances, has easily the lead. "Margie" picks up her cues so quickly that she is not far behind although the real "character" of the book is "Cap" whose strange predicament brought "Milo" to the lighthouse and whose later accident kept him there.

This is a story of fact, as the author sees it, and of sharp characterizations done with a few deft strokes. It leaves a curious teasing wonder in the mind. For this reader, at least, it might better have ended when Milo and Margie arrive at an understanding of their need of one another. All after that is in the nature of anti-climax.

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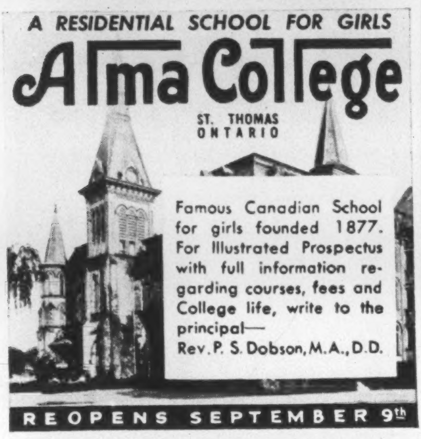

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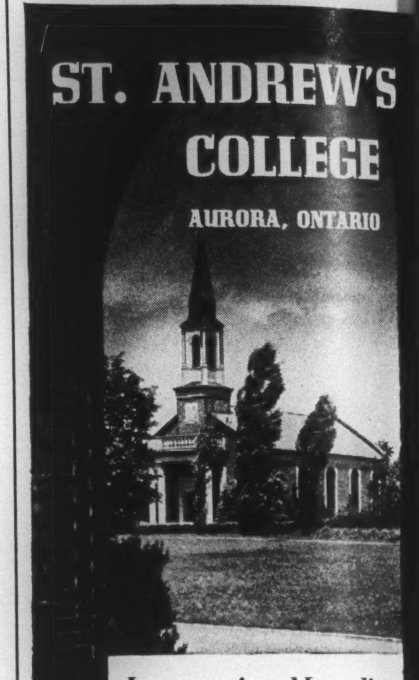

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THE BOOKSHELF

A Variety of New Books

PROLOGUE TO NEW ENGLAND, by Henry F. Howe. (Oxford, $3.75.)

SINCE most people have the opinion that the coming of the Pilgrims to Massachusetts in 1620 was the beginning of things American, the author makes a summary of all the voyages and temporary settlements from 1498 onward; a rather imposing list. The book is well-organized and well-written. Those interested in the subject will find the book satisfactory.

MANPOWER FOR VICTORY, by John J. Corson. (Oxford, $3.75.)

A COMPLETE survey of the enormous problems total war has brought to the United States and an appeal for a wider understanding by the people of the manner in which their liberty of choice is likely to be infringed. The author admits that the machinery set up by Great Britain and by Canada seems likely to be more efficient than any plans yet adopted by the United States. Some measure of coercion may yet be necessary.

TILDA, a novel, by Mark Van Doren. (Oxford, $3.00.)

IN NEW YORK anything can happen. So thought O Henry who dubbed it Bagdad on the Subway. So also thinks Mr. Van Doren, who writes English with dexterity and charm. So must think any reader before dipping into this fantasy. If not, that reader is likely to shake his head in deprecation.

But, given the prime assumption, it is possible for the reader to accept a love story that begins when a young stenographer and housekeeper sees from her room-window a melancholy man standing on the fire-escape of the Hotel Imperial a block away and ends with the assurance that she will marry him.

The best thing about the book is the transfer of the atmosphere of the big city to the printed page.

WEATHER, An Introductory Meteorology, by W. G. Kendrew. (Oxford, $1.25.)

AFTER a careful explanation of the different kinds of weather that nourish, or afflict, the world (including that of the Spring of 1943) this manual sets forth the plan of operation followed by all scientific observers. Isotherms, isobars, "fronts" and the like are explained and the method of preparing a forecast is given in some detail. The book was written specially for air-men and is most valuable.

THE BEDSIDE BIBLE, Arranged by Arthur Stanley. (Collins, $2.75.)

BY FOLLOWING the technique of the anthologist in other literary fields Dr. Stanley has provided here a collection of the more exalted passages of an exalted book, or rather library. It is not a digest but an assembly of the stories, the poems and the eloquence of the Authorized Version which have the quality of timelessness, and which form one of the foundation stones of English literature.

A series of notes covers related facts of archaeology and critical discovery, and the text eliminates the chapter-and-verse divisions which undoubtedly hinder the free flow of the reading. An excellent bed-companion of convenient size.

FRANCE, by Pierre Maillaud. (Oxford; The World To-Day Series; $2.00.)

HERE is a well-planned survey of the reasons for the defeat of France and for the hope of her revival as a centre of Western culture after the war. The author who writes with uncommon clarity and force has passed over as secondary the venality of politicians in high places and reviews the history and economics of the country since the Revolution to discover tendencies. A point of importance is the inertia in the adoption of modern methods of industrialization in comparison with Germany, Great Britain and the United States.

WE FOUND A FARM, by Charles F. Speare. (Oxford, $1.75.)

Pleasant little essays on the charm of rural life. Illustrated from photographs by W. Storrs Lee.

Distressing Adolescence

YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN, a novel by LaMar Warrick. (Oxford, $2.50.)

NOVELS about ordinary folk, with decent social manners and a cluster of ideals hidden somewhere in their souls, are not common. Whether from a desire to taste the unusual and feel their flesh creep, or from a wish to appear "advanced" the persistent readers have long been living in various stinking environments, physical and spiritual, tolerating adultery and incest and admitting to their fireside-companionship a raft of characters who are gargoyles rather than people.

Here is a story of one small family in a wholesome suburb of Chicago and of the alternating excitement and despair of the parents when contemplating a High School son and his cock-eyed enthusiasms. Scores of people have written about the growing next-generation, some in the spirit of gloomy prophecy, some in a crazy optimism. But here is a writer who gently chuckles on every page, and even at times bursts out laughing. She's at once gay and tender.

Before Japan Took Over

I WAS ON CORREGIDOR, by Amea Willoughby. (Musson, $3.50.)

GOLD worth many millions, and securities to no end, were removed from Manila to Corregidor and thence by an American submarine to the United States. Laborious and extremely careful checking was necessary at every step of the way. The officer in charge inspected the vault at Corregidor after it was supposed to be empty and found a small gold bar about the size of a matchbox which had been overlooked. He put it in his brief-case, and hardly thought of it again. Weeks later in San Francisco when the gold and securities had been received, checked and double-checked, the officer received the warm congratulations of the Treasury officials. Only one thing was troubling them. They were $306 out. "Oh, that," said the officer, opening his brief-case—and balancing the account.

This is one of a dozen stories recorded in Mrs. Willoughby's book. The life under siege conditions in a damp and stuffy tunnel is admirably described.

An Australian Novel

CAPRICORNIA, a Novel, by Xavier Herbert. (Ryerson, $3.75.)

TWO brothers, lacquered with respectability, leave one of the Australian cities to become Government officials in the northern territory which the author calls Capricornia. They land at Port Zodiac, a convenient name for Port Darwin, which a recent American correspondent called the jumping-off place of the universe, and find themselves not mere clerks but potentates with the high mission of preserving white supremacy. That means having afternoon tea with the other exiles, few but terribly self-important, and savoring their moiety of work with swank.

The younger of the brothers, Mark, having a taste for low company consorts in off hours with the residents of the place and in time is as low as they are, which is a considerable descent. Girls of the aboriginal tribes are available at all hours and their half-breed children go unrecognized and untended. If a white man defies prejudice and ostracism to live *en famille* with his common-law wife and educates his children he has violated the holy destiny of Australia. When he dies his beautiful girls slip down to prostitution, venereal disease, or tuberculosis. Mark's half-breed son, Norman, is taken by his uncle and sent south for education, but the stain of black blood at the roots of his finger-nails destroys him.

The whole book is a violent criticism of the Government of the Commonwealth and of each of the States, as reflecting the cruel snobbery of white prejudice. It is fierce in its satire and more fierce still in the careful and detailed description of a society gone wilfully to the dogs. It's not a pleasant book but it's a powerful one, skilful in construction and rich in descriptive power. It won the Commonwealth Literary Prize on the occasion of Australia's 150th anniversary.

A Glance at Opera Land

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

MORE STORIES OF FAMOUS OPERAS, by Ernest Newman. (Ryerson, $5.00.)

IN HIS first volume of operatic narratives, published a few years ago, the most distinguished of British music critics covered 30 works familiar to audiences and radio listeners. The present volume gives the plots of 29 more and thus the whole present day repertory has been covered. He even includes works like "Les Troyens" by Berlioz, which are very seldom done. Radio has brought grand opera to many millions of listeners who never saw a first rate production and never expect to. For this large community Mr. Newman's book will be more valuable than for the resident of London and New York who can see much opera with his own eyes. Its value lies in the fact that it does not merely tell the stories of various works but suggests their musical backgrounds also. The reader can get more intimately in touch with a work that is broadcast through Mr. Newman's commentary than by listening to the ablest broadcasters, and it is likely that broadcasters are already fairly well indebted to him.

What strikes me most in looking over the present list, is how well operas (if they succeed at all) last, in comparison with dramas, leaving out Shakespeare of course. Almost all the works reviewed in the present volume go back to the nineteenth century and some to the eighteenth. Yet most of them continue to be revived. Of how many dramas written in the same period can that be said? Of course the music is the preservative, for most of these stories would not last very long as plays, deprived of the emotional embellishment the composers provided.

In the list Mr. Newman deals with many of the best French operas, and in his articles on "Louise" and "Pelleas and Melisande" one learns much of modern trends. Several notable Russian works like "Boris Godounoff" and "Le Coq d'Or" are also dealt with. For the average reader the origins of familiar pieces like "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" are interesting, especially as they were the only attempts by their composers to earn permanent favor. The volume contains an immense amount of operatic lore, blithely presented.

IN EVERY INDUSTRY TODAY
THE Swing
IS TO
WHITE ROSE
The PICK OF THEM ALL
INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS
3-43
CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES, LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO — EXECUTIVE OFFICE: MONTREAL — DIVISIONAL OFFICES: MONCTON, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, NORTH BAY, LONDON, WINNIPEG, CALGARY — REFINERY: PETROLIA, ONT.

THE WEEK IN RADIO

Listening Habits Are Changing

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

WE'VE often wondered whether directors of broadcasting stations or networks know what the public wants to listen to—or whether they just take a chance and figure if they provide enough variety there'll be something for everybody at some time during the day. We were delighted to find out, therefore, that in England the B.B.C. has a Director of Listener Research. His name is R. J. E. Silvey and he seems to be doing rather a thorough job. He knows, for instance, that in the last two years there has been a perceptible change in the taste of Britain's listening public. Most striking change is in the increased enthusiasm for good music. Other changes are renewed interest in religious discussion and a much wider audience for religious services, an immense demand for straight plays, and great enthusiasm for dramatized personal stories of gallantry in the war.

How does Mr. Silvey find these things out? He divides the audience into five groups. "A" group is the enthusiasts who make an appointment with their radio to hear a broadcast they especially want to hear. "B" is the group of listeners who are interested, but not interested enough to stay home and listen to the radio if something more exciting turns up. "C" and "D" classes represent two shades of indifference——"C" listens half-heartedly — while "D" leaves the radio on all day but pays no attention to what's coming out of it. "E" is the rugged individualist who turns his radio off with a violent snap when it gives out sounds of which he does not approve.

Mr. Silvey's survey revealed, among other things, that in 1942, 25 per cent of the 1941 switcher-offers to symphony listened to the concert right through. Chamber music and grand opera followed the same upward curve. Theatre organs are on the down-sweep in popularity. Interest in plays has shown an even more sensational rise than music, and there is also a marked increase in broadcasts which make some demand on the listeners' thought and intelligence — such as discussion series.

What does all this mean? Has the war caused people in Britain to think a little more seriously? Has their sense of values changed? It's a pity there isn't a Director of Listener Research in the CBC. It would be interesting to know what is happening to the Canadian mind with regard to these things. Personally we'd be much encouraged if we found out there were as many or more people on this Continent taking "an increased interest in good music, discussion series and straight drama" as are splitting their sides laughing at a currently malformed comedy based on the subject of mental disease and murder. We refer to "Arsenic and Old Lace."

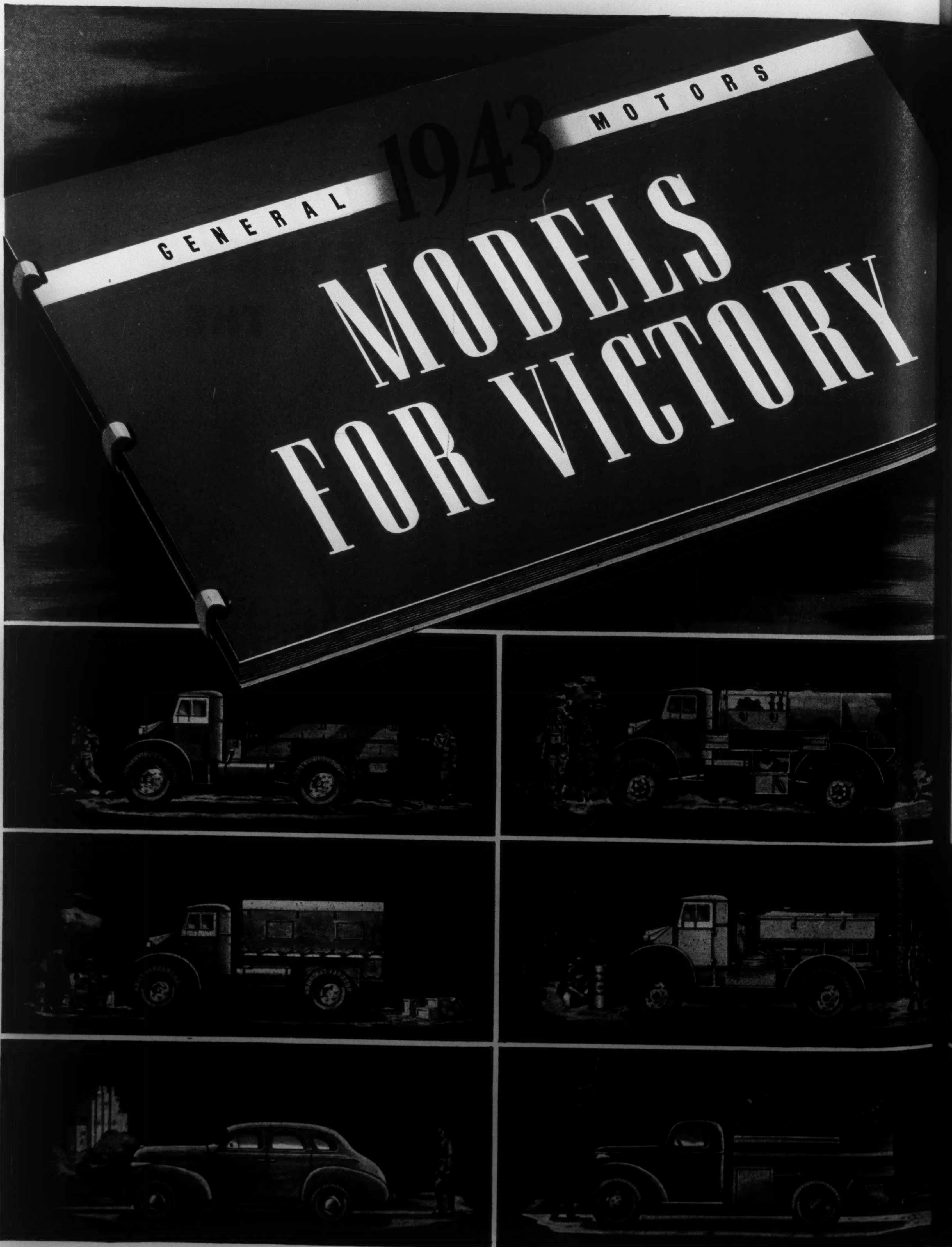
TIME was when the fair sex used to get that far-away look in their eye and sigh long sighs whenever a tenor voice hit the airwaves, but today—it's baritones that quicken the female pulse. Twenty-five-year-old Frank Sinatra seems to be the current rave. Personally we'd still rather hear Bing Crosby warbling out a ballad in that easy style of his —but not the younger generation. To them Sinatra is tops. Crowds of teen-agers stand for hours at stage doors through which Sinatra is likely to pass. When he appears at a dance—nobody dances—they stand packed in a solid mass waiting for Sinatra to sing. Currently he is appearing at night clubs, making War Bond tours and is slated for Hollywood. Oh yes— he has also opened a new radio show called "The Frank Sinatra Show"—Friday evenings 11:15 to midnight EDT. Orchestra for the show belongs to Raymond Scott—also a favorite of those who like the ultra-modern idiom.

Running a close second to Sinatra in popularity is baritone Barry Wood. Now filling the airwaves with melody on Saturday evenings on the new "Million Dollar Band" show. In addition to Wood, feminine (or masculine) admirers also get the chance to win a diamond ring by writing one of the five best letters each week asking for special songs and giving their reason. Barry Wood has just returned from a war bond tour where he was billed as the "Treasury Troubadour" and introducer of Irving Berlin's "Any Bonds Today."

Those "war bond tours" in the U.S.A. certainly seem to bring in the money. As we may have mentioned before, it's a bit beyond us—figuring out how hundreds of people are inspired to invest in their country's future (and safety) by the sound of a Frankie Sinatra or a Barry Wood crooning "I had the Craziest Dream," but it seems to work across the border.

LATEST feminine movie star to take over the emceeing of a radio program is the beautiful Mary Astor whose diary created sleepless nights for a lot of people a year or so ago. Co-starring with the far from average Mary is Charles Ruggles as "Mr. Average Man." Ruggles will represent the fellow you meet while standing in line at a theatre, appearing before a gas ration board, or trying to work out the week-end meat supply by algebra and trigonometry in front of the lamb chop counter. And if that isn't enough for any program you also get Mischa Auer (actor), Carlos Ramirez (Metropolitan Opera Singer), and Lud Gluskin's orchestra thrown in for good measure.

LOVERS of Sunday symphony will be delighted to know there will be no summer-lay-off for the New York Philharmonic as a sponsor has signed a 52-week contract to bring an hour and a half of music and



drama to all who want to listen each Sunday at 3 p.m. Bruno Walter has conducted the first two concerts. Dramatic portion of the program will take place during the orchestra intermission when Carl Van Doren will have some of America's ablest actors and actresses as his guests in a feature named "Our American Scriptures." Tallulah Bankhead, currently starring in Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize drama "The Skin of our Teeth," has already appeared on the program. Bruno Walter, incidentally, will celebrate his 50th anniversary as a conductor during the coming season. Honoring this fact, he has been asked to conduct six of the Sunday afternoon New York Philharmonic - Symphony concerts during the orchestra's subscription season.

A RADIO listener in Pickering, Ontario, bitterly complains of the continued use of superlatives in commercial announcements. She writes: "The announcer reads script that repeats and repeats itself for minutes; it talks about baby's skin as though it was news of world shattering moment, one can hear his caught breath as he dramatizes each sentence, but the climax is when he says he asked thousands and thousands of doctors, or washed a rayon nightie thousands and thousands of times. Even considering the juvenile intelligence of mind that make up a goodly portion of radio's audiences, they must want to reach women like myself too, women who are in the market for soaps and washing powders, but who just laugh at the long-winded pronouncements."

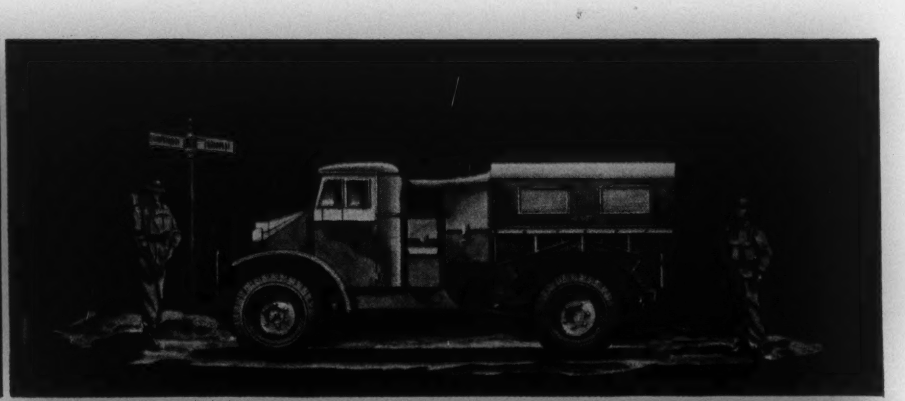
THE noted Columbia Broadcasting news commentator, William L. Shirer, arrived in Britain last week, to interview Allied leaders on European military and political matters. He expects to return to the United States after July 1. His weekly broadcast will emanate from London while he is away, each Sunday, at 5.45 E.D.T.

Shirer will not only talk with the leaders—many of whom are his friends—but will visit military bases and chat with American officers and soldiers. In London, he will benefit by consultation with Columbia's staff of seasoned correspondents including John Daly, Bob Trout and Paul Manning.

Shirer also expects to glean first hand information on the North African and Mediterranean situation from Charles Collingwood, CBS Algiers correspondent, winner of the Peabody Award, who plans to visit London coincident with Shirer's visit.

EDWARD R. MURROW, European news chief for the Columbia Broadcasting System, arrived in New York last week for a six weeks' rest. Although on vacation, Murrow will continue his weekly broadcasts, Sunday, at 6 p.m. E.D.T. Murrow is one of the top-flight radio newsmen. He was born in Greensboro, North Carolina. He came to CBS in 1935 as Director of Talks, following his position as assistant director of the Institute of International Education, financed by the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations. This post gave him jurisdiction over offices in five European capitals. In 1937 he was placed in charge of CBS broadcasting in Europe, and with the "Anschluss" and Munich crisis he emerged as a particularly qualified reporter and news analyst. He assisted in building up the trained Columbia staff in London, and handled much of the London broadcasting himself. Twice he was bombed out of his offices, and once a bomb struck the building from which he was broadcasting.

ROOM for chatter: The Happy Gang has published an attractive booklet on themselves and their war service. . . Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was heard last Saturday on "The Rising Generation" show. . . Lowell Thomas was broadcasting from army camps last week. . . "Music of the New World" is a new CBC program, starting last Thursday. . . radio will turn its guns on the food problem during June and July. . . I like Alan McIver's programs from Montreal. . . Kay Kyser is still one of the liveliest orchestra leaders. . . I wish Fred Waring wouldn't try to talk over his orchestra. . . CBS is planning a series on post-war problems. . . "Those We Love" will substitute for Jack Benny during the summer. Jack's going on a holiday tour of the training camps. . . Mrs. W. B. Horkins, president of the IODE, broadcast from the national meeting at Edmonton last week. . . I find Rudy Vallee's show on Thursday nights one of the bright spots on the dial. . . Officials of the CBC frowned on our suggestion to limit CBC programs to six hours a day. . .



V used to be just another letter in the alphabet.

But it has become the foremost symbol in the world.

It alarms our enemies, it unites our allies. It spells the whispered hopes of the persecuted peoples.

It is the rallying sign of the free.

It is the target of all our toil . . . the sole business of the nation.

Victory is everybody's business, and at General Motors our complete effort is aimed at bringing about as speedily as possible the long-awaited day.

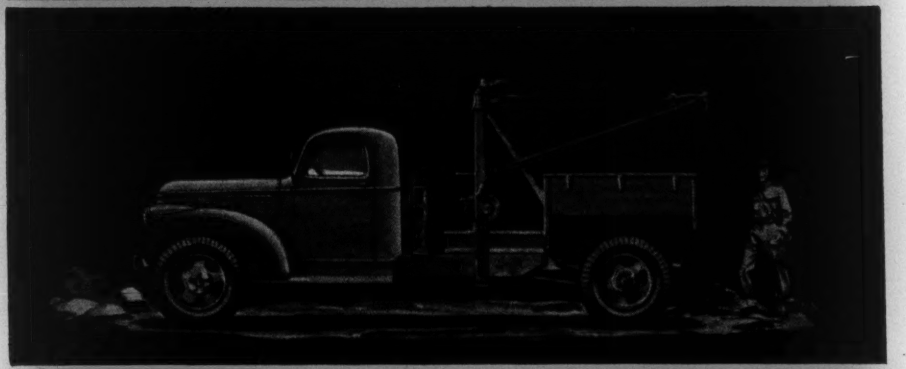
Our only models are Victory models.

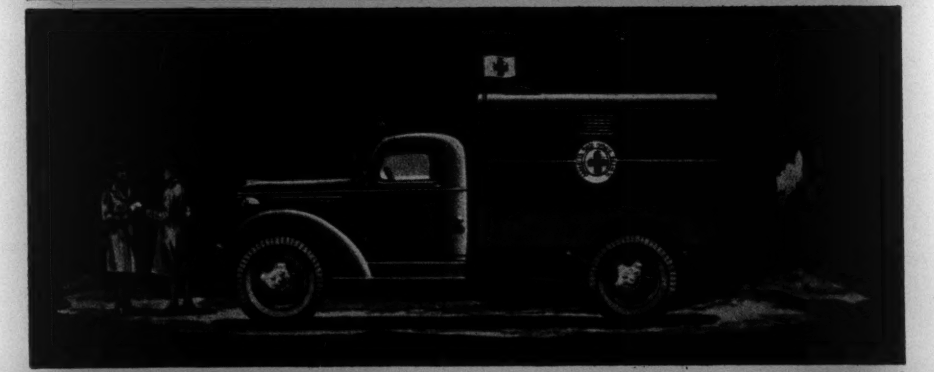
They're built for grim business . . . built for the grind and shock of assault . . . built to carry our fighting men through in spite of everything the enemy and the elements can do to stop them or slow them down.

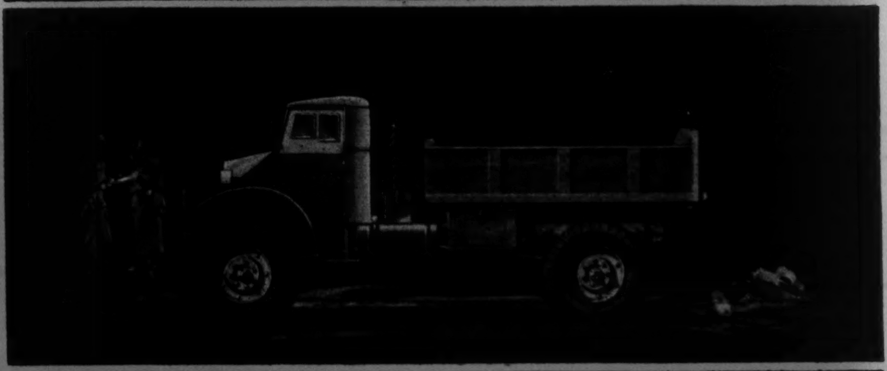
More than fifty types of military models are being rushed from the assembly lines of GM plants.

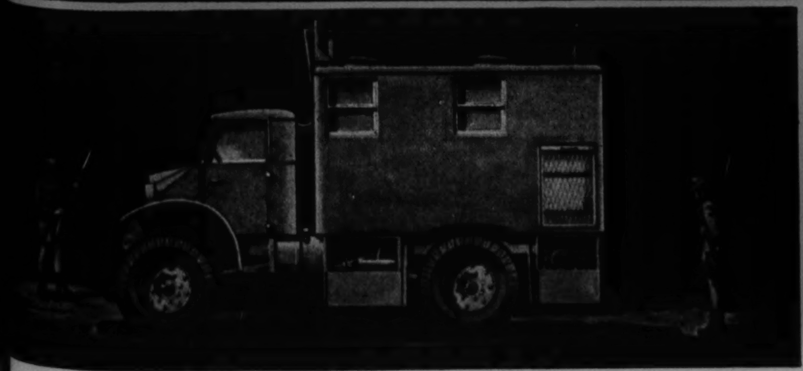
Never before has the pooled ingenuity of engineering brains been faced with such extreme problems . . . to produce vehicles that will perform over ice and snow, through muck and mire, or under the blaze of a tropical sun.

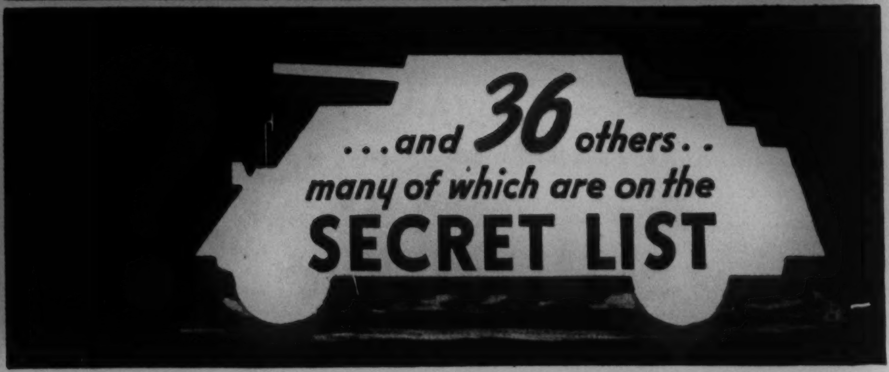
And since transport is the major problem of this war the men and women who make these victory vehicles are proud of their jobs, their skill, their ability to put sturdy wheels under our fighting forces in all the war zones of the world.











It's what the doctor ordered, but this injured airman appears to be enjoying his "cure". The RAF medical service has found that dancing is most effective in restoring muscles once a fractured bone mends.

WORLD OF WOMEN

Everyone Should Make a Will

BY LILLIAN D. MILLAR

THE little town was shocked when young Peter Macpherson was killed in a car accident, leaving Peggy and the two babies. Peter had never made a will. It seemed absurd to think of it. He was so full of health and vigor.

Because there was no will, before any bills could be paid the court had to appoint an administrator who turned out to be an uncle whom Peter had never liked. To guard against his dissipating the funds, the administrator had put up a bond, and the estate had to pay the annual premium. Then, too, the administrator had to advertise for any debts—another expense.

Under the Ontario law, Peggy received $5,000, while the balance of the estate was divided into three, one third to Peggy and one third to each of the children. But, until Johnny is twenty-one—twenty years from now—the children's share can be spent only in case of real need and then only as authorized by court from time to time. Peggy must account for everything thus disbursed and must satisfy the court that all expenditures are in the best interests of the children. Then, to top it off, during the whole twenty years until Johnny is twenty-one the estate will have to pay uncle for his embarrassing supervision and services.

This is not an isolated case. Every day families are finding themselves in such a predicament. In fact, it is estimated that more than one-half of all persons with worldly possessions die without leaving a will. When no will is left, the estate is dealt with under the Intestacy Law, which varies in each province. Settlement of the estate is not only very much complicated but is delayed, sometimes for years. And additional expense is incurred. But the most serious result may be that money and property will be distributed quite contrary to the intentions of the deceased and in ways which will work a grave injustice to rightful heirs.

For example, Elizabeth Black intended to leave everything to her daughter Mary. When her father became ill, hadn't Mary given up her job to come home to help to nurse him through the long, hard months of his last illness? And hadn't she remained to care for her mother and be her close companion all these years? Anyway, the three boys didn't need or deserve anything. They had never taken any responsibility for or interest in their old home. They hadn't even come home for their father's funeral. They had been too busy.

But, somehow Elizabeth kept putting off making a will. Partly, it was Mary's fault. Whenever she broached the subject, Mary would look distressed and exclaim, "Don't talk about it now. You're not going to die." But one night came a sudden, sharp heart attack and it was too late. The will was never made.

Divided Legacy

Elizabeth's husband had left her $25,000, which she had guarded carefully to pass on intact to Mary. But Mary received only one-fourth—not much more than $5,000 after funeral expenses, incidental charges, administrator's and legal fees had been deducted—a sum quite insufficient for her needs. To the three prosperous sons, the $5,000 legacies (which their mother never wanted them to have) were merely unexpected windfalls to be used for some added luxury. And Mary found herself alone, middle-aged and dependent.

It is as important that a woman make a will as that a man make one. Mary Black's plight confirms this. Then, if a wife dies without a will, if there are no children, one-half of her possessions may go to nieces and nephews she has never seen or her husband may have to battle over home and savings which he originally gave to her or "put in her name". Any person who has possessions of any kind should make a will to record to whom they should go.

Fifty Percent Don't

Why haven't you made your will? Why do more than 50% of all persons die intestate?

Procrastination is one of the chief reasons. Of course you intend to make a will but you just put it off. And to procrastinate usually means not to do it at all. A foolish shrinking from considering the possibility of death keeps many a person from making a will. Or, it may be the reluctance of a wife or daughter to discuss such a painful subject which encourages a man to put it off. But to make a will does not anticipate an early demise any more than to take out a life insurance policy. It is merely a prudent settlement of your affairs and a duty to those who should get your possessions.

Next to not leaving a will, it is almost as unwise to try to make a will yourself or to allow an unqualified person to draw it up. A homemade will is not safe. The law sets forth definite requirements which vary from province to province. Failure to comply with these may invalidate your will. By all means consult a lawyer.

CANADIAN MAPLES

AN UNASSUMING folk,
Loving common joys and merriment.
Next to the apple trees
Most humanly friendly.
Somewhat surprised, I should imagine,
At the dignity accorded them.

Three maple leaves on a shield
Taking their overwhelming glory
In simple grace.

DIANA SKALA.

Moreover, injustice is often done by not looking ahead far enough or by not providing for certain eventualities. Take the Parsons' case. William Parsons and his son Jack ran the large Manitoba farm where Jack had been born. Jack's mother died when he was a child but later William had married Helen Bates. Since Jack had left school he had taken charge of everything and William had been able to take things easy. But one day when William and Helen were on the way to town their car was struck by an express train. William was killed instantly and Helen died a few hours later. According to William's will, one-half of his estate—chiefly the farm—went to his wife and one-half to Jack. But as Helen had not left a will her half share went to her next of kin—two nieces. When

ARISTOCRATS IN WHITE

Just one look at Man-Tailored Shirts by Tooke in white and you'll say 'here is a classic—here is the aristocrat of shirts' . . . Your favourite shirt bar [illegible] Tooke [illegible] in white—styled to wear with suits, odd skirts or slacks. Long or short sleeves and—naturally—in the finest broadcloth.

MAN-TAILORED SHIRTS
with the 'Bolder Shoulder'
by Tooke
TOOKE BROS. LIMITED
SHIRTMAKERS SINCE 1869

they insisted on getting their share in cash the farm had to be sold at a sacrifice. Thus, Jack lost both his home and his source of income, while the results of all his work were largely wiped out. All he had was his share of the relatively small sum received from the forced sale.

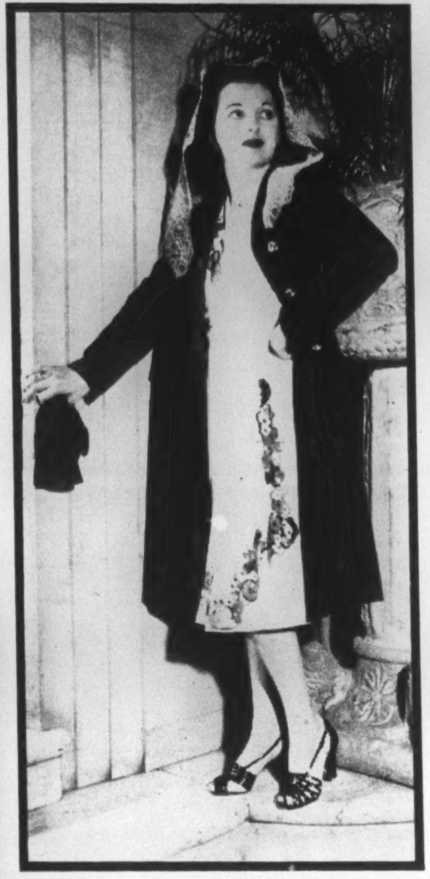
Change of Circumstance

When Hugh Cowan died he left his whole estate of $15,000 to Beatrice, his wife. He knew that she would look after Betty, their three-year-old daughter. But three years later Beatrice remarried and shortly afterward died without leaving a will. One-third of the money Hugh had left went to the new husband and after all expenses were paid only about $8,500 was left to keep little Betty until she was educated and able to fend for herself.

Or, a wife and her husband may perish in the same disaster. Children can be protected by providing that in this event a trust will be established for them or that a guardian will be appointed to take care of them.

The important thing is to protect those nearest and dearest to you by carefully considering and clearly stating your wishes in a properly drawn up will. Don't keep the lawyer in the dark. He cannot carry out your wishes unless you tell him all the circumstances, just what you wish to accomplish or to guard against.

Then, be sure your will is kept up to date. Circumstances may be changed by a birth or a death in the family. Or children may become self-supporting and you would like to change the benefits. But don't try to tamper with the will yourself. You may invalidate it. Play safe and consult a lawyer.



Glamor after dark did not depart with long skirts. Here it is in a short skirted white crepe dress with sparkling sequin bordered applique, a black moire coat with square rhinestone buttons and a lace mantilla.

O See Our Garden

BY MAY RICHSTONE

WE, TOO, had a victory garden. I can still hardly believe it. For when we acquired our home, we were both city slickers, my husband and I. We didn't know the difference between a dahlia and a dandelion. Besides, my man was in the habit of taking a nap at every spare moment—and who ever heard of a horizontal gardener!

But we had a garden. We had flowers in profusion, and vegetables enough to revel in, to share and to store. We had string beans that were tender and succulent; cucumbers crisp and delectable; carrots that tasted of sunshine; tomatoes that spilled over with sweetness; bantam corn that was sheer rapture; and flowers that lived up to the seed catalogue descriptions.

It wasn't done with mirrors. It is a story of technique, pure and simple, technique compounded of innocence and guile. My husband's unique technique.

On the important Saturday, he rose late; late, to fortify himself for a hard day's work. After breakfast, he sat down in the living room to mull over the list of things on his agenda. The mere thought made him tired, so he disappeared to take a nap. That brought him down in time for lunch. While I washed the dishes, he digested his lunch and the news, then stole a surreptitious nap in the big club chair. A cup of tea and he was ready to go to work. By this time, it was so close to the dinner hour that he decided to wait. . .

The warming-up process seemed kind of prolonged and I began to cast smoldering glances in his direction. But the day was young, and he is not a man to do things precipitately. Nor does he waste time. Promptly after dinner he changed into his garden clothes, assembled his tools and hastened out—to pass the time of day with his neighbors.

Man With the Hoe

First he leaned on his hoe and discussed the international situation. Then he shifted his weight to the rake and talked politics. By the time he was down to leaning on his spade, the topic had swung around to gardening—gardening in general, and his immediate intentions in particular.

After talking wistfully of his inexperience in such matters, he invited his neighbors into our back yard to advise him while he worked. Now, at least, his technique began to function as smoothly as a well-oiled machine. I watched it unobtrusively from behind the venetian blind.

He made a tentative, inept gesture with the hoe that curdled the gardening blood of one neighbor.

"Here, let me show you how to do that!" said the neighbor briskly; and in a trice he was hoeing happily away; the neighbor, not my husband.

"You're good," my husband acknowledged humbly, taking up the spade.

"Not that way!" exclaimed a second neighbor, horrified by his clumsiness. And wresting the spade from willing hands, he began to make another vegetable bed. The neighbor, not my husband.

"You know how, all right," my breadwinner admitted admiringly, fumbling with the rake.

"Here," said a third neighbor, "you're holding it upside down!"

He Calls It Advice

And so my husband watched them, protesting all the while that they were too good to him, and that his one hope, one day, was to be able to garden as expertly and generously as they. He hoped, also, that he could continue to rely on them for further gardening *advice*.

When it was too dark to see any more, he called a halt.

"I'm afraid I've let you work too hard," he said regretfully. He gathered up his tools and the neighbors staggered wearily home.

For a man who had done so much talking and so little work, he seemed suspiciously grimy when he came in. I hovered solicitously over him while he washed up.

"Tired?" I asked.

"All in!" he groaned.

"Who?" I murmered wickedly.

"Brain work," he explained, in his most lofty manner, "is as exhausting as manual labor."

His eyes took on a dreamy light. "Do you, by any chance, know where my bedroom slippers are?"

I knew.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Pilferage is a Growing Menace

BY WILLIAM J. BRYANS

IF YOU go into your favorite store one of these days and find a considerable change in its arrangement do not immediately jump to the conclusion that the proprietor is showing signs of renewed aggressiveness. It may simply be protective action on his part to combat the increasing menace to dealer profits and public morals known as pilferage. Elimination of hidden spots in retail stores where unprincipled patrons might acquire merchandise without the formality of payment is just one of the moves being made by shrewd merchants to counteract a type of dishonesty that is now said to be at an all time high.

Retailers are naturally considerably alarmed about this growing addition to overhead which is all the more serious because they have no way of accurately estimating its extent or the degree to which it is detracting from their profits. Pilfering, the genteel name which merchants apply to what is actually plain theft, has always been present to a greater or less extent in retail operations, particularly under modern merchandising where dealers endeavor to induce maximum sales by giving customers intimate contact with the greatest possible range of merchandise. It has, however, reached increased proportions in recent months.

Why the increase in this type of dishonesty? Various reasons are ascribed. Reduced vigilance due to depleted store staffs and less experienced help is no doubt a considerable factor. Those who are inclined to kleptomania traits sense the increased opportunity to exercise them under current conditions. Food dealers who have been victims of pilferage to an increasing extent in recent months, especially those who operate self-serve stores, hold rationing both by government and the stores themselves, as responsible in no small degree for the present epidemic of shop lifting. In an endeavor to get more than their fair share of goods that are rationed or in short supply a considerable number of people are prepared to stoop to common theft. Some of them consider it smart to be able to supplement their allotment in this way, easing their conscience by the excuse that the amount involved is small.

Little do these people realize that they are not only committing an act of felony but depriving retailers and their dependents of their livelihood, for to the dealer these petty thefts are serious indeed. Actually, the loss of one item out of a dozen is usually sufficient to turn a prospective profit into a definite loss.

That rationing has been at least a contributing factor is indicated by special reference to rationed merchandise by dealers who have experienced losses by pilferage. In some instances the guilty parties are probably impelled more from lack of coupons than by any criminal tendency. However, in the case of rationed goods they commit a double crime against the dealer. He not only loses the amount of money involved but is minus the necessary coupons to replenish his own stocks. This has become so serious in the case of small packets of tea, which can easily be hidden in a woman's purse or coat pocket, that some dealers are genuinely disturbed about their diminishing supply of coupons. They fear it will come to a stage where lack of coupons will seriously interfere with their tea business. So great has been the loss of rationed goods by theft in one store that this type of merchandise is sold only over a counter provided for the purpose.

Light-Fingered Ladies

Women are credited with being greater offenders in pilfering than men, possibly due to the fact that the large purses in vogue today provide them with a convenient receptacle for lifted merchandise. Items as bulky as a pound of butter or sugar are frequently smuggled out by means of milady's purse, although it is usually smaller items that disappear. Women, however, appear to have a greater mania for this sort of thing and actually are more adept at it. Man's clumsiness may be a deterrent to some extent.

There is, of course, the seasoned shop-lifter, who makes this sort of thing a regular practice. She (or he) is frequently quite well known to retailers and their clerks. Merchants don't like scenes with shoplifters because of possible repercussions and so simply request these known parties to refrain from visiting their stores. In fact, some stores have quite a few people on their banned list.

While there has been a considerable increase in pilferage, shop-keepers are now taking determined steps to lessen this evil by making it more difficult for these offenders to operate. For obvious reasons merchants are not interested in catching thieves as much as in preventing thefts and, therefore, their efforts are particularly directed towards removing the temptation or urge to pilfer. They do see, however, in the current trend an influence which if not curbed might have far-reaching effects not only on their profits, but the future morals of the nation.

Mirrors

Fear of detection is the one thing most likely to deter the would-be thief. Clever use of mirrors is helpful in giving a view of hidden corners so that possible pilferers can be watched. Lookout stations have been ingeniously arranged in some stores so that the shop-lifter is under constant surveillance, frequently when he least suspects it. While the mass of customers go about their shopping unaware that drama is being enacted in their presence a store manager may sidle up to one of these offenders and remind her that a certain item should be placed in her shopping basket instead of her purse.

Some of the larger stores, of course, have their store detectives who are able to slow up the activities of many with dishonest intentions and retrieve a considerable proportion of lifted merchandise. Even some of the smaller stores are now employing spotters, particularly during busy periods, to mingle with the shoppers, to all appearances one of them. So, the retail shopper who is tempted to acquire merchandise dishonestly today is taking a chance out of all proportion to the possible monetary gain.

a Salute to Beauty on Duty

Du Barry Salutes Canadian Women in the Services

TODAY MISS CANADA is on a wartime schedule. A schedule which emphasizes the vital importance of taking care of herself, as well as others. She knows that, "beauty is her duty." She has proved that to maintain morale, a few minutes daily care the Du Barry way is the secret to loveliness . . . poise . . . confidence.

DU BARRY SUGGESTS satin-smooth creams and lotions ··· Then Du Barry's creamy liquid foundation lotion as a make-up base, to be followed by Du Barry's warm, soft, fine powder and then Du Barry's rouge and lipstick in their new, matching shades. The result — the assurance of knowing you are at your best, that you can face the world with confidence.

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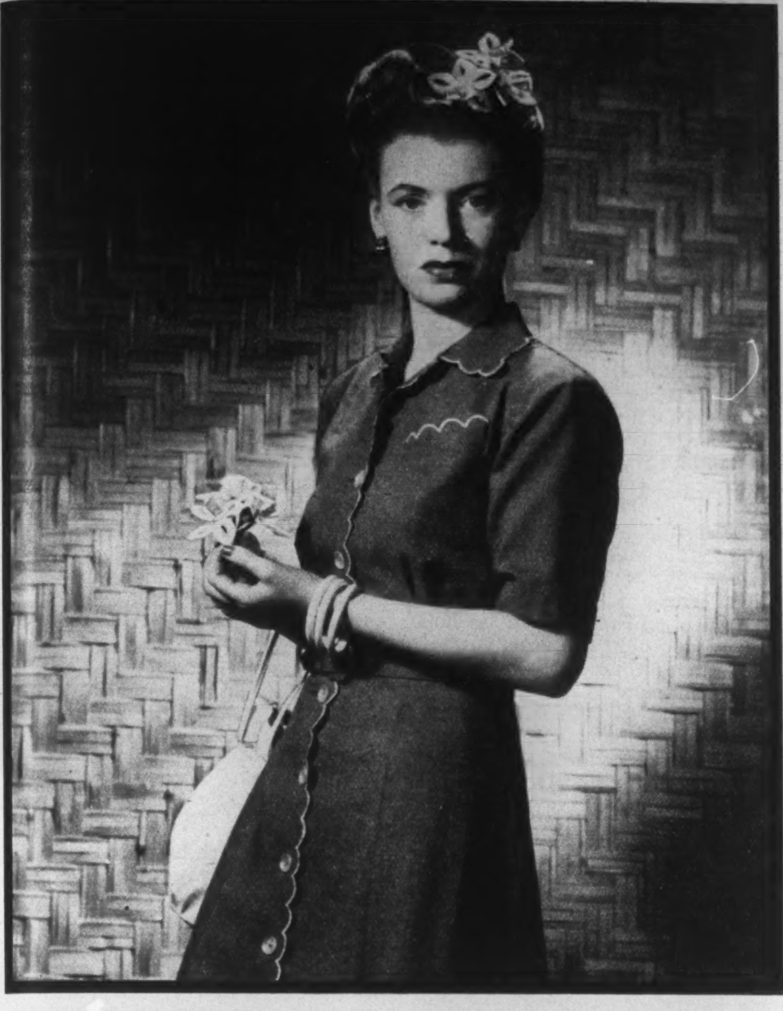
Du Barry BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
By Richard Hudnut . . . Featured at better cosmetic counters from coast to coast



Cool and endlessly useful, the coat-dress that buttons from throat to hem looks casual enough for country, tailored enough for street wear in town. Scallops outlined in white soften the tailored line prettily in this particular version of spun rayon in mint green. The lady wears a Lily Dache warsage in her hair, considers the merits of a second to pin on her soft pouchy drawstring bag. From The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

DRESSING TABLE

Looking Into Things

BY ISABEL MORGAN

HERE are some questions. The answers we leave to you.

Do you clap your hat on your head as casually as a man does his, or pull it on with a jerk as though you hated it? usually not even bothering to look in the mirror to see the result —awful or otherwise? . . . Chum, it's time — figuratively speaking of course—you pulled up your socks or bought a hat loaded with gadgets such as flowers and veils. Then take time to fuss with it for the good of your soul.

Does the sound of Latin-American tango, boogie-woogie played in a masterly manner, Bing Crosby giving out, leave you totally unmoved? . . . If here again the answer is "yes," you had better begin taking steps about getting up to date if you don't want to become glued to ole rockin' chair. By all means cling to your loyalty to the old masters but remember that they, too, were the modernists of their day. Listen to today's songs and music if you really want to be in tune with your time.

Is your ideal of the well-dressed woman one who wears a sweater and skirt (both shapeless as a sack); an aged dun-colored topcoat (which has yet to meet the cleaner); a page boy bob that looks like a nesting place for our little feathered friends; bare legs that haven't been de-fuzzed and campus loafers (shoes to the rest of us) that might be fugitives from a rummage sale? . . . . Um-m-m, age will cure all that—we hope—and when you have reached the seasoned old age of eighteen, you, too, will shudder at the awful casualness of youth.

Cigarette?

Have you mastered the delicate art of refusing either a cigarette or a glass of sherry without too many explanations or, on the other hand, without leaving the one who proffers either feeling like an evil old character in the "Road To Ruin" cartoons? . . . . If you can answer, honestly, in the affirmative, your social life probably is unblighted by the fact that you neither smoke or drink of the juice of the grape.

Have you developed the eye of an eagle for small tears, holes, rips, loose fastenings, in your clothing, and do you pounce on them waving needle and thread and repair the damage before they begin to sabotage your wardrobe? . . . The crystal tells us that if you do you will maintain a well-dressed appearance though shortages do plague us.

How's your poise? Do you break out in goose pimples when you enter a room-full of people who are strangers to you but not to one another and find the hostess momentarily absent? Do you find an inconspicuous corner and quietly wish you could die right there, or do you join with a casual comment a group that doesn't seem too engrossed in its conversation? If you can't think of anything else to talk about there's always the weather—although surely you can do better than that.

Are you the sort of woman who finds that her war work at the canteen invariably involves the drudge jobs such as washing mountains of dishes, vegetable peeling, bending over a soup kettle in a temperature described by Noel Coward when he said "mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun"? . . . Then cheers for you and may your tribe increase, for your unselfish spirit of service—freely, willingly and inconspicuously rendered—is the essential spirit that will bring Victory.

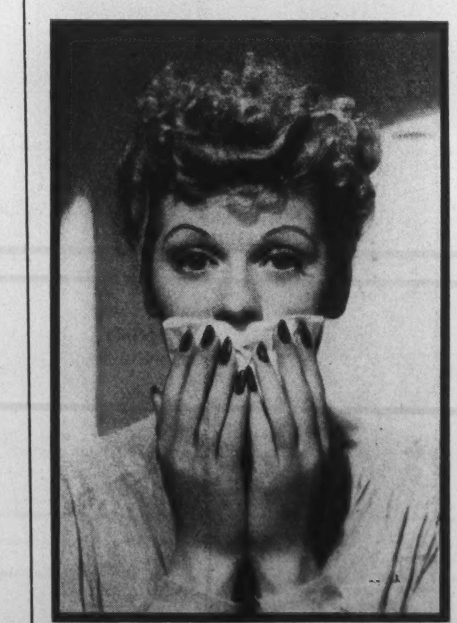
How many months is it since last you found yourself spontaneously whistling, humming or singing to yourself .as you went about your daily activities? . . . You'll find your answer to this a fair indication of your present frame of mind. A negative reply may indicate that worry is getting the better of you, a lack of vitamins, or an unhealthy state of boredom—or could it be you've become a bit of a stuffed shirt? . . . Rumor has it that even that dignified, charming lady, Queen Mary, has been known to whistle a tune when unaware that others were about.

• •

WAR STAMPS INDEED

TIME was, when our husbands
denied us a hat,
At least we could call them despotic,
Or plead, or cajole, or threaten them
that
Their harshness would make us
neurotic;
But now they can smile and say no
and stand pat—
It's true that it's not patriotic!

MAY RICHSTONE.



Screen actress Lucille Ball is not registering the emotion of surprise or horror when she places her hands over her mouth in the fashion seen above. It's part of her technique of make-up to press a folded square of cleansing tissue over the lips after lip rouge has been applied. This blots away the excess, results in a clear, bright, even, lasting color.

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Night Train to Vancouver

BY JANET R. KEITH

OUR train pulls out of Montreal into the gathering dusk. Past the Ferry Command airport at Dorval. Past the brightly-lighted C.W.A.C. barracks at Ste. Anne de Bellevue. We are on our way to Vancouver.

Looking around our car I discover at once that as a civilian, even a lady civilian, I am definitely in the minority. There seems to be only one other woman. (I can't repress a small thrill at the thought of how much space there will be in the women's dressing room.) The men, as nearly as I can make out, are all in uniform.

Our porter, who is fat and good-natured, is wrestling with the berth at the end of the car. I notice at once that he is not up to the usual trans-continental standards of efficiency. An R.A.F. sergeant-pilot across the aisle tells me that he rode with this same porter a month ago, and that it usually takes him until one in the morning to get around to the last berth. I am somewhat appalled by this news, noticing the wide open spaces between the end of the car and my seat. But I think of the Manpower Situation, and am thankful that we have a porter at all.

The next morning we are in that vast and primitive wilderness most conveniently classified as "the Lake Superior country." As I return from the dressing room I notice a young petty officer up and jauntily ready for the day, with a white "North Atlantic" scarf tied casually at his throat and a curved pipe in his mouth. I sense that he is on the lookout for Sweet Young Things and know he will be disappointed when he finds that two staid married women are all that our car has to offer. Sure enough, I note later in the morning that he has evidently given up hope, and discarded pipe and scarf in favor of an unbecoming red sweater and bedroom slippers.

In the diner all is sparkling with white linen, silver and sunshine. Waiters swing dexterously up and down the aisle in their usual expert fashion, miraculously avoiding crashes with passengers, steward and each other.

Ministers' Sandwiches

As I pick up the menu I remember reading recently that even cabinet ministers in Britain must take along a little packet of sandwiches if they want to refresh themselves en route. Of course, with our vast distances, diners are really a necessity. Or are they?

I forget the picture of famished cabinet ministers long enough to enjoy an excellent breakfast. Once again I am struck by the fact that every train these days is really a troop train. A democratic sort of troop train. At the next table a colonel has been seated opposite a buck private, and both are tucking into bacon and eggs with evident relish.

Further down are four sergeant-pilots on their way back from overseas. You don't have to look at their "Canada" badges. You can tell by their faded uniforms and a certain haggard look in their young faces.

During occasional ten-minute stops everyone paces up and down the platform for exercise. The colonel always carries with him a bulging black brief case. Doubtless official papers too important to be left out of his hands. I survey the bag with a certain awe, feeling sure that it contains the plans for large-scale military operations.

At dinner I sit with a young Canadian pilot bound for annual leave in Vancouver. For the past year he has been stationed in Newfoundland, flying Catalinas on patrols over the North Atlantic.

Across the aisle a sailor in a rough crew-necked sweater is surveying with evident satisfaction a huge serving of filet mignon.

Civilians in Sunday Dress

Further down I am surprised to see four civilians, all obviously dressed in Sunday best and a little uncomfortable at receiving so much solicitous attention from their waiter. Later I learn that they are trade union delegates on their way to a labor conference. What type of workers do they represent? Oh, aircraft workers. The whole conference will deal exclusively with aircraft problems. A rather striking reminder that the Canadian aircraft industry has grown within the past few years to significant proportions. I hope the delegates will enjoy their conference. They seem very sincere, and the trip will be their only holiday this year.

By now I have come to know the other woman in our car, a fat jolly person who is returning from two weeks' leave in the east with her fat jolly soldier husband. The only accommodation they could get was an upper berth, and I am puzzled as to how one, let alone both, of them can get into it. However, they both protest that they "slept just fine." The husband is stationed at a camp where paratroopers are now being trained, and he has some thrilling tales to tell of rigorous body-building and how the boys describe "that moment" just before their first leap.

The second morning we pull into Winnipeg and have time to stretch our legs in the spring sunshine. Then we begin our journey across the prairies with a slightly different set of Good Companions.

We have been joined by two little war brides going out to their air force husbands in Calgary. They aren't quite sure that they're doing the right thing, but are goaded on by the thought that "If the boys should be sent overseas, we might be sorry all our lives that we didn't go."

Prairies, Mountains, People

We have also acquired some half dozen sailors, very full of vigor and good spirits. I suspect that they are fresh recruits, for their tunics are completely unsoiled and their trousers so new that the legs are still creased in a peculiar basket-weave pattern. Some of them later confess that they have never left the prairies before, and they are as starry-eyed about their first long train journey as children on Christmas Eve.

The third morning we leave Calgary behind and enter the never-ending wonder of the Rocky Mountains. All day the weather is clear and perfect for sight-seeing. In the diner at noon a young debutante returning from college in the east discusses earnestly with a fighter pilot returning from overseas the Postwar World. Her vague unreal approach brings back sharp memories of my own undergraduate days, when every problem, no matter how grave, could be neatly wrapped up in a mid-term thesis. The fighter pilot, who has seen something of the world as it is, takes a more realistic view of things.

Early on our fourth day we are up to catch a glimpse of springtime in B.C. Little farmhouses with their own orchards nestling in snug river valleys. Flowers blooming profusely, while "back east" the trees are still bare.

Now we are just a few hours out of Vancouver, and our journey is nearly over. Somehow, during these past few days, I have come to understand better the meaning of Canada at war. It's not just headlines, and parades, and victory loan drives. It's the little group of people you meet on any Canadian train. The tired young fighter pilots, the raw prairie sailors, the little war brides, the aircraft workers, the army sergeant dreaming of his home on the island. This is Canada at war!

LOUIS
CHANTILLY

They Have Their Dreams

It was a lovely wedding—no less thrilling because planned on such short notice—and with so many wonderful gifts.

And as they slip away alone for a moment—to see the gifts once more—they have their dreams of the home they will make together someday. They see a table—agleam with Sterling—the Birks-Ellis-Ryrie Sterling she had always hoped for—and gay with fine China and Crystal Stemware.

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Now Mrs. Neal won't have the bother of wrapping up this suit or storing it away! She just puts it back in the closet on its usual hanger.

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FEMININE OUTLOOK

We Worked in War Plants Too

BY RICA McLEAN FARQUHARSON

WOMEN in war plants! Women in slacks!

To-day's women are doing a grand job. Everybody is proud of them. Still—we feel like mentioning that we, and many more Canadian girls, worked in munitions during the last war. Two brass time fuses (defective) and bronze identification badge with number on back are proof.

Driven to it, most married women who tell the year they married will add they were just out of school—but a child. That's the way we wish to present the factory phase of our life—if we can get away with it. Child labor? Remember—this was World War One—last year.

Some schoolgirls picked fruit; some did big-time knitting; some rolled bandages; others drove ambulances. We checked into a factory so early in the morning that we hardly ever saw our family.

Girls in munitions! Girls in smocks!

Those khaki smocks were not designed to bring out our glamor. However we weren't supposed to have any to bring out. The smocks were big, shapeless, tough. They covered us up; didn't show dirt—not much. We rolled them up at night; carried them home; brought them back next morning; slipped them on over whatever dress we wore.

Elite of the Machine

In my factory days I was an inspector. I didn't work up to it. I was it immediately. I tried to work out of it for, like every other girl inspector I longed to be on a machine. Machine work was more exciting; required more intelligence; paid more money. It was reserved for bright young things who would have chosen factory work—war or peace. The rest of us, mostly freshly out of girls' schools, sat on high stools at a long bench. Each had a gauge.

It took about five minutes to master a gauge. Mine measured the tiny hole in the centre of the fuse. When my fingernail could catch on either side it was o.k. Fuses not o.k. were tossed into a box in a rack above and in front of each person. Fuses that were so far all right were pushed on to the next girl who had a different gauge. So on down the line—minute after minute—hour after hour—day after day.

A super woman inspector walked about encouraging us not to talk and seeing that things moved smoothly. A super-duper man inspector overlooked us all. On our off time, if we felt the need of fresh air, we sat on the fire escape—if there was room.

Our factory didn't have streamlined lunch rooms or recreational facilities. We carried a package of sandwiches from home; made a cup of tea in the big kitchen; sometimes lingered over lunch while the forelady told our fortunes. She was in charge of the welfare of all women workers in the plant. She was the determined, forthright type with the much-publicized golden heart. What her hook-up with seeing into the future was we can't imagine.

Lunch finished we didn't have any place to bowl. We could join in a baseball game or, on rare occasions, go for a ride on the back of Bert's motorcycle. Bert was the only youngish man about; he carried out the boxes containing our discarded time-fuses and brought back empty boxes.

Most of the women serving in the factory had men in the armed forces. Like to-day's workers, they were eager to get on with the job. When overtime work was necessary there were no complaints. This terrible thing—war—must not happen again, we felt.

A Story for Each

Among my friends of those days was a Maritime girl with a round sweet face and grey-blue eyes. I did not see her again for several years—after I left to take a reporter's job on a newspaper.

Then, in Ottawa, at the outbreak of this war, we met again. We talked of munitions' days. She was now married to Canada's Minister of National Defence. A few weeks later, I heard from her. Her husband was gone; victim of an aeroplane crash while on Canada's business, war business. She has another war job now—bringing up two sons to face life courageously.

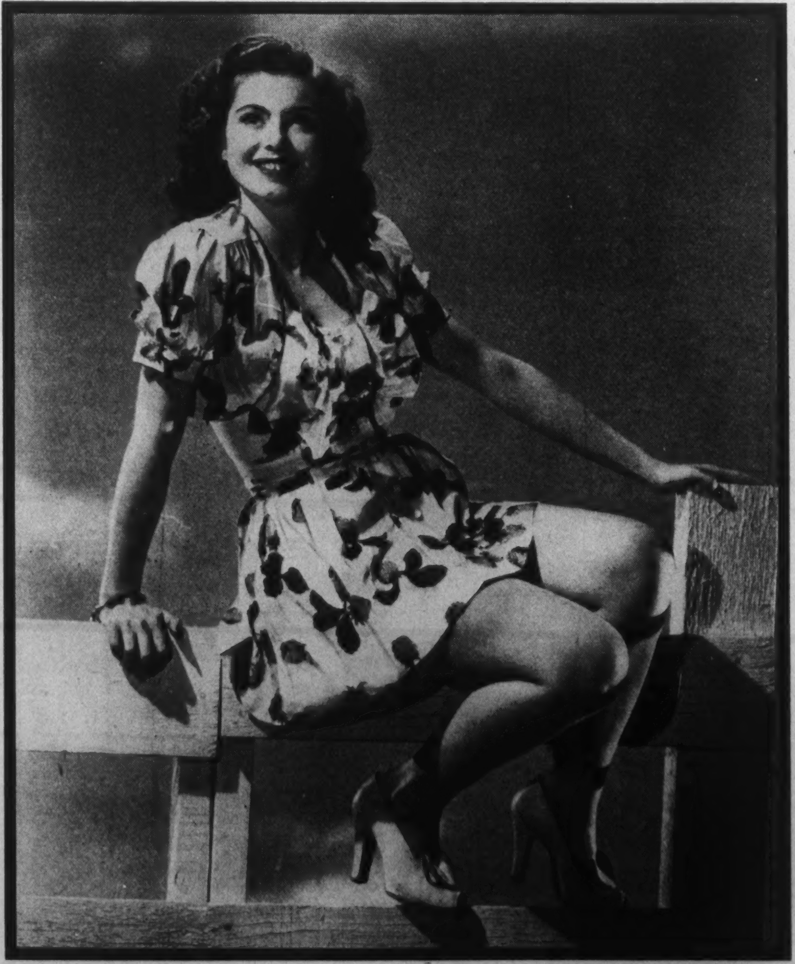
Women in War Plants! Women in slacks! And for each woman war has written a story.

SEARCHLIGHT TARGET

FROM hidden nozzles powerful jets
are pouring,
Running across the inky bowl of the
night;
They are chasing an unseen quarry
that, darting and soaring,
Tries to keep in the safety of sheltering
shadows,
Knowing there's life in the darkness,
and death in the light.

Crossed at length are the shining,
pursuing bars,
The flag of a trio of saints is seen
in the sky;
And there, caught by the hunters, and
brighter than stars,
A tiny and golden creature, piercingly
lovely,
Gleams in a helpless glory, disclosed
to die.

Truro, N.S. LOUISA BURCHELL.



Skin-tight lastex and all-wool swim suits have gone the way of unlimited gasoline, overflowing sugar bowls and toothpaste in tins. But feminine visitors to the old swimming hole will be as decorative as ever—although perhaps not as warm—in cotton dressmaker suits such as that seen here. It's splashed with outsize red strawberries and dark green leaves, and there's a separate jacket to transform it into a play suit.

Oriental Cream
GOURAUD

applied to exposed parts will prevent sun and wind burn, giving an attractive appearance at all times. 2
White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

A student of Geology, lovely Joan Patterson of Montreal hopes to find mineral deposits of value to Canada's war wealth. Marriage, too, is in Joan's plans. "Naturally, I'm careful of my looks," says Joan. "I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail to keep my skin flawlessly clean and clear." Try Woodbury Facial Soap. See your complexion brighten with fresh beauty!

Minerals and Marriage Plans share her interest

She brings her own loveliness to light with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail

1. Joan's fiancé is a Pilot Officer. "I love to hear him compliment, my skin," she says. A costly ingredient in her beauty soap—famous Woodbury—gives *added* mildness.

2. "This facial cocktail really works," says Joan. "I just whip up a smooth-as-cream lather with Woodbury Soap. Pat it on gently to banish that dull, murky look. Then rinse."

3. A cup of tea refreshes Joan after sewing for refugee children. Friends admire her clear complexion. She says: "I use Woodbury because it's specially made for the *skin*."

WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP
WOODBURY
10¢

4. "For the Skin You Love to Touch" choose this true *skin* soap. Woodbury helps Nature cope with clogged pores, frees skin of beauty-marring dirt. Get Woodbury Soap today. 10¢.

BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN—BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND STAMPS ★ MADE IN CANADA

MUSICAL EVENTS

An Evening With Hindemith

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

ON A hot night last week, after listening to the strangely astringent music of Paul Hindemith, I walked along a street of small homes, where families on the door steps were listening to radios concealed within doors. As I heard the strains that poured from open windows, I wondered if there was not a case for self-conscious scientific "modernists" who have been trying to give the world something entirely different. But it seemed to me also that Hindemith's artistic creed, "Gebrauchsmusik" was probably hopeless.

"Gebrauchsmusik" translated means "Utility Music", or perhaps "Music for Use", and its evangelist in pre-Nazi Germany was a writer named Bert Brecht, who urged that artists preserve contact with the masses, seek their subjects in actuality and employ idioms in every day use. Three works by Hindemith presented under the auspices of the Toronto Society for Contemporary Music at the Heliconian Club last week obviously did not get anywhere near the tastes of the masses, as manifested in what the folk sitting on doorsteps were apparently enjoying. The case of Walter Whitman recurred to me. No writer more seriously aspired to be a poet of the masses of this continent; yet he has remained the poet of the selected few; the masses prefer Walt Mason.

I was grateful to the Society and a group of gifted artists for an opportunity to hear some of Hindemith's characteristic compositions. He began to appear in the news shortly after the Nazis came to power over a decade ago, when Alfred Rosenberg, "ghost writer" of "Mein Kampf", and Dr. Goebbels constituted themselves keepers of the Fuehrer's musical conscience, and drove Schoenberg, Weill, Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, Arthur Schnabel and many others, including Hindemith, from Germany. His position was different from that of most of the others, because he was pure German, and a renowned viola player as well as an accomplished performer on other instruments. The case against him, stated by Rosenberg, was that despite his Aryan "origins" he found himself at home in Jewish company; while his original creative ideas were anathema to Dr. Goebbels.

Nazifying Art

Two months after Hitler came to power the latter issued an edict "Art will no longer bear experimentation" (as though Art could exist without it!) The German section of the International Society for Contemporary Music was "liquidated" and he took control not only over all musical performances, but over all musical commentary also. What life was like under Nazism, even in matters bearing no relation to war and politics, is illustrated by the fact that such a page of independent musical commentary as this has been illegal in Germany since 1935. In these domestic controversies the music of such an individualist as Hindemith naturally played a prominent part. Wilhelm Furtwangler, a former conductor of the New Philharmonic Orchestra narrowly escaped being sent to a concentration camp for conducting a new work by him. The conductor desiring to die in his own bed, never thereafter ventured to set up his own musical judgment against that of the Nazi regime.

In his prefatory address Dr. Arnold Walter who organized last week's concert did not deal with the composer's adventures in the Nazi charnel house, but with his significance as a modernist composer. He explained that the term Neo Classicist (usually applied to Hindemith) was devised by Ferrucio Busoni to describe composers who retained the classical forms and the venerable art of counterpoint, but filled them with a new content in which dissonances played a considerable part. He warned that the music of even so expert a technician as Hindemith was not only difficult to play but difficult to listen to. That was a judicious warning; to learn what Hindemith is driving at you *must* concentrate. In the case of the Quartet in C major, two decades old, the effort was rather exhausting, because it seemed to make a hot night hotter. There seemed little "Music for Use" in it. It sounded like children at play. The four instruments seemed to be shouting at one another without heeding what the others were saying. But no doubt there was craft in it which eludes me. Perhaps Hindemith was trying to typify the bedlam of European ideology. But there was no lack of technical brilliance in the ensemble, Harry Adaskin, 1st violin; Pearl Palmaison, 2nd violin, Robert Warton, viola and Joyce Sands, 'cello.

That Hindemith's conceptions became to some extent clarified was evident in his Sonata in E major for violin and piano. It is cooler and more lucid, but thoughtful, and I should like to hear it again. Its unfamiliar outlines made the rendering by Pearl Palmaison, who has a full appealing tone, and rare technical finesse, the more praiseworthy and her performance was matched by the energy and authority of Frances Marr's interpretation of the detached piano part.

One ceased to think of modernism and of Hindemith's espousal of fads like atonality, in listening to his song cycle "Life of the Virgin Mary"—and probably the composer did himself. It is a sincere, beautiful work, marked by structural grandeur and exquisite detail. The text is by a modern mystic, Reiner Hilke, also banned in Germany. Hilke revived the quaintness and simplicity of mediaeval legend, and the same qualities pervade Hindemith's imaginative music. It is conclusive proof not only of the versatility of the man, but of his genius at his best. The only original copy in America is in the New York Public Library, from which a photostat was made for use in Toronto by Walter. He himself was a pillar of strength at the piano; and Frances James, one of the finest of Canadian sopranos, showed rare artistic intuitions in her tender and expressive rendering of the sequence of poems.

Other Concerts

An immense audience greeted Ettore Mazzoleni and the Volkoff Ballet in the first concert employing purely local talent the Proms management has given in a long time. Mr. Mazzoleni in style and authority is one of the finest conductors who has been seen at these concerts. The response of the orchestra to his personality was shown in a profoundly beautiful rendering of the Cesar Franck Symphony. There were flaws in the wind, but the strings were lovely, especially in the delicate second movement. Fire marked the Dvorak "Carnival" and emotional urge the Prelude to Act III "Lohengrin".

The Volkoff Ballet gave a delightful series of divertisements, in which beauty of costuming, the grace and beauty of the principals and the rhythmical ease of the whole performance were captivating. Sarasate's "Zigunerweisen" was a specia triumph.

In common with many listeners, I was surprised at the remarkable development of the young violinist, Marianne (Peggy) Moreland revealed at Conservatory Hall last week. The richness and breadth of her tone, the address of her bowing, the fluency of her technique, the maturity of her style, and the poetry of her phrasing, all signified an artist who had not only fulfilled juvenile promise but should go far in future years. Her finest achievement was Max Bruch's noble "Fantasia o Scottish Folk Melodies" which ha no kinship to a popular medley. Another triumph was a dazzling "Tango" by Poldowski; and in composers so various as Schubert, Debussy, and Kreisler she revealed a remarkable sense of atmosphere.

Tribute of Violinists

THE past musical season in Toronto was the richest in local effort within recollection. It has been stimulating to note progress in all field of music. Not the least inspiring was the series "Presenting Toront Violinists" at Conservatory Musi Hall, in which many local instrumentalists of fine quality appeared To one who can look back to day when violinists of moving quality were extremely scarce in this community, developments of the past 1 years have been amazing, and thes recitals were a demonstration.

The culminating event occurred recently when a group of our bes string performers co-operated wit Kathleen Parlow and the pianist Le Barkin in Ernest Chausson's beautiful Concerto. It is one of the mos exquisite and fervent of all moder compositions and was nobly rendered. The preceding program fo chamber orchestra conducted b Samuel Hersenhoren was a continuous delight with piquant works b Emanuel Bach, Grieg, Shostakovich, Arcady Dubensky and Quincy Porter. The latter, who is head o the New England Conservatory a Boston, showed himself a mos accomplished master of his materia in "Music for Strings."

Records

BY KARI ANDERSON

On set M 895, Victor has recorde six of the famous French Art Songs sung by their outstanding English interpreter, Maggie Teyte. Mis Teyte is a fine Mezzo-soprano, an her singing of these is impeccable The songs included in this collectio (6 sides, 10 inch) are: Record 10 1002 A—*Après un Rève* (poem by Romain Bussine, Music by Gabrie Fauré). B—*Si Mes Vers Avaient de Ailes* (Hugo—Renaldo Hahn; 10 1003 A—*Psyche* (Corneille—Emil Paladilke); B—*Chanson Triste* (Jea Labor—Henri Duparc); 10-1004 A—*Offrande* (Paul Verlaine—Renald Hahn); B—*L'Heure Exquise* (Pau Verlaine—Renaldo Hahn).

Those who know the English recordings from which these are selec ed for domestic release regret tha some of the finer ones by Debussy Duparc and Faure have not bee included.

This week I listened to one of th Columbia imported recordings o Charles Kullman. They have catalogued seven records by this tenor One selected as representative is tha of Schubert's *Ave Maria* (Columbi C-15184, 12 inch), with the same composer's *Serenade* on the other side It may not be representative, but certainly neither the singing nor th quality of the recording is outstanding. It is not newly released.

THE OTHER PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Other Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Other Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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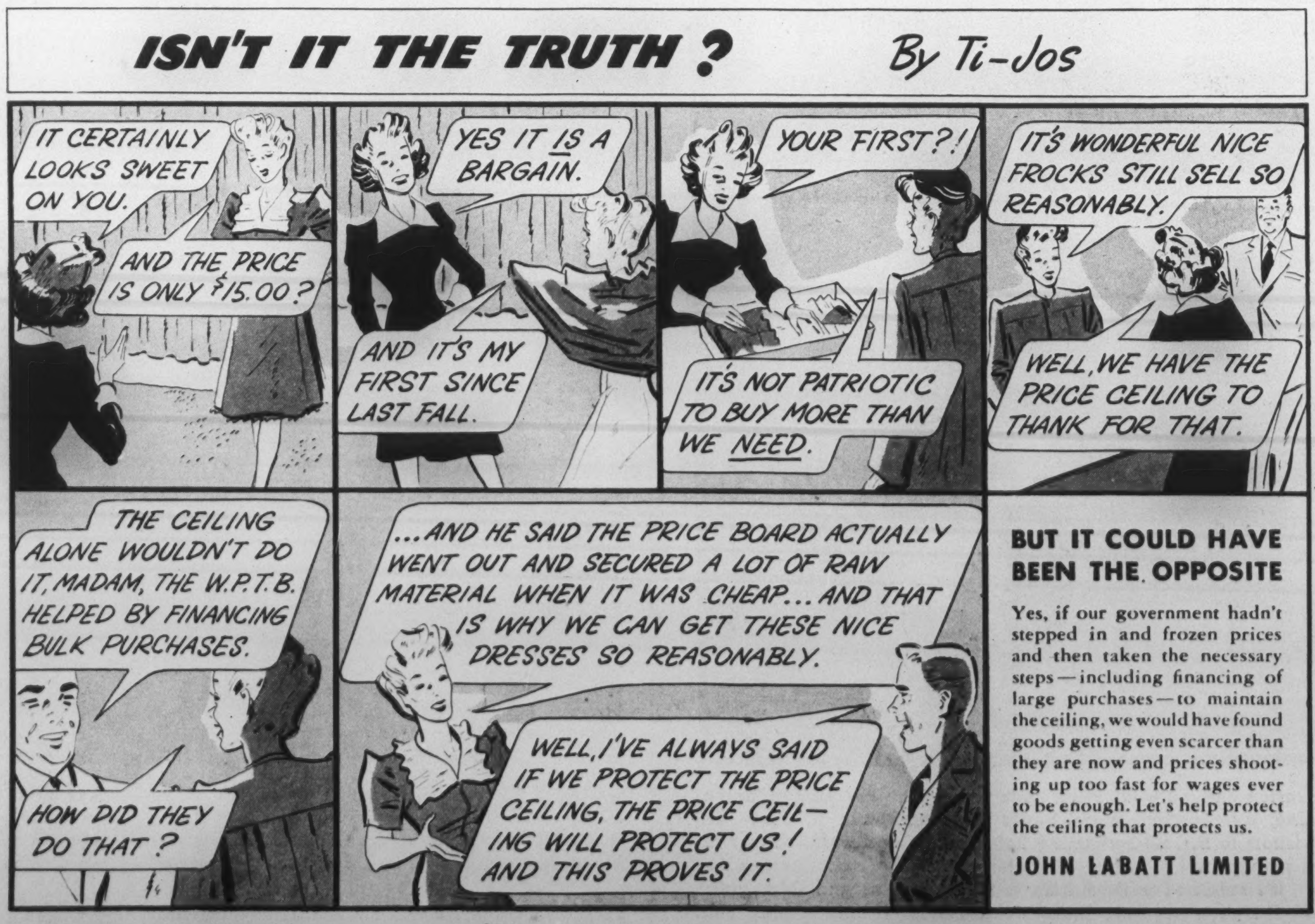
ISN'T IT THE TRUTH? By Ti-Jos
IT CERTAINLY LOOKS SWEET ON YOU.
AND THE PRICE IS ONLY $15.00?
YES IT IS A BARGAIN.
AND IT'S MY FIRST SINCE LAST FALL.
YOUR FIRST?!
IT'S NOT PATRIOTIC TO BUY MORE THAN WE NEED.
IT'S WONDERFUL NICE FROCKS STILL SELL SO REASONABLY.
WELL, WE HAVE THE PRICE CEILING TO THANK FOR THAT.
THE CEILING ALONE WOULDN'T DO IT, MADAM, THE W.P.T.B. HELPED BY FINANCING BULK PURCHASES.
HOW DID THEY DO THAT?
...AND HE SAID THE PRICE BOARD ACTUALLY WENT OUT AND SECURED A LOT OF RAW MATERIAL WHEN IT WAS CHEAP... AND THAT IS WHY WE CAN GET THESE NICE DRESSES SO REASONABLY.
WELL, I'VE ALWAYS SAID IF WE PROTECT THE PRICE CEILING, THE PRICE CEILING WILL PROTECT US! AND THIS PROVES IT.

BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN THE OPPOSITE
Yes, if our government hadn't stepped in and frozen prices and then taken the necessary steps—including financing of large purchases—to maintain the ceiling, we would have found goods getting even scarcer than they are now and prices shooting up too fast for wages ever to be enough. Let's help protect the ceiling that protects us.
JOHN LABATT LIMITED

THE FILM PARADE

The Saroyan Homily

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

WILLIAM SAROYAN lives all by himself in a beautiful world of his own contriving where nothing apparently is common or mean; and his best moments come when he is able to open windows and give you an authentic glimpse of what is going on inside. There are a lot of such moments in "The Human Comedy".

The story is all about the Macauley family and their friends and acquaintances in Ithaca; and it is safe to say that no one in Ithaca will recognize his native town and that almost every Ithacan will be proud and touched just the same. The title is the only pretentious thing about the film, for nothing could be simpler than the story of the Macauleys. It is always human however and frequently comic, and when it is at its best you have the feeling that its author has passed through childhood and sophistication to a second innocence—which is a fine state, fresh and happy and wise.

As might be expected, Mr. Saroyan's characters have a great deal to say about life and death and the meaning of ecstasy and sorrow. "The Human Comedy" does, in fact, preach extensively. But its eloquence lies in what it reveals even more than in what it says and that is what saves it. When the piety becomes embarrassing and the sentiment over-warm the camera intervenes, so tenderly and persuasively that you have to accept, at any rate for the moment, the Saroyan thesis; i.e., that innocence of heart is almost as universal as human nature.

MICKEY ROONEY, as the postal telegraph boy Homer Macauley, is of course the central figure, and his performance here will surprise movie-goers who know him chiefly through his Andy Hardy manifestations. The truth is that Mickey Rooney is essentially a very fine actor, intelligent and responsive, with an intuitive ability to do the right thing eloquently when he isn't being compelled by his producers and public to do all the wrong things raucously. Homer Macauley is heartily recommended to take away the horrid taste of Andy Hardy. If it could be removed permanently we'd be that much nearer the simple and beautiful state of being that Mr. Saroyan recommends.

The other star of the picture, who almost succeeds in eclipsing Mickey Rooney, is five-year-old Jack Jenkins. As a rule Hollywood seems to take the attitude that there are enough children in the world without dragging people in to look at them on the screen. So when children come into the studios they are trained and processed and put through the elocutionary mill, to emerge as something not quite adult—though with adult-sized emotions—and certainly not childish. Ordinarily a successful child star gives me more creeps than Frankenstein and the Wolf Man put together; so the latest child-success came as a novel and gratifying surprise. Ulysses Macauley is exactly five years old, and the film reveals his childish world with sustained and sensitive imagination.

The adult world of the Widow Macauley (Fay Bainter) hadn't quite the same delicate precision of touch. That harp of hers, for instance. A six foot harp in a workingman's parlor probably appealed to Mr. Saroyan as one of those touching incongruities that he loves so much. Combined with Mrs. Macauley's saintliness, however, it seemed much too celestial for ordinary people, and Mr. Saroyan shouldn't soar beyond ordinary people, who are after all his source material.

Still it is altogether a remarkably fresh and endearing picture, and Clarence Brown in his direction appears to have caught completely the Saroyan sense of the extraordinary nature of the ordinary. It is well worth seeing, even by movie-goers who aren't ordinarily enchanted by William Saroyan.

"AIR FORCE" is the definitive biography of a Flying Fortress. That is, the heroine here is the Fortress itself (nicknamed the Mary Ann) and the film deals primarily with what goes on inside the Mary Ann and only secondarily with what goes on inside the heads of her crew. As a result it presents an extraordinary amount of informative material, both technical and historical, with a minimum of plot wastage.

The Mary Ann starts out across the Pacific on December 6 1941, heading straight for trouble without knowing it. From that point on the film has all it can do to keep up with the excitement of history, for the Mary Ann, a composite of many ships and crews, fights her way through every battle in the Pacific War from Pearl Harbor to the Coral Sea.

For his material Director Howard Hawkes went to the war files, and the Mary Ann's more incredible exploits are taken straight from the records. It is a remarkable film and when it has served its term as adventure entertainment it deserves honorable retirement to the permanent archives, as an authentic record of how men fought in the air back in 1941.

The crew includes John Garfield, George Tobias and Harry Carey, all of them competent and none of them among Hollywood's more sensational performers. The attention is rigidly focussed throughout on the Mary Ann herself; which wouldn't have been possible if Clark Gable for instance had been introduced as a waist gunner.

On a banjo made from metal of a Jap plane downed at Buna, this American flier strums his favourite tune, presumably "Johnny Got a Zero".

Off Africa a British trawler wrote "finis" to this Italian submarine. It's crew are seen running along the deck to jump into the sea.

"We've a future to build as well as a war to win"
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The less suit, the more sun and the more vitamin D. That's part of the appeal of these Skintite swim suits, the other is their stunning white sharkskin fabric splashed with eye-filling color. From the very smart collection of swim suits in the new SUN SHOP, Second Floor.

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W343

"Wear-Ever"
ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS

CONCERNING FOOD

Leisure to Be Good

BY JANET MARCH

A GOOD many of us secretly heaved a sigh of relief when it was announced that in this city ten pounds of sugar per person was the amount obtainable for canning and jam making. This as Thomas Gray said may "leave us leisure to be good," and those of us who had visualized our kitchens as miniature canning factories, only with no factory labor provided, are now to be found dusting off those forgotten toys, golf clubs, and muttering about Jack being a dull boy with no play. Carefully used ten pounds for each member of the family will preserve quite an amount of fruit, and if you are a really good and careful canner you can bottle fruit without sugar and count on your regular ration to make it edible when the time comes.

Do you remember that old hymn about counting your blessings? It's a thing we seldom do, but one of our blessings in this country is that we don't have to have a post graduate degree in mathematics to use our ration books. In the United States you sit down each week and elect which of your points go to meat and which to butter and cheese. The grocery shops in New York haven't got that Mother Hubbard air a lot of ours have, but in front of the canned young potatoes, caviar, anchovies and all the things we haven't seen for many a month hang signs—"These goods on point rationing," so you probably lick your lips and choose a can of tomatoes as being the best buy for your point money.

IT HAPPENS ON THURSDAY

THURSDAY was never important.
It boasted no set implication
Like Monday (washing)
Or Saturday (bath)
But now it's the toast of the nation.
It's marked with a circle,
It's penciled in blue—
The day when our
food ration coupons fall due.

HELEN BALL.

Whatever mental suffering point rationing causes housekeepers they don't talk about it. Any more than they complain when the U. S. Army eats all the food on the diner before the ordinary traveller gets a bite. This I gathered was a quite common happening from the casual way it was mentioned. American women are still the most smartly shod in the world, and I saw no one yet reduced to padding down Fifth Avenue in unrationed running shoes.

Meatless days in New York are only meatless as far as rationed meats are concerned. Chicken, liver, kidneys, hearts, etc., are on the menus. In fact one of the best meat dishes I had was on a Tuesday when plain, but very carefully cooked macaroni was topped with chicken livers and gravy. Add on a green salad, French pastry and the regulation one cup of good American coffee and you have lunched pretty royally.

To get back to Canada and our own meat rationing. Some light meat eaters won't use all their coupons, but others will have to learn to spread theirs over the week. Unfortunately it looks as if spreading the ration will also spread the figure. Stuffings, macaroni and potatoes don't build sylph-like forms. At the moment potatoes are rare as jewels in these parts but many a Victory gardener is licking his lips already in anticipation of the first taste of new potatoes. In the meantime we had better not worry too much about the starches, but be thankful that we can get fat, not thin, on our wartime rations.

Chicken pie is always a favorite for luncheon, supper or for dinner. This recipe can be changed according to the amount of chicken or vegetables on hand.

1 can condensed chicken soup
½ cup of milk
¾ cup cooked diced chicken
2 tablespoons of butter
2 tablespoons of flour
¾ cup of cooked carrots and peas
Salt
Pepper

Melt the butter in a saucepan, and stir in the flour. Then add the soup and milk and cook till thickened. Add the chicken, carrots and peas, season and put in a casserole. Cover with pie crust and cook in a hot oven till the crust browns.

Here is a recipe for a mushroom soufflé sent in by a kind correspondent, who points out that one of its virtues is that it is butterless.

Mushroom Soufflé

1 tin condensed mushroom soup
1 tablespoon of flour
¼ pound of chopped mushrooms
4 eggs
1 teaspoon of baking powder

Mix the flour with the soup and stir till thickened. Then cool slightly, add mushrooms, and drop in one by one the yolks of the eggs beating well between each one. Beat the whites till they are very stiff and sprinkle the baking powder on top, then fold into the mushroom and soup mixture. Pour into a buttered baking dish and oven poach in a slow oven for an hour to an hour and a quarter. For luncheon or supper with this soufflé my correspondent suggests fried potatoes cooked in vegetable oil, and followed by a fruit compôte made with 2 diced apples, 2 oranges sliced and quartered, and one cup of home canned cherries, peaches or pineapple.

There has been some nice looking veal in the butcher's shops lately, but veal, unless it is trimmed up, is a tasteless meat. The next time you buy veal chops try doing them in a casserole this way.

Veal Chops in Casserole

4 veal chops
3 tablespoons of fat
1½ tablespoons of flour
1 tablespoon of tomato ketchup
2 onions
4 carrots, cut lengthwise
1 bouillon cube
1 cup of diced turnips
1 cup of diced potatoes
¾ cup of water
1 teaspoon of salt
Pepper
½ bay leaf

Brown the chops in the fat and then sprinkle them with the flour and put in the casserole. Dissolve the bouillon cube in the water and stir in the ketchup and pour over the chops. Then arrange the vegetables in layers on top, season the layers as you arrange them, add the bay leaf and bake in a slow oven for an hour. You may need to have more water, as it depends partly on the shape of your casserole.

RATION NEWS

Tea/Coffee and Sugar Coupons:	Nos. 7 & 8	Became valid May 27	Remain valid until declared invalid.
	Nos. 9 & 10	Become valid June 24	
Butter Coupons:	Nos. 12 & 13	Became valid May 27	Expire June 30
	Nos. 14 & 15	Become valid June 10	Expire June 30
	Nos. 16 & 17	Become valid June 24	Expire July 31
Meat (Spare "A") Coupons:	Pair No. 1	Became valid May 27	Expire June 30
	Pair No. 2	Became valid June 3	Expire June 30
	Pair No. 3	Becomes valid June 10	Expire June 30
	Pair No. 4	Becomes valid June 17	Expire July 31
	Pair No. 5	Becomes valid June 24	Expire July 31

Voided Meat Coupons in Ration Cards

If the Spare "A" Meat Coupons in your temporary Ration Card are voided by horizontal black ink lines, you must secure new valid Coupons in order to purchase meat. The only temporary Ration Cards to which new meat Coupons will be attached are those whose life extends beyond May 27, 1943. Applications should be made to Local Ration Boards, and must be accompanied by present Ration Cards.

Lost Ration Books

If you find a lost Ration Book you should mail it at once to your Local Ration Board. When you turn in the found Ration Book be sure to state that you found it.

Damaged or Destroyed Ration Books

If you loose your Ration Book, or damage it so that it is no longer fit for use, you should report the fact to your Local Ration Board at once. In such cases arrangements are made to issue a temporary Ration Card good for 30 days, pending investigation and issuance of a new book.

Meat Allowance for Medical Cases

Extra meat rations will be provided for diabetics or coeliac cases only on the recommendation of a doctor. Applications, along with doctor's certificate, should be sent to the nearest branch of the Ration Administration. Diabetics who have already surrendered to the Ration Administration, sugar Coupons from their ration books need not present a second certificate from a doctor when applying for extra meat rations, providing the amount required is not in excess of the maximum allowed.

Meat Ration Charts

Be sure to take your Meat Coupon Value Chart with you when you buy meat. It saves time . . . makes buying easier. If you have not received one, or have lost your copy of this chart, apply to your Local Ration Board for another.

Merchants requiring additional Meat Coupon Value or Wholesale Meat Value Charts may also secure these from their Local Ration Board.

Play Fair With Your Grocer—
for your own sake.

Housewives are urged to see that the correct Coupons — and the right number of them — are taken by the delivery boy for any rationed commodities she buys and has delivered to her home. If a grocer does not get the proper Coupons to cover his sales, he can't buy the proper amount of replacement supplies — and therefore will be unable to take care of his customer's future needs.

RATION ADMINISTRATION
THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

Ration News — Week of June 7th, 1943. 10

TENDER LEAF TEA
Superior Quality
TENDER LEAF TEA

TIP FOR TEA-STRETCHERS

1 level teaspoon per person is plenty if you steep sufficiently (3 to 5 minutes.) But to be sure of a completely satisfying cup . . . richer in fragrance and flavor . . . always use the choice YOUNG leaves. To get them, ask . . . *by name* . . . for Tender Leaf Tea.

At your grocer's in two convenient sizes . . . also in improved FILTER tea balls.

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FLOW CONTROL CORK *Prevents* SPILLING OR OVER-SERVING

Enhances the flavor of MEATS FISH SOUPS SAUCES

18

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

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2 Always keep coffee in an air-tight container.
3 Measure both water and coffee carefully for desired strength.
4 Keep the coffee-pot scoured clean.
5 Make only exact amount needed—never more.
6 Serve coffee soon after it's made.

SUPER-RICH Chase & Sanborn Coffee brings you the truly choice coffees of the world. Compare it ounce for ounce for flavor! Buy Chase & Sanborn Coffee—quality coffee goes further.

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

CONCERNING FOOD

Let Him Meet Rice--A La Chinois

BY DORA SANDERS CARNEY

PERHAPS you know Mr. Spud-Ponsonby. He is the man who feels that dinner isn't dinner without potatoes. In fact, he would like potatoes served three times a day. He says he just doesn't feel fed unless he has had his potatoes.

When you suggest that there is a potato shortage, and he will have to eat rice sometimes, instead, he howls as if you had pulled a back tooth without warning and looks at you as if he will never feel the same about you as long as he lives.

Mrs. Dolly Liu

Of course, you will just have to be firm about it, and introduce him to rice as a vegetable. BUT—it must be properly cooked. It is no use dishing up, with a school-marm manner, a gooey mess in which gritty particles float around in a starchy liquid. He will probably develop an allergy that is incurable.

You might point out that in the centuries before he was born, and also in the years since he tasted tonguily his first teaspoonful of mashed potatoes, some of the world's finest epicures have preferred rice, as a vegetable, to potatoes. Then proffer him rice as *they* like it—dry, light, every kernel separate and feather-soft. That is how the Chinese like it.

About four years ago, a cultured Chinese lady named Mrs. Dolly Liu held some cooking classes in the city of Shanghai which were attended by outstanding English and American ladies, among them Lady Clark-Kerr, whose husband was then Ambassador to China. These ladies knew the artistry of Chinese cooking, and wanted Mrs. Liu to teach them some of its secrets; fundamentally, of course, how to cook rice. This is her recipe. Wash the rice thoroughly, in two or three waters. Measure it into a saucepan. For each cup (or bowl) of rice, add two cups (or bowls) of cold water. Cover, bring to the boil, cook gently for about twenty minutes. Then, still covered, set back over a low heat until the rice is absolutely dry.

A Delicacy

Cooked in this manner, rice is a delicacy fit to compare with the creamiest potatoes ever mashed. It may be served with any ordinary meat-and-gravy dinner. However, if you feel that the familiar accompaniments may arouse in Mr. Spud-Ponsonby an unhappy nostalgia, tempt him with something quite different. Fry some shrimps in lard or chicken fat, with finely chopped onion, sliced mushrooms, chopped celery, a dash of ginger, and a teaspoonful of Chinese soya bean sauce. Add a cupful of stock, or water, and when cooked, thicken slightly. Make a depression in his rice, put the shrimps in it, and pour the gravy round it.

Soya Sauce and Ginger

Or slice raw beef very thinly across the grain. Mix it with a tablespoonful of flour, one of soya sauce, and a quarter-teaspoonful of ground ginger. In a frying pan brown some sliced onion and chopped celery. Remove from pan, put in the beef and brown it. Add the celery and onion, with enough stock or water to make gravy if desired. Serve on rice, with a green vegetable.

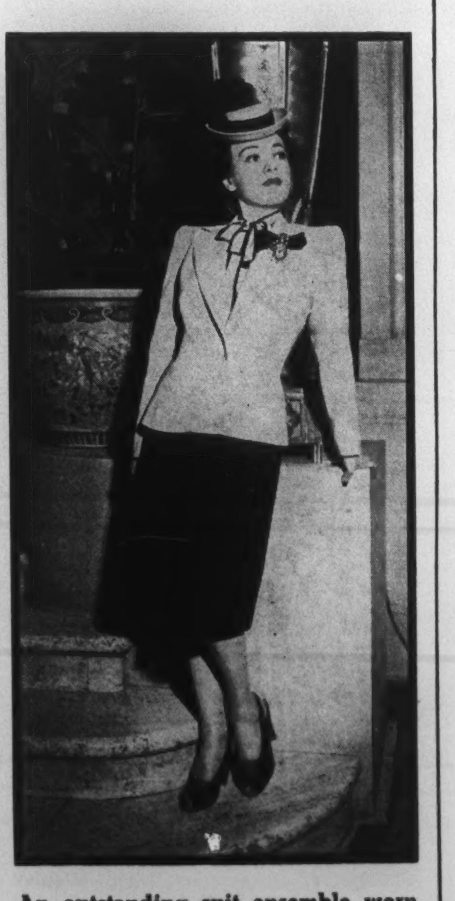
Perhaps there does not seem quite enough chicken, or meat left over to make an adequate meal? Stretch it with rice! Wash and measure the rice and put it, uncooked, into a saucepan with two good tablespoonfuls of lard or chicken fat. Fry it golden brown. In another pan sauté your meat or chicken (it may be left in quite large pieces) with sliced onion, green pepper, celery, mushroom, and add these to the browned rice. Pour in meat or chicken stock, using the proportions of two cups of liquid to one of rice, and finish cooking as plain rice.

Curry From India

Of course rice is delicious with liver and bacon, and is an excellent substitute for potato or bread in your favorite meat or liver loaf. Many people like to use it in the dressing for fowl or duck.

But if you really want to raise the roof, if you want to make Mr. Spud-Ponsonby's eyes pop out, take that curry powder out of the spice cupboard and serve him his rice with a curry such as they make it in India. It needn't be specially hot, unless he likes hot things. The secret is in the frying.

Into a large deep pan, with two tablespoonfuls of lard, slice two sweet onions and a green pepper, and sauté them lightly. Remove them, and put in your meat, thinly sliced in finger length pieces. Mutton or pork is favored in the Far East, but beef or chicken also may be used. Brown the meat and add your curry powder, from a teaspoonful to two dessert spoonfuls, according to taste. If you want a hot curry, but must spare the curry powder, try adding at this stage a dash of chili. Fry this, stirring constantly, for it burns easily, for two or three minutes, then add the onions and pepper, and a cupful of stock or water. Sliced mushrooms, celery or green peas may also be added. Stir well, cover and set aside to simmer for at least twenty minutes. More stock may be added if necessary. Meanwhile, prepare the "trimmings". It is probably not possible nowadays to serve Bombay duck, sweet mango chutney and powdered cocoanut, which inevitably accompanied Indian curry before the war. However you can still serve grated cheese—preferably Parmesan, if you can get it—mashed or crumbled hard-boiled egg, and currants plumped in hot water. Pile rice on the serving plate, arrange the curry over it. Sprinkle the "trimmings" on the top. With a crisp green salad it is a meal to be remembered!



An outstanding suit ensemble worn at a fashion luncheon which took place recently at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, was that worn by the young radio actress, Donna Keith. Simple elegance of the faultlessly tailored slim wool skirt and beige linen jacket was stressed by the black and beige striped blouse, matching hat and ribbon-holding lapel pin.

Burning up Energy?

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—bake it with Fleischmann's fresh Yeast— it puts B vitamins into the loaf

For a high-energy, low-cost family food—bread tops the list. Serve it *every* meal. And if you bake at home, be sure *your* bread is made with Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast—the dependable Yeast Canadian housewives have preferred for over 70 years because it makes such really *good bread* . . . fine-textured, white, smooth! Ask for Fleischmann's fresh Yeast with the familiar yellow label. At your grocer's.

HEART OF THE LOAF

SUPPLEMENT YOUR VITAMINS by eating 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day. This fresh yeast is an excellent natural source of the important B Complex vitamins.

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I WISH MY FOLKS WOULD USE IT ON ME!
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

MADE IN CANADA

GOOD? Mmmm...mmm...GRAND!

ALL-BRAN SUGARLESS APPLE MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup corn syrup
1 egg
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
½ cup milk
1 cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup grated raw apple

Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Add grated raw apple. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or
12 small muffins (2½ inches in diameter)

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add ½ teaspoon soda.

Save on sugar while you win praises from everyone who tastes these easy-to-make ALL-BRAN muffins. Their better taste and exquisite texture just can't be managed with ordinary bran. And remember, if you are troubled with the common type of constipation due to lack of "bulk" in the diet...KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN eaten every day...corrects it by getting right at the cause.

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ALL-BRAN
for Constipation

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Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada

"Now we must all buy More War Savings Certificates"

THE LONDON LETTER

Britons' Health Improved by Rationing

BY P. O'D.

PEOPLE who may have been worrying about the general health of the British public as a result of insufficient or improper food, coupled with the extra work nearly everyone has to do and the greatly increased nervous strain most people have had to bear, seem to have been troubling themselves unnecessarily. If one is to judge by the report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, Sir William Jameson, the national average of fitness and physical well-being has never stood higher. Less illness, fewer deaths, and more babies—though I don't suppose Lord Woolton would wish to claim any particular credit for that last item. It may, none the less, be his.

"The general standard of national well-being is higher now than it has been for years," said Sir William. "I cannot help thinking that the plain nutrition brought about by wartime conditions has had more to do with the good health we are experiencing than any other factor."

He went on to explain that in the roaring days of peace—or should it be something softer, the crooning days?—we all ate too much sugar, confectionery, rich food of all sorts, and far too much meat. Now we are obliged to eat much simpler food, grey flour instead of white, less meat, but vast quantities of vegetables. It seems to be good for us.

Only the other day I was talking to an eminent physician, retired to the country but obliged to come out of his comfortable retreat and get on with the job again. I was complaining of the monotony of our diet, as most people are rather apt to do nowadays. I got no sympathy.

"It would be a grand thing for you and for nearly everyone else in the country," he said, "if this sort of rationing were carried on indefinitely. You would all look and feel the better for it."

He and the good Sir William may be right. Who am I to argue with these distinguished authorities, especially when backed up by so imposing an array of statistics? But eating is certainly not the fun it used to be; and, poor hedonist that I am, I cherish an incorrigible belief that the pleasure you take in your food has something to do with the way you digest it. It may be that a nice thick steak would be bad for me, but there are some risks I am always ready to run.

Sir William Rothenstein

That beautiful and sympathetic draughtsman, Sir William Rothenstein, held recently an exhibition of his portrait-studies. "Drawings of the Nineties", he called them, though they contained such notabilities of the present day as T. S. Eliot, Siegfried Sassoon, Philip Guedalla, and Paul Robeson. But the bulk of the studies were really made in the 'nineties; and this was the particular interest and charm of the exhibition —in addition, that is, to the really beautiful craftsmanship of the work.

In his own line Sir William Rothenstein still is, even at 71, one of the finest artists living. All his life, ever since as a youngster in his early twenties he arrived at Oxford, he has made a habit of drawing the interesting or eminent people he has met, especially those connected with art and letters and music and the stage. He has known them nearly all, and been the intimate friend of many of them. As a result his collection of portraits is of unique interest and value. Too bad it could not be kept together in some such place as the National Portrait Gallery, but it is probably too late for that now.

Since the death of Walter Sickert, Sir William Rothenstein is almost the last remaining link among the living with the famous painters and writers of the end of the century. He was the intimate friend of Hardy and Kipling, of Wilde and Pinero and Tree, of Conder and Steer and the youthful Augustus John, and of dozens of other celebrities. And there they all are, faithfully recorded by his pen or pencil or the red chalk of which he is so fond, and which he wields with the skill of an old master.

Mrs. Sidney Webb

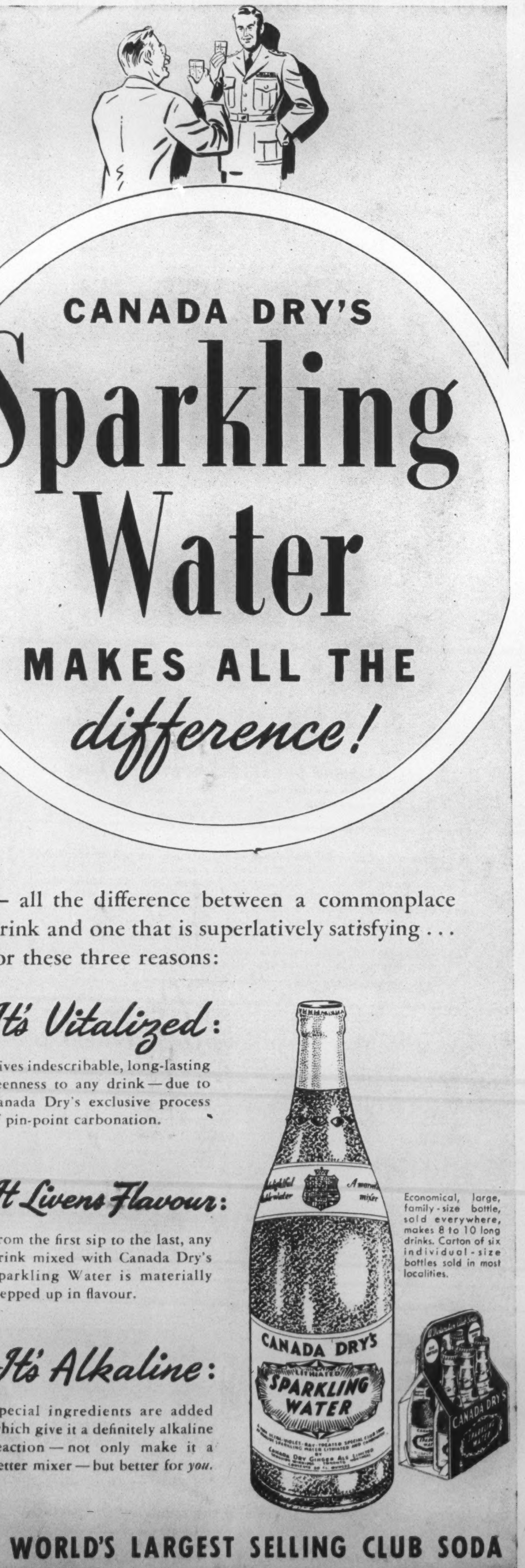
When Mrs. Sidney Webb died recently, a long and famous and fruitful partnership was broken up. She and her husband had been eminent in political and literary circles for many years, though the Webbs were famous rather as investigators than as writers. By their numerous books and other activities in the Socialist cause, they had made themselves almost a national institution.

I speak of her as Mrs. Webb, though officially her name was Lady Passfield. Her husband was raised to the peerage in 1929, but she refused to use the title. Her excuse was that she was too old to change. Really it offended her Socialist view of these matters. Besides her social position was in no need of such aid. In the most unpretentious way in the world, she was very much "grande dame".

As Beatrice Potter, she was born to wealth and culture. After her mother's death in 1882 she became a prominent hostess in London. She was pretty and rich and intelligent. It was expected that she would make a brilliant marriage—presumably into the peerage. Instead, she began an investigation of "sweated" labor in the East End, dressed and lived as a working girl in the tailoring industry (then as always one of the most sweated), took on one job after another, and was as regularly fired from them. Her employers were probably not long in discovering that this young woman was potential dynamite.

It was while seeking a collaborator for a book on the Co-operative Movement that Beatrice Potter met Sidney Webb, a quiet, industrious, and very earnest young man, of no particular means or position, but fired by the same enthusiasm as herself. A few years later they were married.

In spite of the familiar jibes about "two typewriters clicking as one", it was a singularly happy and fortunate marriage.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Gives indescribable, long-lasting keenness to any drink — due to Canada Dry's exclusive process of pin-point carbonation.

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From the first sip to the last, any drink mixed with Canada Dry's Sparkling Water is materially stepped up in flavour.

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Special ingredients are added which give it a definitely alkaline reaction — not only make it a better mixer — but better for *you.*

Economical, large, family-size bottle, sold everywhere, makes 8 to 10 long drinks. Carton of six individual-size bottles sold in most localities.

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FOOD is ammunition! For Victory's sake, Canada asks every housewife to take special wartime precautions against food waste and spoilage. Join the Food Savers . . . more than ever we must conserve precious foodstuffs—

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Remember — fresh foods need constant refrigeration both to preserve vital vitamins and to prevent wastage. Remember, too, your G-E refrigerator provides the *different* correct temperatures for various types of food.

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Careful cooking can save food and conserve such essential health elements as vitamins and minerals. Your G-E Hotpoint Range is planned for *controlled* cooking . . . appetizing cooking . . . cooking which minimizes loss of food quantity and food quality.

By Wise FOOD BUYING
Save food by marketing wisely. Know *what* to buy to ensure a healthful balanced diet for your family — and know *when* to buy it. To guide you in the choice and purchase of food C.G.E. offers a valuable *free* booklet "How to Get the Most Out of the Food You Buy". Ask your G-E dealer for a copy.

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THE OTHER PAGE

The Itinerant Gardener

BY KATHLEEN STRANGE

FOR two summers now I have been doing most of my gardening myself. I was unable to afford to employ a regular gardener, as heretofore, and very few men came around looking for work, as used to be the case in pre-war times.

After we had been away for several weeks, the place was beginning to look pretty bad. The lawn and the hedge had got quite out of hand. And getting them into shape again was more than I could tackle.

I was quite relieved, therefore, when an elderly man appeared at my door one day, armed with a hoe and a pair of shears, and offered, for a reasonable remuneration, to do some tidying up. I told him to go ahead.

Before beginning the job, however, the old chap—he was a dyed-in-the-wool Scotsman—informed me, in the thickest of Scotch brogues, that he was an expert gardener—quite the best in the city, in fact! He had been born in a bothy in Dumfrieshire and had worked in gardens all his life. (A bothy, in Scotland, is a house for the accommodation of the hired help on a large estate.)

"When I do a job," he told me, "I do it richt. You'll see."

My hedge is wide and high. The old man borrowed a kitchen chair and set to work.

Clip, clip went the shears, with a rapidity that assured me that he'd been speaking the truth when he said he knew what he was about. After about half an hour he appeared at the foot of my verandah steps.

"I'd like a drink!" he announced.

"Will a glass of water be all right?" I asked.

"Haven't you *anything else?*" he demanded hopefully.

My mother, who is an ardent temperance advocate, just then appeared on the scene. "You're a teetotaller, I hope, my good man?" she remarked.

"No, lady," was the emphatic reply. *"I am not!* And I'd thank you for a glass of beer richt now."

I hadn't any beer, so we compromised with water, "colored with milk." (He consumed at least five glasses of this concoction during the course of the afternoon.)

"The mon that cut this hedge afore me didn't know what he was aboot," my gardener assured me, as he rested on one of my verandah chairs at the end of another hour. (I've noticed that these itinerant workers invariably decry their predecessor's work.) "Now, you come out into the garden and see what I've done."

One section of the hedge, across the front of the house, was already finished. He made me stand on the chair and survey the job from all angles. It was very well cut; I had to admire.

"That's fine," I commended. "Now you get busy and finish up."

When he came up for his next rest, some fifteen minutes later, I happened to be talking on the hall telephone, making an appointment with my hairdresser. As I came out on to the verandah, he greeted me with the words:

"Fixings and stuff! That's women for you. Faugh! Good thing I never married a lassie, though it weren't for the want of being chased. I had me pick of the lassies when I was a young mon. But I knew better than to get meself hitched up."

"Then you're a bachelor?" I asked.

"Yes, and glad of it, too," he replied. "Been me own boss since I was a little shaver. I've got me a room downtown. I make enough during the summer to live on through the year. When the first snow flies, I close right up. I don't do nothing all the winter. Hoot, but I sure love the snow!"

While he was resting for the fourth time, the paper boy arrived for his bi-monthly fifty cents.

"Ha!" my old fellow snorted disdainfully, "there's another expense I'm saved. Never went to school. Never learned to read or write. Save meself twelve dollars a year not taking the paper."

"But how do you find out the news?" I asked.

"Well, I bought meself a radio one time. I hear all I want to hear on that. It's all richt, the radio, so long as there's no singing or music comes on."

"You don't like music?" I inquired.

"Sure don't, lady," the old man replied. "Never had no use for singing and such. There was no singing where I come from. I don't want to hear none till I die. And if there's singing in heaven, when I git there, then I'll leave right away!"

He was all through within about two hours and a half, a record time, by the way, for cutting my hedge. When he came up to collect his money, my mother and I were enjoying a cup of tea on the verandah with a friend.

"I could do with a cup meself," he stated, and drew up a chair and joined our little party.

For at least fifteen minutes more he regaled us with his impressions about people and life. We learned what he thought about religion, politics, labor conditions and so forth. (He hadn't much use for anyone or anything, so far as I could make out, excepting, possibly his own value to the community, which appeared to be quite high!) By the time he was ready to leave, I was quite worn out.

Walking down my garden path, with a jaunty stride, he paused to call back at us:

"Well, goodbye, girls! Be seeing you afore long!"

HOMELAND SONG

MY FOLKS on the farm—
You remember that farm
Down under the hill—
They were straight as a tree
They were clean as the sea
They hadn't much money, but kindness is free,
And this was their Country; they willed it to me,
This Canada, land of good-will.

The South has the sun—
I have lolled in their sun—
The East has its gods,
Its lacquer and jade.
I know, and I paid.
But my Northland to me is where heroes are made.
With a thrill in my soul I came back, and I stayed
My feet on its welcoming sods.

It's the way-of-things here,
The feel-of-things here,
That get under my skin.
The Ukrainian next-door,
He was foreign before,
Now he's US, since his boy joined the Signalling Corps
With Pierre Lajeunesse, late of Saint Isadore.
We're Canada, fighting to win.

J. E. MIDDLETON.

• •

HOME FRONT

FASTER and faster, in this strange half-light,
the tireless wheels are turning.
It is better to work than to remember.

We lean to our lathes;
we bear heavily on the drills;
relentlessly pound our typewriters.
It is better not to think
of mornings that flushed with secret laughter,
of far-off nights that faded in lingering kisses,
of noons when children cried: "Here's Daddy, now!"
The swifter we move,
the greater the work of our hands,
sooner will this shrouding night be lifted.

Faster and faster, in this strange half-light,
the tireless wheels are turning.
It is better to work.

VERNA LOVEDAY HARDEN.

at EATON'S

White Gloves are Summer Loves

No costume ever seems quite complete on a summer day without the final fillip of white gloves. Gestures seem prettier . . . hands lighter, when dressed up in these summery sheaths. They're cool and snowy as water lily petals . . . and every pair has some appealing individual charm . . . a godet, a gusset, or a bit of stitchery. See the snowy piles on our counters . . . many of them "Mayfair" or "Eatonia" in slithery rayons, meshes, mixtures, chamosuede fabrics.

Sketched: "Mayfair" glove . . . white rayon with thumbs and gussets of rayon mesh. Eaton Price, pair $1.00

MAIN STORE — MAIN FLOOR

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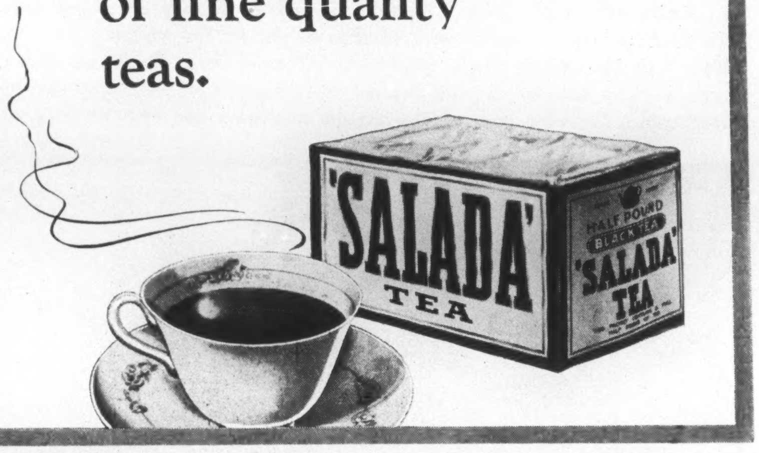
To-day as in the past, the 'Salada' label is your guarantee of a uniform blend of fine quality teas.



Your smile scores when gums get Ipana's special care

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
MONTREAL

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER IN WARTIME

1 Clean your teeth and massage your gums daily and go to your dentist regularly.

2 Don't waste Ipana. You need only a little to clean your teeth and massage your gums.

3 Remember to give your druggist an empty tube when buying a new tube of Ipana.

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" . . . help to keep your gums firmer —your teeth brighter with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

A FLASHING, radiant smile wins admiration wherever you go. So follow the example of thousands and protect your smile—give your gums as well as teeth, special daily care!

You see, gums need constant exercise and stimulation—denied them by today's soft, well-cooked foods. Lacking exercise, gums tend to become flabby, sensitive—sometimes flash that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

If you see "pink tooth brush" see your dentist at once. You may not be in for serious trouble but he is the one to decide. Usually, he will say that your gums need more exercise and often he will suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana is more than a good tooth paste. When massaged into the gums with fingertip or tooth brush, it helps to give them the toning and stimulation they need—helps to increase resistance to serious gum disorders by keeping gums firm and healthy. Switch to Ipana and massage now and help your dentist to keep your teeth sparkling—your smile more attractive.

Ipana TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

FINANCE
INSURANCE

THE BUSINESS FRONT

THE MARKET
GOLD & DROSS

Safety for the Investor

SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 12, 1943

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Can United Victors Control German Industry?

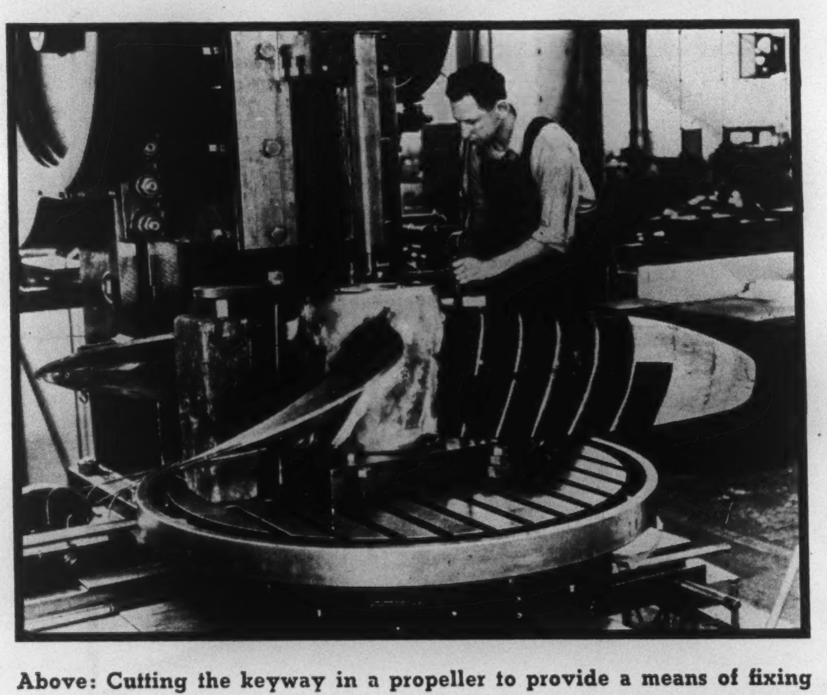
BY J. ANDERS

It has been suggested that the victorious United Nations should control German industry through trustees by way of majority share holdings.

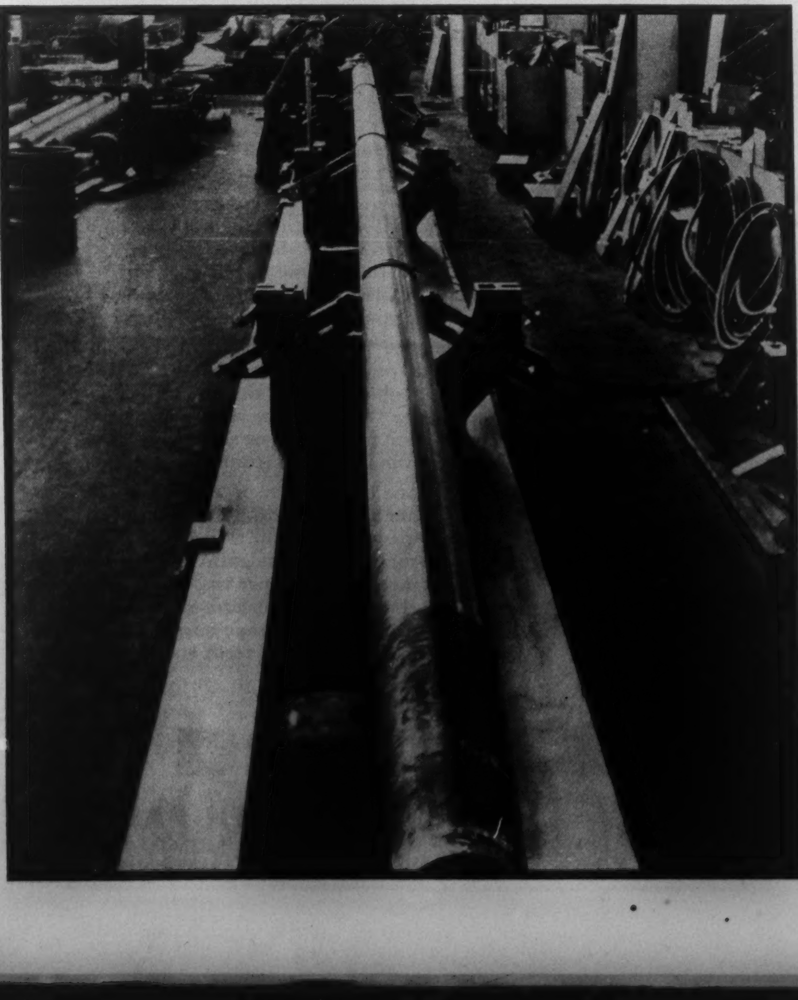
The idea has been widely acclaimed. But though, on the face of it, it might seem that it deals effectively with the industrial basis of German aggression, its effects on the United Nations would be far-reaching too.

The author of this article believes that the latter effects would be such as to injure severely the economies of the victor nations themselves.

Ever-mounting construction in British, Canadian and American shipyards is closely linked with new Allied methods of smashing the U-boat threat in achieving the present favourable turn of the Battle of the Atlantic. Building four ships for each one sunk, the present high record of American shipyards, represents a triumph of modern mass production methods. The picture above shows one of the stages in the speedy building of ships. In the plate shop, white-hot channel iron is drawn from the furnace onto the metal slab where it is shaped to the pattern in the foreground to form one of the frame members for the hull structure.



Above: Cutting the keyway in a propeller to provide a means of fixing it to its driving shaft. The cutter of the slotting machine moves up and down on the square rod seen at left of the operator. Picture below shows an engine lathe turning the outside diameter of a propeller shaft.



THE suggestion was recently made, and has since been widely discussed and acclaimed, that "the Germans be compelled to place the majority of the capital stock of their industries useful for war in the hands of United Nations trustees." Considering that the post-war control of German industry is indeed one of the major problems on whose solution the future peace of the world depends, the immaturity of that suggestion, and its reception, is disturbing.

We will not inquire here into what is meant by "trustees." We will simply assume that it means United Nations governments, for if the suggestion were adopted it would be intolerable that the control should be handed over to private interests. We will, further, not inquire into what is meant by "industries useful for war." Everybody knows by now that the number and the significance of industries not useful for war are negligible. We will, lastly, not inquire for the moment into the key according to which the control were to be divided among the United Nations.

Now then, the peace settlement is made, and German industry begins to operate under United Nations control. What is it going to do?

It will of course produce "peaceful" articles. Where is its market? There are two markets for it. The German home market, and foreign markets. Let us first consider the German home market. Before Hitler, Germany was one of the great exporting countries of the world. Under Hitler, she continued to be a great exporter though not on the purely economic basis of exchange but on the basis of politically enforced barter agreements and shady cartel agreements. In any case, German industry has a capacity far beyond the requirements of the German home market. Thus, even if it were crippled it could potentially produce a volume of goods which would provide in Germany a standard of living far above anything possible in other countries.

That is, potentially. But taking for granted—we shall return to this in a moment—that United Nations trustees would naturally use their control of German industry to keep down its exports, German industry would have to be crippled. There would be permanent large-scale unemployment in Germany, and the standard of living would be low. It does not help to say that we are under no obligation to see to it that there be a high standard of living in Germany. Of course, we are not. But to control a country's industry with the effect that it is crippled and its standard of living low has proved impossible in the case of peaceful rivalry between motherlands and colonies where both peoples were of the same nationality. To expect that it could work in the case of a compact population of between seventy and eighty millions of a different nationality, is naive. The more so as that population will not lose its hostility if it is to be economically exploited.

Of course, it is quite legitimate to say: why should we not exploit the Germans economically after what they have done? Let us look into this. The question is that of the

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Size of the Pie

BY P. M. RICHARDS

THE editor of the Fort Erie *Times-Review* says that this column's picture of the inflation menace is overdrawn and exaggerated, and suggests that we would have difficulty in substantiating it. The only inflation he believes in is the "printing of paper dollars in unlimited quantities" and he, rightly, sees no prospect of that. But nowadays inflation tends to develop by subtler, less easily recognizable, processes than the simple printing of excess currency. The trouble is that even those who understand that an inflationary condition exists whenever the volume of public purchasing power, however created, outruns the available supply of goods and services, cling to the belief that inflation won't happen here because they know that the rise in our cost of living has been quite moderate so far and smaller than that of other countries—16.0 per cent between August 1939 and February 1943, comparing with 22.6 per cent in the United States and 28.4 in the United Kingdom. Also they remember that they've been hearing direful talk about inflation for a long time now; ever since, in fact, President Hoover launched his anti-depression spending program in 1931. A lot of money has been spent since then.

But the 16.0 per cent rise in the cost of living doesn't measure the amount of inflation since 1931 or even since August 1939. Concurrently with this relatively small cost-of-living inflation there was an inflation of purchasing power, and it is this inflation—very much bigger and more significant than any 16.0 per cent cost-of-living inflation—that calls now for our very earnest consideration. We might compare the cost-of-living inflation to the water that spills from the front of a dam, and the purchasing-power inflation to the volume of water behind it. If the water level rises too high more water spills over the dam; if the pressure becomes too great the dam will break. Water is already spilling over our own price-control dam, and there is possibility of a break.

Pressure Great and Increasing

How great is the pressure against our price-control dam, and how that pressure is increasing, was clearly shown by Donald Gordon, chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, in his brief to the National War Labor Board. Canadians as individuals will have about $400,000,000 more to spend in 1943 than they had in 1942, and there will be from $300,000,000 to $500,000,000 less in civilian goods available for them to buy. Income received by individuals was estimated at $7,600,000,000 for 1943 as compared with $6,850,000,000 for 1942 and $4,300,000,000 for 1939. Personal taxes which would be deducted from the 1943 figure would amount to about $950,000,000 as compared with $600,000,000 in 1942 and $150,000,000 in 1939. This would leave the net disposable income of individuals at $6,650,000,000 for 1943, comparing with $6,250,000,000 for 1942 and $4,150,000,000 for 1939. Expenditures on goods and services were $4,450,000,000 in 1942 and $3,500,000,000 in 1939, leaving unspent income in the hands of individuals of $1,800,000,000 in 1942, comparing with $650,000,000 in 1939.

This tremendous increase in the amount of individuals' unspent income has taken place despite the great increase in taxes and despite all the buying of Victory Bonds and Savings Certificates, and it occurs in the face of a great decrease in the production and stocks of civilian goods. It is this gap between the amount of goods and the amount of purchasing power which represents the height of water behind the anti-inflation dam, and clearly the pressure is increasing fast. A collapse of the dam could be disastrous to the people (especially to the middle and low income groups) and the national economy; Europe's experiences in the great inflation of the last war are sufficient evidence of that.

Strengthen Dam, Reduce Pressure

We must, therefore, keep the dam from collapsing, and we can do that in two ways: we can strengthen the dam itself and we can reduce the pressure against it. We can strengthen it by tightening and improving our price and supply controls and particularly by a considerable extension of rationing; we can reduce the pressure by inducing more and larger subscriptions to Victory loans and certificates and perhaps, to a smaller degree, by further increasing taxes (though these are believed to be already at or close to the practicable limit) and particularly by inducing wage-earners to refrain from exploiting the manpower shortage by demands for higher wages.

Donald Gordon has said that "If we cannot hold down food and labor costs, we shall have to abandon the price ceiling". Rising costs and fixed prices have already "squeezed" civilian industry considerably, he said. "If one group takes a larger share of the national pie, others have to be prepared to take less," said Mr. Gordon. That is the crux of the present problem. The national pie, because of the diversion of so much of our productive equipment from peace to war, is smaller than it used to be, and only the most careful and equitable division will provide a sufficiency for all. It is not a matter of the reasonableness of wage increases but of the size of the pie. If one labor group succeeds in forcing the granting of higher wages and thus secures a larger share, other groups inevitably follow with similar demands, and business men and farmers must either get subsidies or pass on the increased costs to the public in the form of higher prices, or go out of business. Abandonment of the price ceiling might mean a runaway rise in prices. Certainly labor would suffer far more from that than it gains from present wage increases.

second German market, the export market. For naturally, if we want to exploit the Germans we must take their exports. But if we took their exports they would have a high standard of living and we should have a low one, for everything we import we don't produce ourselves and thus we should have unemployment.

No Raw Materials

Of course, we could exploit Germany by not paying for the exports we took from her. But she has no raw materials. We should have to supply the raw materials for nothing, use Germany as slave labor with a low standard of living, and get the finished products for nothing. In the meantime our own labor would sit at home, unemployed, and would get the German goods distributed to them by way of welfare, presumably. We should have a high standard of living in spite of unemployment and would rot morally in the space of half a generation. (This is of course not to say that a high standard of living for the masses of the people means moral rot.)

Now let us inquire into the distribution of the controlling share holdings in German industry among the United Nations. No suggestion shall be made here as to that distribution; after all, the whole idea is not the present writer's. But the distribution must be made somehow, and we will assume it has been made. The dividends from the share ho'dings would presumably constitute part of the "reparations." But high dividends from that source mean a high standard of living in Germany, a comparatively lower standard of living in United Nations countries, and acceptance of exports from Germany. If we didn't pay for those exports there would be no dividends. Or, if you will, the unpaid-for exports themselves would be the dividends. The situation described above would ensue.

But now let us pay for the exports. Who is going to take them? The controlling shareholders — that is, United Nations governments—naturally would endeavor, each and all, to take nothing but at the same time to make the others take as much as possible; for if the others didn't, there would be no dividends. And the dividends themselves, how are they to be cashed in, transferred? They could only be cashed in by the acceptance of imports from Germany; acceptance of imports, that is, not by the others, but by everyone.

Then, what about patents? Patents have led to those monstrous constructions of international cartels, with Germany in the leading position which have contributed so vastly to the industrial unpreparedness of the United Nations when Nazi aggression began. Read the book, *Germany's Master Plan*, by Messrs. Borkin and Welsh, both of them cartel experts in the service of the U.S. government; and unless you are a cartel shark yourself you will be profoundly ashamed. Of those interests, only the German part could be eliminated by international control; temporarily at that, unless much more drastic remedies than that suggestion were applied. For those interests as far as they are non-German will speedily see to it that, dividends or no dividends for the governments, employment or no employment for the peoples, the international cartel structure is re-established. German monopoly was and would be an integral part of that structure.

Soon the cry would be raised that things are in a mess—as they will be, if we are not drastic—because governments hold shares in private industry. The shares will be "privatized." And the consequence? The consequence will be the economic situation which led to Hitler for Germany, and to this war for all of us.

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Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

MINING communities throughout Canada have been encouraged by a brief presented by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce to the Senate and the House committees on post-war reestablishment of business. The organization has a board of directors which represents 150 chambers and boards of trade throughout Canada. The document displays a particularly clear understanding of business and industry as well as of the individual. "Taxation must be so designed that high levels of production and employment may be maintained; in other words, we should amend or even abolish taxes which are repressive of enterprise," states the brief.

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The Canadian Chamber of Commerce further expresses the views of multitudes in the mining communities of Canada when it states: "The burden of taxation on corporations cannot be maintained in time of peace at, or even close to, present levels, without serious unfavorable reactions on the common welfare. The corporation tax itself is a form of taxation for which we know no good defence. As a result of it, any man possessing common stock, in any corporation, pays a rate of tax on the dividends which he receives, equivalent to that otherwise paid only by the rich,—and the small shareholder pays this high rate of tax, no matter how small his total income may be. We need not stress the point, at this stage in our argument, that in the general interest of all Canadians, encouragement should be given to 'venture capital' from whatever source it is obtainable. No tax which dries up the springs of enterprise should retain a place in our financial structure; we therefore believe, in principle, that the corporation tax should form no part of our tax system."

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The corporation tax is like a weapon aimed straight at the heart of the mines. It is aimed at the heart of enterprise rather than at the harvest. If a mining company makes a million dollars in profit and distributes that profit to its stockholders in dividends, the government gets its part of the revenue through individual income tax payments. Each shareholder pays in proportion to his individual income bracket. However, under the corporation tax, there is not only the double taxation, but the small stockholder suffers to the same extent as the large holder.

•

In a wasting industry such as mining, and in undertakings where great risk is often involved, the corporation tax is a threat to the very existence of the industry. Mining corporations should be given the widest possible freedom of action and resource in their efforts to perpetuate mineral production. The imposition of taxes, apart from the municipal imposts, should be confined to that of individual income,—stockholders as well as employees.

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If the Federal government at Ottawa would remove the corporation tax from the mines and confine itself to collection of taxes on the profits which the stock companies distribute to individuals,—and if the provincial governments throughout Canada would make a bonfire of all their blue sky legislation and revert back to the administration of law through the criminal code, the mining industry of this country would be placed back on the roadway over which such important progress was made in years gone by.

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Pickle Crow Gold Mines has an estimated 566,160 tons of ore in the Howell vein, between surface and 2,450 ft. in depth. This alone is well over three years ahead of the current rate of mill operation. This estimate of ore does not include the large tonnage indicated in the north zone but on which sufficient development has not yet been done to permit estimates to be made. During 1942 the mine produced $1,976,684 and made a net profit of $611,062, or 20.37 cents per share. Recovery averaged $18.31 per ton. J. E. Hammell, president, points to the shortage of labor as the one factor which is preventing the mine from attaining much greater production and profit.

•

Lamaque Gold Mines handled 376,561 tons of ore during 1942 and produced $4,955,040. After reserving $756,709 for taxes, the company made a profit of $1,572,467. The mill has recently been operating at under 900 tons daily, compared with an average of 1,031 ton daily during 1942.

FOR A LOW-COST WARTIME HOLIDAY COME TO OLD QUEBEC

Have you thought of Old Quebec for your summer holiday . . . for a war-time honeymoon . . . or just a week-end change of scene? The world famous Chateau Frontenac will be your host.

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THE Chateau Frontenac IN OLD QUEBEC . . .

OUR *Fighting* WORKERS
Give Wings To Victory

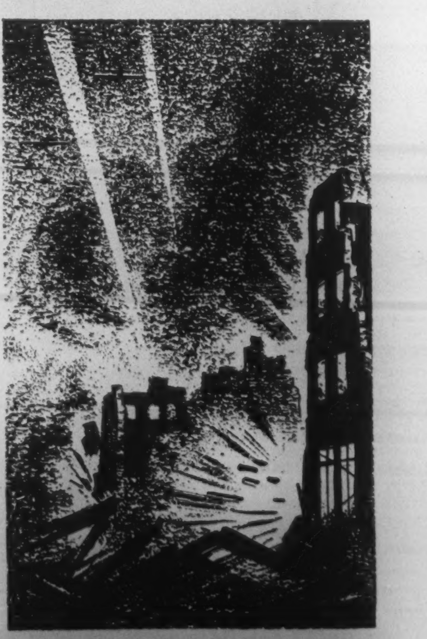
Workers and management, heroically speeding up the number of bombers, fighters and pursuit planes, are playing their part in the battle of production to bring victory. May the flow of war machines keep ever mounting until the United Nations have achieved victory. Through hundreds of branches across Canada the Bank of Montreal is co-operating with war-time workers and industries.

BANK OF MONTREAL
"A Bank Where Small Accounts Are Welcome"
Modern, Experienced Banking Service *the Outcome of 125 Years Successful Operation*
A 175

FOR EVERY DOLLAR paid out in dividends, the Chartered Banks of Canada now pay 98 cents in taxes. This means that the banks work 181 days of the 365 for the country and 184 for the shareholders.

The Bank goes into action . . .

A *Loan* A *Lathe* A *Load* OVER BERLIN



TWO young fellows had an idea that they could turn out small airplane parts in their spare time, at home. But they needed a lathe . . .

So they went to see the bank about a loan. The manager liked their eagerness, and the fact that both were expert mechanics. They got the loan of a few hundred dollars.

That was three years ago. They have twenty men on the payroll now, and contracts for airplane parts totalling $100,000. They are doing an important full-time job . . . helping Canada's bombers to carry their deadly loads over enemy cities.

The above is an actual case—typical of how banks help free enterprise. It is happening every day in cities and towns across Canada.

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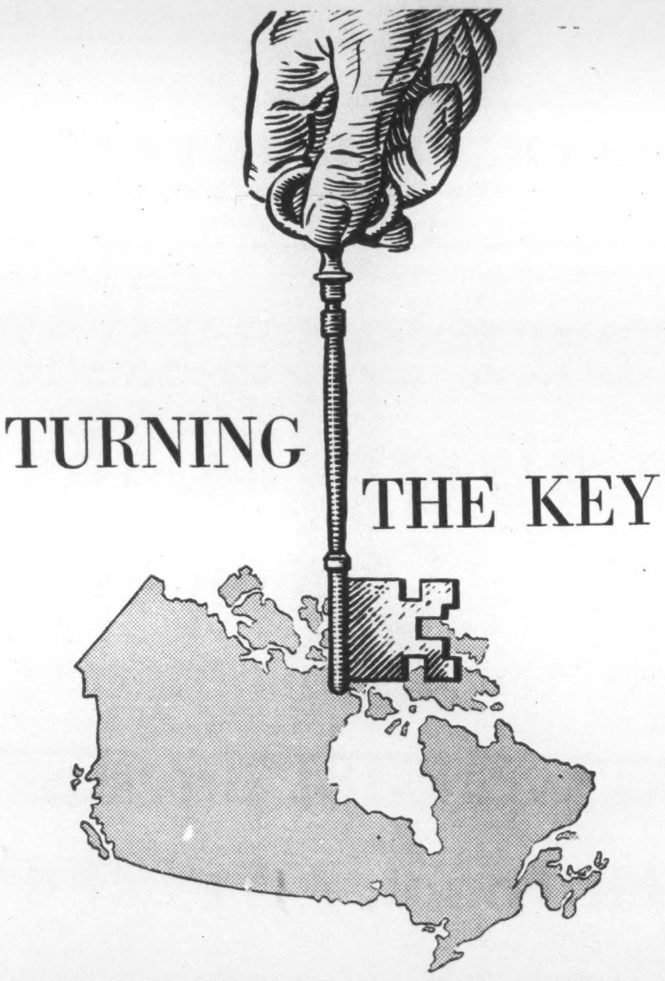

●Personal initiative is the key which will unlock, for Canada, the door to a future greater even than the remarkable past of this Dominion . . . and free enterprise is the force which will turn that key.

Therefore, let us hold fast to free enterprise . . . the system which already has made available to those who live under it the greatest opportunities for progress in the world's history.

With free enterprise we can look forward to a Canada which will offer, to all who will work, not only security but also freedom and rewards for achievement

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237A

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL
COMPANY LIMITED

PREFERRED STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 62

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.50 per share being at the rate of 6 per cent per annum has been declared on the 6% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Fontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending June 30th, 1943, payable July 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 30th, 1943.

By Order of the Board.
FRED HUNT,
Secretary.
May 26th, 1943.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 60

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Fifty cents (50c) per Share on Class "A" Shares has been declared for the three months ending June 30th, 1943, payable by cheque dated July 15th, 1943, to shareholders as of record at the close of business on June 30th, 1943. Such cheques will be mailed on July 14th, 1943, by the Montreal Trust Company from Vancouver.

By Order of the Board,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.
Vancouver, B.C.
June 4th, 1943.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Informed and entertaining comment on the week's happenings at home and abroad.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

DOM. STEEL & COAL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Do you think that a dividend on the "B" stock of Dominion Steel & Coal Corporation can be expected in the early future? The earnings position has improved substantially. Perhaps you will be good enough to analyze the company's financial position for the benefit of the many readers who, I feel sure, will be interested.

—J. B. R., Outremont, Que.

You say that "the earnings position has improved substantially". As regards total income, yes, but not as regards net, which is the item of direct concern to shareholders. Actually, the balance sheet reflection of the results of Dominion Steel & Coal Corporation's operations during the past three years of unprecedented activity features a large expansion of fixed assets and of working capital but an impairment of the cash position, and until there has been a decided improvement in this respect I don't think you can justifiably expect a dividend payment. However, with continuance of operations and operating profits at the 1942 level or better, and assuming that expansion of fixed assets has largely been completed, the cash position should improve materially from this point forward.

While no dividends have been paid, surplus earnings and operating and contingent reserves ploughed back into the business in the past three years of high earnings have aggregated $4,868,332, in addition to the investment of $6,175,742 of provision for depreciation reserve. The balance sheet is a consolidated one of the corporation and its subsidiaries, except Dominion Coal and Nova Scotia Steel & Coal and their subsidiaries. Gross properties and plant accounts of the companies have been increased by $7,842,995 to $48,177,614, the extent of this expansion in physical capacity being indicated by the fact that ingot capacity is now 715,000 net tons, an increase of 239,000 tons as compared with 1939. (Net properties and plant, after deduction of depreciation reserve, have increased by $1,667,252 to $30,055,348 in this period. Assets lost by enemy action in 1942 were represented by insurance recoveries of $1,480,705, set aside to provide for future replacement of the property. Another important addition to fixed assets was the increase of $949,318 in investments in subsidiary and associated companies not consolidated.

Against these property additions, deferred payment due on properties increased by $3,017,737 to $3,545,237, mostly in reflection of advances by the Federal Government (repayable over a term of years) in connection with the cost of rehabilitating the plate mill at Sydney. At the same time, funded debt outstanding increased by $855,000 to $7,733,000.

Net working capital rose during the three years by $6,030,463 to $15,953,329. The growth of $10,922,792 in total current and working assets, however, was represented as to $6,618,430 by larger inventories and as to $3,623,199 by increased receivables and prepayments. Cash itself (including investments) increased by only $837,741 to $1,173,910 and this gain was much more than offset by the rise of $2,975,000 in bank loans, to $3,700,000 at December 31, 1942. In other words, the net cash-bank loan position deteriorated by $2,137,259 to an adverse position of $2,526,090 at the end of 1942.

CENTRAL MANITOBA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to have your comments on Central Manitoba Mines. I understand the company is financially in good condition, yet the stock is exceptionally low.

—R. W., Winnipeg, Man.

An active search for a new property is being carried out by Central Manitoba Mines and while quite a number of properties were examined last year none were taken up for development. Three groups of claims were staked in the Bird River chromite area of southeastern Manitoba, and it is believed probable this field can produce under war conditions, but whether so in the postwar period remains to be proven. Income in the 12 months ending August 31, 1942, was largely from interest and dividends and more than covered current expenditures. With a strong financial position the company is well equipped to finance a new property, net working capital being approximately $235,000 at the end of the last fiscal year.

GOLD FRONTIER

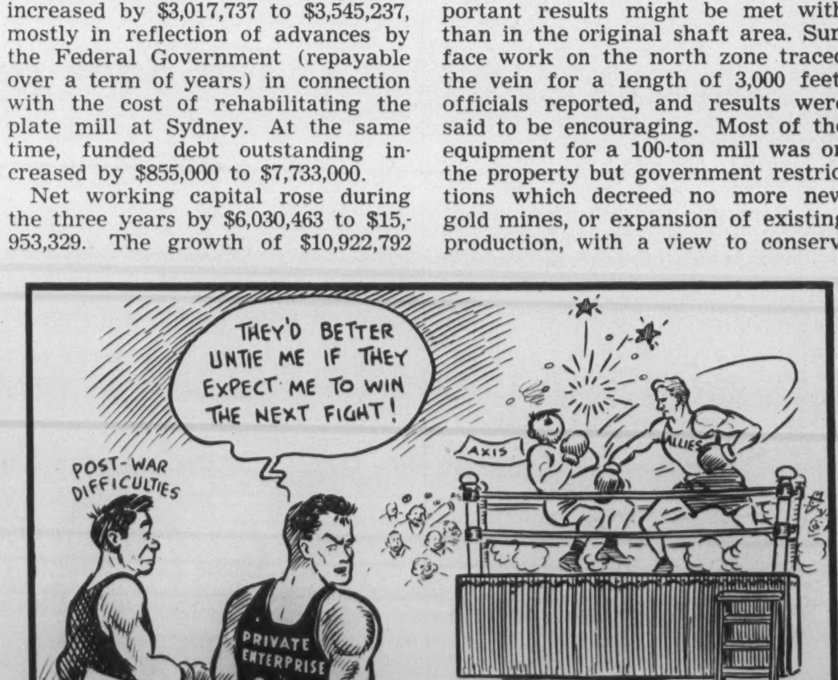
Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you kindly give me a report on Gold Frontier Mines.

—B. A. J., Hubbard, Sask.

Gold Frontier Mines has a property of 11 claims in the Red Lake district of Ontario, on which operations were suspended last fall for the duration due to wartime restrictions, but is now financing development of a base metal property in British Columbia.

The company had hopes of bringing its gold property into production last summer, having developed 50,000 tons, grading around $13 on the first and second levels, in the No. 1 shaft area. Decision to erect a mill, however, was deferred awaiting development of a new zone to the north, where it was considered more important results might be met with than in the original shaft area. Surface work on the north zone traced the vein for a length of 3,000 feet, officials reported, and results were said to be encouraging. Most of the equipment for a 100-ton mill was on the property but government restrictions which decreed no more new gold mines, or expansion of existing production, with a view to conserv-



ONE OF THE NEXT CONTESTANTS SPEAKS UP!

SAVE TO WIN

To meet the demands of war we must divert expenditure from unnecessary things and *save.* Open a Savings Account with us, and put your savings on a systematic basis. Save according to plan and have the money ready when the government calls for it. This Corporation has been doing business in Canada since 1855.

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MUTUAL SERVICE
WITH SECURITY

ALL FOR EACH . . .
. . . EACH FOR ALL

Working together for mutual protection, plus faithful adherence to sound insurance practice, is the basis of The Portage Mutual's success and solidarity. In present times The Portage Mutual feels more keenly its responsibilities, and seeks to emulate the fine examples of fortitude and co-operation displayed by Canada's armed forces.

FIRE and WINDSTORM

The PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.
WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON
109

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Notice of Dividend

A dividend of Two Dollars per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of July, 1943 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 23rd of June, 1943.

G. H. ROGERS,
Secretary.
Montreal, May 26, 1943.

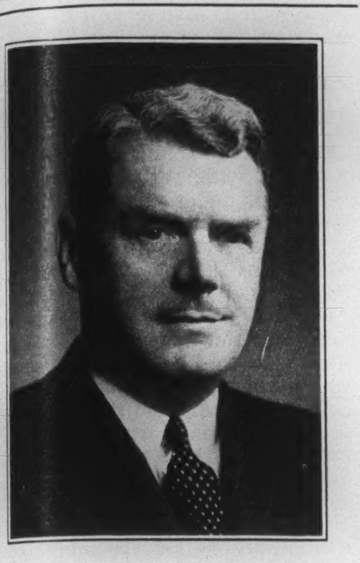
THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND

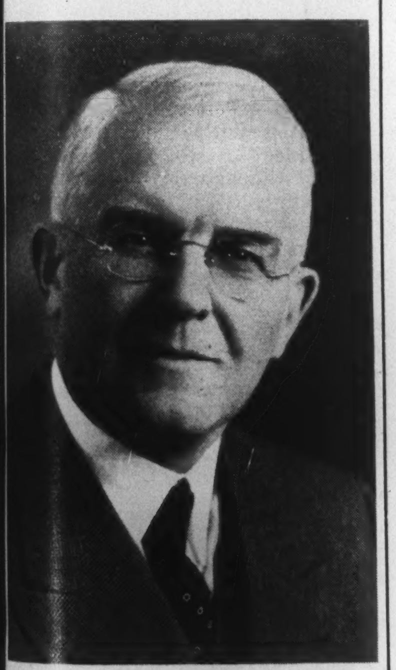
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after
1st JULY 1943
to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th instant.

By order of the Board,
WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.
3rd June 1943.

ing mine supplies and labor, resulted in the closing down of the property. With the cessation of operations the company became interested in the Noble Five Mines, near Sandown, B.C., a former lead-zinc-silver producer, which is equipped with a 100-ton mill and had been inactive five years owing to low metal prices. A new company named Reco Mountain Base Metals Mines was formed to take over the property and Gold Frontier is financing the operation but it still remains to be determined just how profitable this venture will prove.



H. W. MANNING, Vice-President and Managing Director of the Great-West Life Assurance Company (above), was elected President of the Canadian Life Insurance Officers Association at its 50th Annual Meeting in Toronto. M. J. Smith, President and General Manager of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Canada, was elected First Vice-President; J. D. Buchanan, Assistant General Manager and Chief Actuary, London Life Insurance Company, became Second Vice-President, and E. C. McDonald, Vice-President in charge of the Canadian operations of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, became Honorary Treasurer.



ROLPH R. CORSON, who has been elected President of The Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada in succession to Mr. H. N. Roberts, who becomes Chairman of the Board. Mr. Corson is President of the Chartered Trust and Executor Company, and a Director of other Canadian companies.

WILSIL LTD.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been advised to buy shares of a company called Wilsil Ltd., but before taking any action I would like to know whether the stock is traded on any stock exchange, what dividends are paid, if any, what the trend of earnings is, and the condition of the company financially. I shall thank you for any information.

—B. S. D., Prescott, Ont.

Yes, the stock is listed on the Montreal Stock Exchange and dividends of 25 cents per share have been paid quarterly since April 1, 1939. As regards earnings, although the report for the year ended January 2, 1943, covered a period of 53 weeks as compared with 52 weeks for the previous year, Wilsil Ltd. had a decline in operating profit from $413,795 to $376,851. After providing for depreciation and taxes, net income was $182,380 equal to $1.34 per share as compared with $192,505 or $1.42 per share the previous year and $202,547 or $1.49 per share two years ago. Annual dividend requirements of $1 per share were still covered by a good margin. The balance sheet as at January 2, 1943, showed an improvement in net working capital from $1,448,720 to $1,509,704. During the year the company incurred a bank overdraft of $314,198 which was partly secured by pledge of $200,000 par Dominion of Canada bonds carried among current assets. The company produces a full line of packing house products, with plant at Montreal.

B.E.A.R.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some B.E.A.R. shares and watched with interest the recent upturn in the price. What developments have caused this rise?

—W. I. T., Prince Albert, Sask.

The heavy trading, and recent advance in Bear Exploration and Radium shares to a new all-time high since they were listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange, appears due to the fact that control of the company has passed into the hands of strong financial New York interests, and announcement of plans for further development of the properties, which it controls, other than the silver-uranium group, at Contact Lake, N.W.T., which has already been financed and is now under exploration.

Included in the program planned for the future is the financing of Yellowknife Gold Mines, the making of a deal on Yellowrex Mines, which adjoins Negus, the opening up of the Homer property, on which lead-zinc showings were indicated by diamond drilling, and the development of the Discovery property in Yellowknife, from which some high grade gold was shipped a couple of years ago. Further, it is the intention to commence from time to time work on the other properties which the company controls in the Yellowknife district.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

New York stock market trend CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEARS: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are now regarded by us as having entered a zone of distribution.

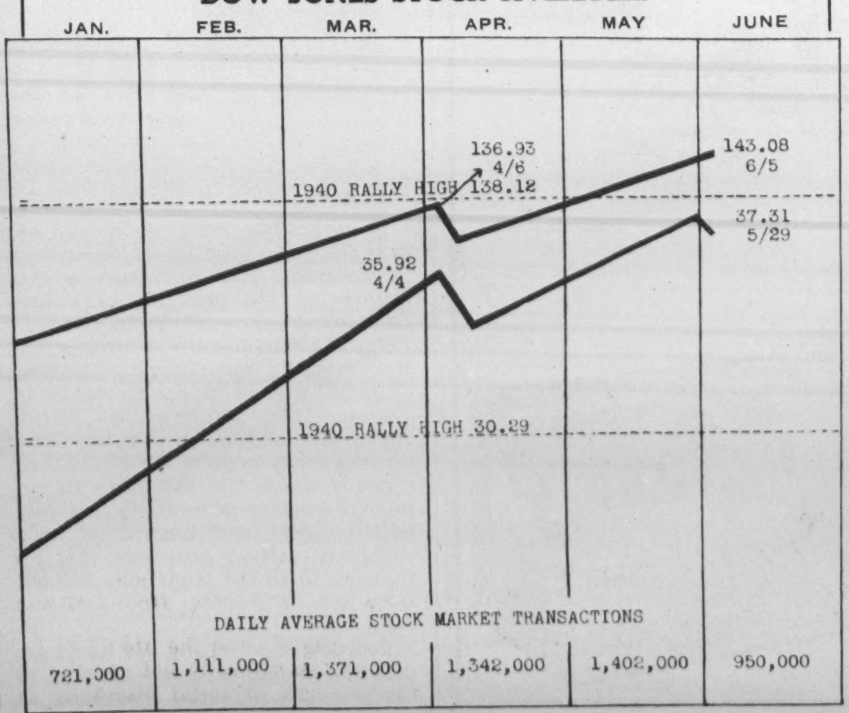
INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTHS: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although action of the averages over the immediate future deserves careful study. See below.

THE LIGHT HAS CHANGED FROM GREEN TO YELLOW—WILL IT TURN RED?

Between November 1939 and May 1940, a period of over six months, the stock market, as reflected by the Dow-Jones industrial average, ranged backward and forward in an area between 152 and 144. During this extended interval some 117,000,000 shares of stocks changed hands. There followed the almost overnight plunge to around 110, since which time the market has failed to re-enter the area in question. It is just now approaching this area's lower limit. Naturally, there are quite a few holders of stocks acquired in the 152/144 area that will welcome a chance to get out after about three years of depreciated portfolios and this stock can be expected to come on the market when, as, and if the particular price area is entered. In other words, the market is now approaching the most formidable barrier or resistance zone of its advance to date, and some interest attaches to whether it can plow through this level without prior corrective strengthening. This should be disclosed over the next several weeks.

This area of residence is approached at a time when the stock market has already registered an advance of considerable amplitude, percentagewise, as well as ONE OF THE LONGEST UNCORRECTED MOVES, in terms of duration, on record. Furthermore, it is at a time when the British market, after rather persistent advance, has paused, for some thirty days, to weigh, in the words of Mr. Donald Tyerman of the London "Economist", "a new element of uncertainty"—namely, the question of what post-war conditions are to mean to business. This question, heretofore largely in the background because of the assumption that the war's end was still a remote matter, has been actively projected into the picture by the complete success of the African campaign and the knowledge that peace is a possibility within a year. We regard the current period as an opportunity to build up cash reserves in accounts.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



NOTICE

WESTERN GRAIN COMPANY LIMITED

A meeting of the holders of First Mortgage Series "A" Bonds, Western Grain Company Limited, has been called for June 15th, 1943 at the Office of the Trustee, Montreal Trust Company Winnipeg.

Forms giving details of the Plan of Reorganization and forms for depositing of bearer bonds and appointment of proxy and registered bond proxy are available at the Offices of Montreal Trust Company in the cities of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, Halifax and St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Bondholders are urgently requested to arrange for the deposit of their bonds at once to save the expense of and delays occasioned by an adjourned meeting.

Western Grain Company
Limited.

Save and Invest

To many Canadians there is no better way of assisting Canada's war activities than to save and invest.

Victory Bonds provide the maximum of security and marketability, together with regular income.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

The Directors of the Company have declared a dividend of Thirty-seven and one-half cents (37½c) on account of arrears on the Class "A" shares of the Company, payable July 1st, 1943 to shareholders of record the close of business June 11th, 1943.

By order of the Board,

F. H. ELLIS,
Secretary.

DIVIDEND

CHARTERED TRUST AND EXECUTOR COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of 1% has been declared on the paid-up Capital Stock of Chartered Trust and Executor Company for the quarter ending June 30th, 1943, payable July 1st, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 15th, 1943.

By Order of the Board.

E. W. McNEILL,
Secretary.

Dated at Toronto,
May 20th, 1943.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Life Insurance and Social Security Plans

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Life insurance interests are naturally not opposed to the objectives of social security plans because they are in line with their own activities over a lengthy period of years in urging men and women to practice thrift and make systematic provision for themselves and their dependents against the hazards of death and old age.

Social insurance measures which provide a certain minimum protection for the entire population or certain parts of it, and which can be supplemented by private insurance in accordance with the needs and means of the individual, offer no threat to the free enterprise system so long as such measures are properly balanced in relation to the whole national economy.

LIFE insurance is a product of individual initiative, and it is as a free enterprise institution that it has grown to its present proportions. Now that it has by capable and sound management reached a position where the volume of business in force and the assets are of large dimensions, there are certain socialistic politicians who would like to bring it under their administration through the nationalization of the business.

Of course the four million people in Canada who hold the more than $7,800,000,000 of life insurance in force in this country would strenuously resist such a move if they realized what would likely happen to their interests if the management of the life insurance business were placed in the hands of these politicians and taken away from the trained personnel who have brought life insurance to its present eminence as an institution of financial strength and security.

There can be no question in the minds of those familiar with the facts that life insurance in this country has been built on a solid foundation, and that on the whole the business has been administered in a manner to deserve the confidence of the policyholders who now depend upon it for the protection of themselves and their dependents. They are able to rest assured that the money called for by their contracts will be paid in full when due. So far no policyholder or beneficiary in Canada has ever failed to receive prompt payment of his or her claim without deduction or abatement.

In this critical period of war, life insurance executives are acutely conscious of the increasing problems and responsibilities which face them as trustees of the interests of their policyholders. One of these responsibilities is co-operation with the Government in its war effort through the purchase of war bonds. In the recent Fourth Victory Loan, as in previous loans, life insurance took a leading part, the subscriptions of the life companies amounting to over $164,000,000, while their purchases of all war loans to date exceed $634,000,000. Besides, many of their employees and agents took a very active part in the loan campaigns. In the third loan, for example, as pointed out by Mr. John G. Parker in his presidential address at the recent annual meeting of the Canadian Life Insurance Officers Association, the work of 310 salaried employees and 1840 agents contributed materially to the success of the undertaking.

Another problem confronting life insurance executives as well as the executives of other business and financial institutions is that of finding and maintaining an appropriate balance between the functions of government and of private enterprise. During the past year there have been important developments with respect to social insurance in Canada as well as in Great Britain and the United States.

Social Insurance Plans

In Canada, as noted by Mr. Parker in his address, an Advisory Committee on Health Insurance was appointed early in 1942 by the Dominion Department of Pensions and National Health to study existing facilities for the provision of medical care and to formulate a draft plan of national health insurance. This year a special committee on Social Security was appointed in the House of Commons and a similar committee in the Senate. The Advisory Committee on Health Insurance has recently tabled with the House of Commons special committee a comprehensive report on health insurance, including a draft bill "respecting Health Insurance, Public Health, the Conservation of Health, the Prevention of Disease, and other matters related thereto." A report has also been tabled with the Commons committee on "Social Security for Canada," prepared by Dr. L. C. Marsh for the Government's Advisory Committee on Reconstruction, which is very similar to the well-known British report of Sir William Beveridge on "Social Insurance and Allied Services."

Reference was also made by Mr. Parker to comparable developments which have taken place in the United States where a detailed report on "Security, Work and Relief Policies," prepared by the National Resources Planning Board, has recently been released. These various reports are regarded as an indication of the trend of thought with respect to problems in the postwar world.

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They are likewise looked upon as, in some ways, an attempt to express in concrete form one method of implementing the principle regarding freedom from want enunciated in Point VI of the historic Atlantic Charter signed by Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt in August, 1941, which reads: "After the final destruction of the Nazi tyranny, they hope to see established a peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety within their own boundaries, and which will afford assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want."

Pointing out that the life insurance industry is naturally not opposed to the principle of social insurance, as for years the life insurance companies have been pioneers in encouraging men and women to practice thrift by making systematic provision for their old age and for the necessary readjustments which follow upon death, Mr. Parker went on to say: "Social insurance measures are in complete harmony with the objectives which the companies have long been urging, and serve to provide a minimum of protection for the entire population, or certain parts of it, which can be supplemented by the individual in accordance with his personal needs and means. We have no fear that a sound scheme would interfere with the activities of the companies under any system of individual initiative and free enterprise, so long as it is properly balanced in relation to the whole national economy."

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There is no doubt that social insurance measures of the type proposed involve administrative problems of the greatest difficulty — problems which, as noted, demand the utmost consideration before any plan is put into operation. As many of the problems involve important questions of an actuarial nature, the actuaries associated with the life insurance companies as well as other members of the actuarial profession are accordingly in an excellent position to assist the Government in their solution.

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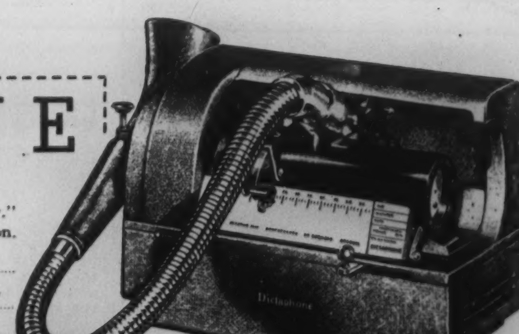

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I would not advise joining this Association for insurance purposes, but would recommend buying what life insurance is needed from a regularly licensed life insurance institution which has a deposit with the Government for the protection of policyholders.

Britain's Coal Crisis

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

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The authorities devised a plan that fell into three parts. First, the number of operating miners was to be increased by withdrawing some from the Forces and others from less essential occupations to which they had moved, and by way of stimulus a bonus system was introduced. Secondly, the industry was to benefit from some operational changes. There was to be more mechanisation; there was to be a concentration of activity on the most productive seams; and pits were to be grouped. Thirdly, civilian consumption was to be cut down by a rationing scheme.

The question now is why this large planning has so signally failed to produce results. Production is lower now than at this time last year—has in fact been running 100,000 tons less each week than in the corresponding period of 1942. The failure is not in quantitative manpower, for there are 5,000 more men working the mines than last year. Where, then, is it? There has, certainly, been a failure to restrict civilian consumption. The House of Commons would have none of the rationing plan, despite the authority of Sir William Beveridge, who devised it. But this does not appear to have been a major factor.

The Government made up for its pusillanimity over the ration plan by instituting a nation-wide publicity campaign, and earlier this year increased allocations were granted to private users who guaranteed to build up a stock against the coming winter. That sounded as though the propaganda had worked pretty well. The trouble rests, plainly, either with the impotence of the "mechanical" schemes for improving output—like seam concentration, bonuses, and pit grouping—or with a failure in the human material.

As to the former, there is evidence enough that the authorities have dismally failed to improve matters. Over each item in the agenda there has been trouble and dispute. But while that would prevent a substantial increase in production it would not cause a decline, such as we are now witnessing. There is, in the end, no escaping the conclusion that the trouble with the coal output is a trouble with miners. Five thousand more miners, with the benefit of such operational assistance as the authorities have been able to afford, are producing 100,000 tons less each week.

Men Older, Less Food

There is one obvious reason why the individual productivity of a miner is less than it was. The men are older and they feed less well. Possibly, too, the improvement in wages has proved a boomerang, encouraging absenteeism. But whatever the reason a cure must be found, and the urgency is such that no remedy, however novel or however costly, can be neglected.

It will not be enough for the Government to rake out the rationing scheme and try to force it through Parliament under the impetus of the apprehension caused by the deterioration of the position. There would be little chance, in vastly improved war circumstances, of the success of a measure whose plea of urgency failed when the war was much less advanced for the Allied cause. Nor will there be any profit in the invention of new devices in mine organization. They are always slow to take effect, and those initiated last year have had depressingly little effect anyway. The Government must find out how to deal with the problem of the miners.

If more money would make them work better, they should have it. If more food would do the trick, they should have that. If any possible concessions in the conditions of work would do the trick they should not be withheld. In this single section of industry, so great is the potential need, that grave departures from a sane war economic policy might be permitted if only they yield the required output. But if none of these things can succeed, and if the introduction of a discipline more strict than ever before was imposed on British industry would succeed, then that grave step should be taken. Coal is the very lifeblood of the war, for it is the heart of industry. We cannot afford the shipping to bring transfusions from overseas. Above all, we cannot afford anaemia. What we must do is to make the body produce more blood, and whatever inconvenience and hardship it imposes on the body, that job must be done.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Ranchers Resent Indians Crossing Boundary Line

BY P. W. LUCE

BY INTERNATIONAL treaty, Canadian Indians are permitted to travel across the boundary line without having to submit to the vexatious procedure which makes travel so irksome to white men these days. They require no passports or visas, and the foreign exchange restrictions do not affect them, for the excellent reason that their financial assets are usually well below the minimum allowed.

Large numbers of British Columbia Indians go into the state of Washington for short periods every year. They engage in seasonal occupations, such as fishing, hop picking, harvesting, fruit gathering, and tomato canning. They travel in families and groups, going as far south as the Wenatchee apple orchards, and come back home at the approach of winter, or earlier if the spirit moves them.

As a general thing, wages are slightly higher in Washington than in British Columbia. Even though the Indian, as a rule, acts on the principle that wages should be spent quickly, he likes to get as much money as possible in a given time. He is not unionized, but he long ago found out that a sit-down strike is a more potent factor than economic arguments in a struggle for higher pay. And, after a dispute is settled, contractual obligations mean little to him.

In these days, when the labor situation is acute, the annual migration of the Indian is looked upon with considerable disfavor. Ranchers in some parts of the interior say that 95 per cent of their casual labor is recruited from the rancheries, and that they can't possibly put up hay this fall unless the Indian is there to swing the pitchfork.

At a meeting of the Ashcroft Ranchers' Association a proposal was advanced that the authorities should ~~be~~ urged to stop the recruiting of Indians by representatives of Washington farmers and growers, and that those already contracted for should not be permitted to leave the province. It was also suggested that the Indians already in the American side should be brought back to this province, though it was not made clear how this could be effected.

The Indians, who have already pocketed a small advance in pay and who have been furnished with transportation, do not take kindly to the idea of staying home. It smacks too much of depriving them of their annual holiday.

The views of the Department of Indian Affairs have not yet been ascertained, but in view of the very definite provisions included in various treaties with the red men it will probably be difficult to find a way to curtail a privilege which the Indian prizes very highly and which his forbears enjoyed from time immemorial.

Super-Indians

Lo, the poor Indian, is not the man he used to be. Ancient klootches mumble that their grandsires were mighty warriors before the white man came, and the legend of the Susquatsh is still believed in by many, especially around Harrison Lake, where the last survivors of this breed have been reported seen of recent years.

The Susquatsh were a sort of super-Indian. Big-headed giants with hairy chests, they lived in the depths of the dark forests and showed themselves only on the rare occasions when they swooped on an Indian settlement to ravage it of food and supplies, and occasionally of women. They were few in number, but their victims never dared to join battle with them. They were too frightening in their ferocity.

Tradition has it that the Susquatsh were eight feet tall and endowed with prodigious strength. They went abroad chiefly in the rain and fog, which means they didn't have to stay home overmuch in the winter.

A recent discovery at Departure Bay, near Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, would seem to indicate that this legend of giants on the west coast may have had some foundation in fact. A man digging a virgin plot for a Victory garden turned up a skull and other bones which may have been there for 300 years, as they were buried between layers of rock, a practice long ago abandoned by the aborigines.

According to a doctor who examined the find, the skull was that of a man between 70 and 80, at least seven feet tall, and weighing between 450 and 500 pounds. The skull was half an inch thick. The jawbone was five inches long and five and a quarter inches across, roughly twenty-five per cent bigger than the average man's. Sixteen sound teeth were imbedded in the jaw, and the worn depressions in some of these indicate they had been made by a stone pipe in which Indians smoked a weed called kanick-kanick.

The skull and other bones are to be thoroughly studied by anthropologists.

Passionate Planting

In the spring a market commissioner's fancy turns to thoughts of lovely lyrics in praise of blooms and blossoms, and bursts forth into a song of triumph over the appearance of lush vegetation spreading over the good earth. A few prosaic fellows, perhaps, make their annual reports to the city council in dull and hackneyed phrases, but not W. J. McGuigan, whose annual literary effort is one of the highlights of the merry month of May at the Vancouver City Hall.

Mr. McGuigan notes progress in his department in these words, in which the cognescenti may detect the subtle influence of Walt Whitman, Emerson, Wordsworth, Shelley, Bliss Carman, Victor Hugo, and the Shorter Catechism:

"Vancouver may well be proud of her Victory Gardens. Mother Earth is gushing forth her thanks—because thousands of our fellow citizens are kneeling where they never knelt before, basking in the warm rays of the setting sun, and feeling the healing touch of the rich brown soil bursting alive with tender green onions, fluffy topped carrots, crisp tender green lettuce, leafy beets of iridescent hue, scarlet radishes, and the spreading haulms of the prolific potato.

"So, whatever our market problems, hopes, fears, and alarms may be—there, is new hope, new life magic, beauty, and the singing of birds all around us. Yes, in all this there is a security and restfulness and quietude—away from the bitterness, hatreds, and turbulent thoughts that beset life's trials and troubles and tribulations."

Before the report was filed, a notation was made on the last passionate page:

"Peas! It's Wonderful!"

Fuel Beachcombers

Fuel authorities are solemnly warning Vancouver householders that they should stock up on their requirements as early as possible this summer, but they neglect explaining how this is to be done. Coal and coke are hard to get. Sawdust is almost unobtainable. As for firewood:

The civic fuel committee recently opened tenders for bushwood. It had been hoped that the offers would amount to between 10,000 and 20,000 cards, which is from five to ten per cent of a year's requirements.

Three tenders were received. One was for 200 cords at $10.50 a cord. Another was for 175 cords at $13 a cord. A third was for 500 to 1000 cords at $11.50 a cord, with the city paying transportation, which might bring the price up to $20 a cord. The normal price is $7 a cord.

The committee practically threw up its hands in despair.

Householders are now advised to invest in a crosscut saw and an axe, and get their own fuel. The difficulty of finding a woodlot that has not been pre-empted, and of finding transportation for the fuel, makes it extremely difficult to translate this good advice into practice. The city has issued permits for cutting on nearly all city owned lots where there are trees, and is considering throwing open a cemetery site on which a few hundred cords may be cut. Citizens who obtain these concessions are strongly advised to get their day's sawing home that same evening, or sleep on the pile.

Residents within easy distance of the beaches manage to find enough logs and driftwood cast up by the tide to keep themselves going, but competition for the best pieces is keen an sometimes acrimonious. The ma who first attaches a rope to an incon ing log is by custom recognized as th owner, and many disputes rage as who got there first. Men have bee known to swim out half a mile tow in a prize bit of timber whic may contain up to two cords of fir wood.

The beachcombers usually work i pairs, one trundling the wood hom in a wheelbarrow while his partne stays on the beach to saw and spl —and watch that nobody swipes th fruits of their hard labor.

THE

WABASSO COTTON COMPANY

LIMITED

ANNUAL REPORT

DIRECTORS

C. R. WHITEHEAD, President
NORMAN J. DAWES, Vice-President
WM. HARTY HUGH MACKAY HON. LUCIEN MORAUD, K.C. W. TAYLOR-BAILEY W. J. WHITEHEAD

Directors' Report to the Shareholders

GENTLEMEN:—

The financial position of your Company at 1st May 1943, and the results from operations for the year ended that date are shown by the accompanying Balance Sheet, Profit & Loss and Surplus Accounts.

Profits for the year amounted to $320,208.20, after providing for depreciation and reserve for Government taxes and compares with profits last year of $749,988.23. The effect of the "price ceiling" policy of The Wartime Prices and Trade Board is reflected in the earnings of the Company. There was no subsidy adjustment payable by the Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation Limited during the year.

In order to make provision for expenditures which may have to be made in the future for plant improvements, research and contingencies, your Directors have deemed it advisable to transfer from Surplus Account the sum of one million dollars.

Your Directors regret to report the death, on August 29th last, of Mr. Hugh Mackay, K.C. He was elected to the Board in 1919 and to the Executive Committee in 1920 and became Chairman of the Executive Committee in 1937 and Vice-President in 1939, succeeding the late Mr. James W. Pyke. Mr. Mackay took a deep interest in all matters affecting your Company and gave unstintingly of his time and talents in the furtherance of its interests.

To fill the vacancies thus created, Mr. Norman J. Dawes was elected Vice-President and Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. W. Taylor-Bailey was elected to the Executive Committee and Mr. Hugh Mackay of Rothesay, N.B., was elected a Director.

Your Directors wish to express their appreciation of the loyal support and co-operative effort of the officers and employees in conducting the affairs of the Company.

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Directors.

Three Rivers, Que., 25th May, 1943.

(Signed) C. R. WHITEHEAD,
President.

BALANCE SHEET

As at 1st May, 1943

ASSETS

Current Assets:—		
Cash on Hand and in Bank	$ 156,104.96	
Dominion of Canada and Provincial Bonds with interest accrued—less reserve	1,821,844.26	
(Approximate Market Value $1,923,496.76)		
Accounts and Bills Receivable—less Reserves	595,199.52	
Inventories as determined and Certified by the Management—Raw Cotton, partly manufactured and manufactured stock, at cost or market value whichever was the lower, less Reserves, Supplies and Chemicals at average cost and not over replacement value	941,891.55	$3,515,040.29
Funds Deposited with Trustee for Bondholders		14,000.00
Property:—		
Real Estate, Buildings, Plant, Machinery, etc. at cost, less amounts written off	10,417,588.56	
Less: Reserve for Depreciation	6,577,694.12	3,839,894.44
Investments:—		
Wholly Owned Subsidiary Companies	222,160.26	
Bonds and Common Stocks of Canadian Companies with interest accrued	38,822.41	
(Approximate Market Value $40,582.18)		
Sundry Non-Marketable Investments	2,400.00	263,382.67
Deferred Assets:—		
Unexpired Insurance, Prepaid Taxes, etc.	59,672.41	
Refundable Portion of Excess Profits Tax	67,664.00	127,336.41
		$7,759,653.81

LIABILITIES

Current Liabilities:—			
Accounts and Bills payable		$ 410,844.88	
Operating Expenses and Accrued Wages		77,121.22	
Provision for Government and Municipal Taxes		443,113.81	
Bond Interest Accrued		19,506.85	
4% First Mortgage Bonds, due 1st February 1944		175,000.00	$1,125,586.76
First Mortgage Bonds:—			
Authorized	$4,400,000.00		
Issued: Series "A" 4% Serial Bonds dated 1st February 1936 — maturing $175,000.00 in each of the fifth to twelfth years	1,400,000.00		
Less: Bonds matured and Bonds maturing 1st February 1944	700,000.00	700,000.00	
4½% Fifteen Year Bonds dated 1st February 1936		1,000,000.00	1,700,000.00
Reserve for Research, Plant Improvements and Contingencies			1,000,000.00
Capital Stock:—			
Authorized:— 105,000 Shares of No Par Value.			
Issued:— 69,903 Shares fully paid			2,000,000.00
Refundable Portion of Excess Profits Tax			67,664.00
Earned Surplus:—			
General Reserve		500,000.00	
Balance at 1st May 1943		1,366,403.05	1,866,403.05
			$7,759,653.81

Montreal, 25th May, 1943.

Verified as per our Report of this date.

(Signed) RIDDELL, STEAD, GRAHAM & HUTCHISON,
Chartered Accountants,
Auditors.

(Signed) C. R. WHITEHEAD, Director.
NORMAN J. DAWES, Director.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

For the Year Ended 1st May, 1943

Net Profit for the year ended 1st May 1943, before providing for the undernoted items		$1,590,034.43
Revenue from Investments		65,875.99
Profit on Investments Sold		25,617.84
		$1,681,528.26
Depreciation on Property and Plant	$ 492,685.26	
Bond Interest	85,054.80	
Directors' Fees	6,693.33	
Executive Salaries	38,712.41	
Provision for Government Taxes	738,174.26	1,361,320.06
Net Profit for the Year Transferred to Surplus Account		$ 320,208.20

EARNED SURPLUS ACCOUNT

1st May, 1943

Balance at Credit 2nd May, 1942		$ 2,325,806.85
Net Profit for the year ended 1st May, 1943		320,208.20
		2,646,015.05
Deduct:—Transfer to Reserve for Research, Plant Improvements and Contingencies	$1,000,000.00	
Dividends Paid	279,612.00	1,279,612.00
		$1,366,403.05